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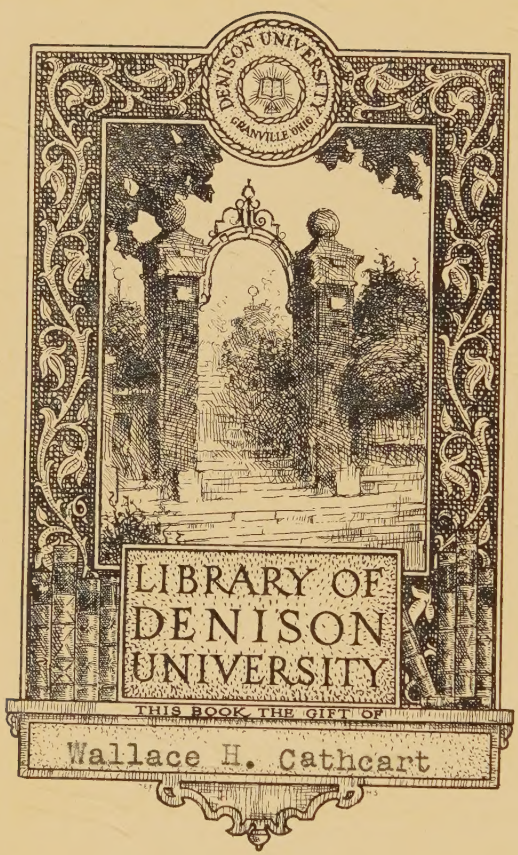
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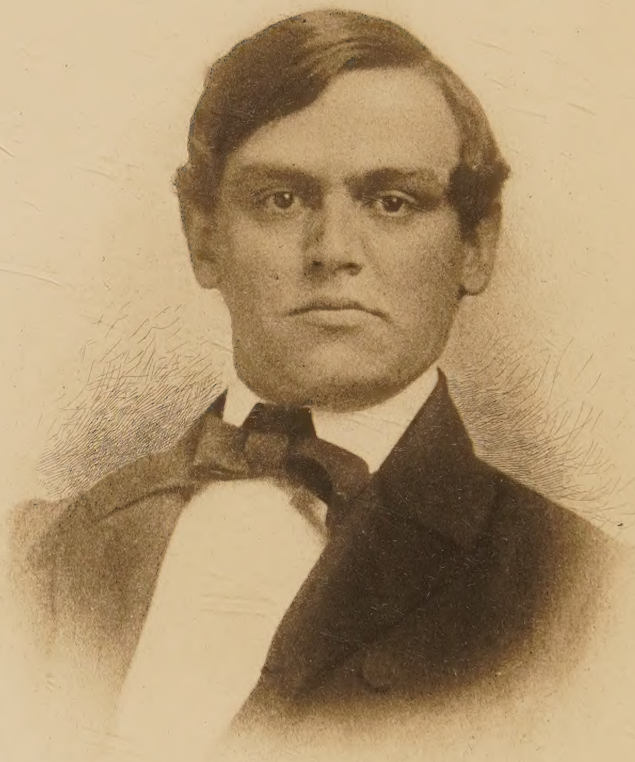

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Phillips Brooks

LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

PHILLIPS BROOKS

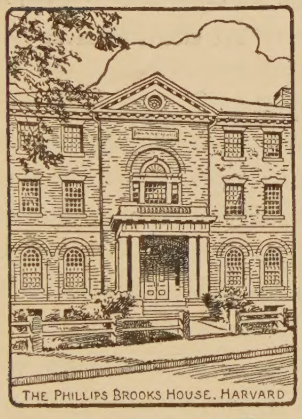
BY

ALEXANDER V. G. ALLEN

Professor in the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge

With Portraits and Illustrations

VOLUME I



THE PHILLIPS BROOKS HOUSE, HARVARD

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NEW YORK

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1900

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PREFACE

THE task of preparing the Memoir of Phillips Brooks has been delayed by circumstances which could not be controlled, until it is now more than seven years since the world was suddenly called upon to mourn his departure. There came a sad interruption, in the death of the Rev. Arthur Brooks, in July, 1895, who had made such progress in the short time he had been engaged on the biography that, had he lived, he would soon have completed it. When the materials for writing the life were placed in my hands, in the fall of 1895, I was occupied with other work, and this was not finished till the fall of 1897. From the moment that I was free to begin the task, I have devoted to it all the time that could be spared from my professional duties, and have labored to hasten its completion, keenly aware that the popular interest in Phillips Brooks impatiently demanded the appearance of the book which should tell to the world the story of the life by whose greatness it had been so profoundly moved.

When I began to write, I supposed that my task would be easier than I have found it. The study of the material convinced me that I was dealing with a character singularly complex despite its simplicity, a career wherein there were epochs and distinct phases of development. There was danger of doing injustice, or of failing to appreciate motives of action. The full meaning of events and deeds did not at once appear. Time was required before the insight was gained revealing the relative significance of what was obscure. It was necessary to search for further material, by correspondence and by

personal interviews with those who could give the information desired. I had no theory of writing a biography when I began, and I have none as I close, except to allow the material to have its full weight upon the mind, to live as far as possible in the life of the man whom I was seeking to know, and to furnish to the reader what seemed interesting or important as throwing light upon his character and work.

To this end, I have given greater space to his formative years and to his earlier ministry than those who were familiar only with the Boston ministry may think was necessary. But he valued his early years, and cannot be understood without them. Not only were the foundations of his greatness there, but the ministry in Philadelphia and the experiences of the civil war called forth a manifestation of power such as his later years never surpassed. Philadelphia was always in his consciousness, even when he seemed so identified with Boston that people almost forgot that he had ever lived elsewhere.

In giving the account of his earlier career, it was possible to go with minuteness into its incidents and approximately to trace the extent of his influence. After he came to Boston, the life which had been steadily expanding assumed mightier proportions. We may compare it to a river which had burst its banks, overflowing the surrounding territory so that the current could with difficulty be traced. Or, if we may change the figure, his life grew more to resemble the ocean in its uniform vastness and majesty, sometimes at rest, and then again lashed into storms, but whose limits have become invisible, or retreat as we attempt to measure them. So different was the Boston life, and so complete in itself, that I have made it the dividing line, and have devoted to it the second volume.

To the friends of Phillips Brooks who have loaned important letters or put at my disposal their intimate knowledge,

much of it too personal or too sacred to be told, I express my gratitude, and to the many others who have aided me in various ways: to the Rt. Rev. Thomas M. Clark, Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter, Rt. Rev. A. M. Randolph; Rev. Charles D. Cooper, Rev. Charles A. L. Richards, Rev. George Augustus Strong, Rev. W. F. Paddock, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Mr. Lewis H. Redner, Miss Vinton, Miss Meredith; Rev. E. Winchester Donald, and the clergy associated with Phillips Brooks at Trinity Church, — Rev. F. B. Allen, Rev. W. Dewees Roberts, Rev. Roland Cotton Smith; the wardens and vestry of Trinity Church; Mr. and Mrs. Lorin F. Deland, Mrs. Henry Whitman, Miss Alice Weston Smith, Mrs. Burr Porter, Miss Woods, Miss Ellicott, Mrs. R. J. Hall; President Eliot, who kindly afforded the opportunity to search the records of the faculty of Harvard University, and the officers of the Harvard Library; the classmates of Phillips Brooks, — Mr. George C. Sawyer, Mr. Edwin H. Abbott; Mr. Henry L. Higginson, Hon. George F. Hoar, Hon. John D. Long, Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, Mr. H. Winslow Warren; Rev. William R. Huntington, Rev. Charles C. Tiffany, Rev. R. Heber Newton, Rev. Alexander McKenzie, Rev. George A. Gordon, Rev. Lyman Abbott, Rev. C. W. Duffield; Rev. Professor Francis G. Peabody and Professor George H. Palmer of Harvard, Mr. Horace E. Scudder, Mr. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, and others; the Dean of Canterbury, Dr. Farrar, Lady Frances Baillie, Mrs. Margaret McIlvaine Messer, and other friends of Phillips Brooks in England.

I gratefully acknowledge my obligation to the Rt. Rev. William Lawrence, for generous and constant sympathy while the work has been in progress, for many valuable suggestions he has offered, and for wise criticism; and for special aid, to Mr. Robert Treat Paine, Rt. Rev. W. N. McVickar, Rev. Percy Browne, Rev. Leighton Parks, Rev. Wm.

Wilberforce Newton. Rev. Charles H. Learoyd has read the proof as it went through the press, on whose knowledge, sound judgment, and literary sense I have relied. To the Rev. Reuben Kidner, who has furnished the index, I am under further obligation, for his unwearied interest, careful search for information, and painstaking accuracy.

The representatives of the family of Phillips Brooks, at whose request I undertook the work of writing his life, Mr. William Gray Brooks and the Rev. John Cotton Brooks, have imparted freely the knowledge which they alone could give, placing also at my disposal the journals, note-books, and other manuscripts of their brother, — in a word, the materials for the Memoir. I have sought to use it to the best advantage, but have labored under an embarrassment of wealth. With the representatives of the family I connect the Rev. James P. Franks, whose association with Phillips Brooks from an early period gave him opportunities of knowledge which but few could possess. Mrs. Arthur Brooks devoted her time to putting in order convenient for reference the large amount of material her husband had collected, and thus greatly simplified and reduced my labors.

Let me speak more particularly of Arthur Brooks, and of what this biography owes to him. These two brothers were singularly alike in their appearance, a resemblance which in later years became so striking that, after the death of Phillips Brooks, one might almost fancy that he had returned to the world in bodily form. The resemblance is further seen in the work they did, in the important positions held and the wide influence exerted. From Williamsport, in Pennsylvania, where Arthur Brooks began his ministry with great promise, he was called to be the rector of St. James's Church, Chicago, one of the most important parishes in the city. He accepted the position, although a difficult one, for the church building

was in ruins, after the memorable fire. With such success did he meet, that in his short rectorate the church was rebuilt and the parish restored to its former eminence. In 1874 he was called to be the rector of the Church of the Incarnation on Madison Avenue in New York. This church, like St. James's in Chicago, was among the most prominent in the city for its large membership, its wealth, and social influence. Here he remained till his death, constantly growing in the recognition of his parish and of the whole city. He was not only esteemed as a pastor and preacher, but commanded respect for his high Christian character. Especially was he valued for his administrative ability, and this, in conjunction with his sound judgment in affairs, gave him a place of leadership outside the bounds of his own parish. Two important institutions of learning, Princeton University and the University of the City of New York, honored him with the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

He inherited the family tradition of the importance of education. As one of the trustees of the Philadelphia Divinity School he took an active interest in promoting its efficiency.

For five years [writes the Rev. John Cotton Brooks] he was the chairman of Barnard College, and virtually its head in the most trying time of its history. He looked over this great city, with all its wealth of resources, and saw one unsatisfied need amid all its fulness, and could not rest satisfied until that need was supplied. "New York offers everything to a woman but an education!" he earnestly cried; and then he set about getting her one. The subscription papers for the site of the college and the correspondence on the choice of the dean lie side by side with his sermons among his papers to-day, and the rich, full girl's life in the beautiful building on Morningside Heights is sealed as with his seal, as it bears also his family coat of arms upon its front. Since his death, nearly half a million of dollars have come to the college directly from what he has done and been for it.

In theology he was in harmony with his brother's attitude, like him alive to the changes passing over the religious world and in sympathy with the tide of advancing thought. A volume of his sermons has been published, revealing his gift of connecting theology with life. An address which he delivered at Alexandria has also been published, where he traces with clear appreciation the place and importance of the Evangelical school in the history of the American Episcopal Church. His wisdom and his sober judgment made him a most admirable man with whom to take counsel. The older brother appreciated this gift in the younger brother, seeking his advice upon every step which he proposed to take. From the time of Arthur Brooks's ordination there began a correspondence between the brothers, made valuable by the confidence they had in each other. Part of this correspondence only has gone into this Memoir, since much of it was too personal for publication. For many years it was their custom to make an exchange on the first Sunday after Easter, when Phillips Brooks spent a week in New York at his brother's house, who hastened back from Boston to be with him. After the death of Phillips Brooks, among the many tributes paid to him in the pulpit and in other ways, none had such deep personal interest as the sermon delivered by Arthur Brooks at the Church of the Incarnation.

Such was the man to whom the biography of Phillips Brooks was originally entrusted. Amid the many and harassing claims upon his time, he carried on a large correspondence, for the purpose of collecting his brother's letters and other information which could often only be secured by personal interviews. He carefully went through the large mass of correspondence, detecting with an unerring eye whatever was important. He was in the midst of these labors when

death overtook him. His work upon the biography, valuable as it was, because enriched by his contribution of memory, of insight, and above all by a brother's love, was left behind him unfinished, and it was found necessary to begin the work anew. In the process of travelling over the ground which he had reviewed I have constantly been assisted by his rare wisdom, and by the suggestions he has afforded. To him, therefore, the completed book owes more than to any one else. A sad pathos has been my inheritance in entering upon his labors, in doing the work it should have been given to him to perform. That he would have approved of my appointment to the task from which he was snatched has been to me a help and inspiration, as well as a motive so to labor that the biography of his brother should be in harmony with his ideal.

There is still one other source of information to which I have been indebted, which surely calls for a reference here. When Phillips Brooks died, hundreds of sermons were preached which commemorated his services to the world. Articles innumerable were published in the newspapers, the magazines, and reviews. It seemed as if every pulpit in the land and every editor's sanctum were moved as by an irresistible need to give expression of grief and of appreciation. This was true not only of America, but of England, India, China, Japan, and South Africa; wherever the English language is spoken there his name was remembered. No one who has not had the occasion or the opportunity to review this mass of material can realize its extent. So eager were people to read everything written about him, that the slightest incidents, traditions, anecdotes, reports of conversations, were welcomed and gained wide circulation. Through all this I have conscientiously gone in order that nothing should escape my attention. The impression gained

from the perusal is that the people went straight to the heart of the man, knowing well the grounds of their gratitude and love. There is a tone of authority about these utterances, as of infallible and final estimate. They remain as a fixed point of departure and of return by which the biographer of Phillips Brooks must needs abide. Where no one man alone is competent to pronounce a judgment, the voice of the people, of the many who studied and spoke from such various points of view, becomes the safest guide. And this verdict, it must be said, was unanimous, with no dissenting opinion. Very significant, also, is the large amount of poetry and verse which the memory of Phillips Brooks inspired. For in poetry more may be safely and truly said than would seem becoming under the limitations of prose.

Much of the material appropriate to the biography has already found its way into print, such as the "Letters of Travel," "Letters to Children," and other letters of Phillips Brooks, published in answer to pressing demands. For the most part these are omitted, or dealt with in summary when required for the connection of the narrative. It may be expecting too much to hope that no inaccuracies will be found; but the effort has been made to verify from the sources whatever has been given.

I close my task with a feeling of gratitude that I have been permitted to enter and to dwell in the inmost spirit of Phillips Brooks in the confidential way permitted to a biographer. The spirit of reverence with which I commenced my work has grown deeper at every stage of my investigation. These words of Bishop Jeremy Taylor apply to the character of Phillips Brooks: "There are some persons in whom the Spirit of God hath breathed so bright a flame of love, that they do all their acts of virtue by perfect choice and without objection; and their zeal is warmer than that it will

be allayed by temptation; and to such persons mortification by philosophical instruments, as fasting, sackcloth, and other rudenesses, is wholly useless. If love hath filled all the corners of our soul, he alone is able to do all the work of God." And again to quote from the same writer: —

> There is a sort of God's dear servants who walk in perfectness; who perfect holiness in the fear of God; and they have a degree of charity and divine knowledge more than we can discourse of, and more certain than the demonstrations of geometry, brighter than the sun, and indeficient as the light of heaven. But I shall say no more of this at this time; for this is to be felt and not to be talked of; and they who never touched it with their fingers may secretly, perhaps, laugh at it in their hearts and be never the wiser. All that I shall now say of it is, that a good man is united unto God, κέντρον κέντρῳ συνάψας. As a flame touches a flame and combines into splendor and glory, so is the spirit of a man united unto Christ by the Spirit of God. These are the friends of God and they best know God's mind; and they only that are so know how much such men do know. They have a special unction from above.

There are other words of sacred authority which seem to tell of Phillips Brooks, when used without reference to theological distinctions, but in their plain and human meaning; they are words which have been much in my mind as I have been studying his life: *Whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son; and whom He foreordained, them He also called; and whom He called, them He also justified; and whom He justified, them He also glorified.*

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THE LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

PHILLIPS BROOKS

CHAPTER I

THE ANCESTRY

I

The founder of the Phillips family was the Rev. George Phillips, who was born in 1593 at Raymond, Norfolk County, England.[1] He came to this country in 1630, landing at Salem on the twelfth day of June. In the same ship, the Arbella, came Governor John Winthrop, Sir Richard Saltonstall, Simon Bradstreet, Isaac Johnson, and others. His age when he left England was thirty-seven, and for fourteen years he served the colony. Shortly after landing he lost his wife, worn out with the fatigues of the voyage, and buried her by the side of the Lady Arbella Johnson, in whose honor the ship which brought them had been named. Our knowledge of George Phillips is slight, but the few details of his career point to a man of no ordinary importance and influence. His unusual promise as a child justified his parents in sending him to the University, where he became distinguished for his attainments. His highest proficiency was in theology. He took orders in the Church of England, and

[1] Among the allusions of Phillips Brooks to his ancestors, there is one to the Rev. George Phillips, given in his *Letters of Travel*, p. 116. He was writing near the English neighborhood from which they had emigrated, and adds this remark: "Perhaps I have got them a little mixed up, but all those facts were among the household words of our childhood."

became "an able and faithful minister of the gospel," whether at Boxsted, in Essex County, or at Boxford, in Suffolk, is uncertain, owing to confusion among the chroniclers. He got into difficulty on account of his nonconformist principles, his friends supporting him on the ground that "he preached nothing without some good evidence for it in the word of God." When the storm of religious persecution grew dark and threatening, he threw in his lot with the Puritans, who sought relief in the emigration to New England. That he was held in high esteem by his friends, is shown in the circumstance that the emigration expenses of himself and his family were borne by the company, and it is also said that he came at their solicitation.

On board the ship he assumed the office of pastor, preaching daily and catechising the passengers. He was one of those who signed his name to the famous Farewell Address to the members of the Church of England, where it was spoken of as a true church, to which went forth the affectionate regards and well wishes of those who were in reality leaving its fold. It was done in good faith, there can be no doubt. But the Church of England which they apostrophized was not identified in their minds with its organization or its worship. They were rather invoking the angel of the church, the personification of its ideal purpose as they themselves conceived it. In that church they had been born again, from it they drew their faith, their Christian nurture. Within its fold they left behind their friends and kindred. As to what should be the true organization, discipline, and worship of the church, their views were already formed, before they appended their names to the Farewell Address; and when they arrived at their destination, they were not slow in putting them into execution.

The newcomers in Winthrop's fleet soon separated for the purpose of establishing new plantations with independent churches. One of these parties sailed up the Charles River in 1630, and landing on its banks selected a spot for their home, to which the name of Watertown was given in the same year, 1630, by the Court of Assistants. Over the

church at Watertown Mr. Phillips was placed at once as pastor, at a salary of thirty pounds a year. In 1631 he was admitted a freeman, eighty acres being assigned to him, a larger territory than to other freemen, in recognition of his clerical rank, which also appears to have been exempt from taxation. Here he labored for fourteen years, a man prominent in town affairs, but especially devoted to the interests of religion and the church.

It is difficult now to determine and distinguish his influence upon the colony as compared with other great leaders; but that he exerted a deep influence in the formative process of both church and state is clear. In the work of reorganizing the church in New England he took a decided part. His views were at first thought to be novel and extreme, but they were ultimately accepted and became known as Congregationalism. His ideas of church policy were illustrated by his action when in 1639 Rev. John Knowles was ordained at Watertown to be the associate or second pastor of the church. Mr. Phillips, who must have officiated at the nomination, gave no notice to the neighboring churches or to the magistrates. This was independency, pure and simple, yet it was regarded by many at the time as a "censurable anomaly," for there were those in the colony who held to a Presbyterian view of ordination, in which the clergy of other parishes should share. On the other hand, he defied the principles of the Independents when he went to the First Church in Boston and administered the ordinances in the absence of its pastor; for it was a principle of Independency that it denied this right to any minister except in the church over which he was placed. These two features in Mr. Phillips's ecclesiastical polity were still regarded, it is said, with misgivings, until the Rev. John Cotton came to Boston, "who by his preaching and practice did by degrees mould all their church administration into the very same form, which Mr. Phillips labored to have introduced into the church before."

Mr. Phillips also denied the validity of his ordination by bishops in the Church of England. When he assumed charge of the church in Watertown, he stated to his congre-

gation that "if they would have him stand minister by that calling which he received from the prelates of England he would leave them."[1] If this seems to point to narrowness and bigotry, yet on the other hand when Elder Browne in his congregation maintained that the Church of Rome was a true church, he was supported by his pastor. Something of a storm or flurry happened in consequence, so that in 1631 the governor, the deputy governor, and others, went to Watertown for a conference. Elder Browne was not convinced, and the court took up the matter. The people of Watertown were greatly divided in opinion. When the governor offered the alternative to the church, of proceeding in the case in their capacity as magistrates, or as members of a neighboring congregation, Mr. Phillips selected the latter method, guarding, it is thought, in a jealous way against encroachments on the liberties of his church. Somehow a kind of reconciliation was reached, and both sides agreed to a day of humiliation and prayer.

Mr. Phillips was not only jealous of the religious liberty, but of the political. When Governor Winthrop and the Assistants polled an order to tax the people without their consent, Mr. Phillips, with Elder Browne, called them together and delivered their opinion that "it was dangerous to submit to it." This view prevailed; for before another tax was attempted it was decided that "two of every plantation be appointed to confer with the court."[2] Such are some of the pictures in the life of Rev. George Phillips which reveal the man. He may not have been in advance of his age in his views of religious liberty, but he was large-minded, with more foresight, more alive than many of his contemporaries. It was an age when what we call superstition still existed. According to Governor Winthrop, there was at Watertown in these early years "a great combat, seen by divers witnesses, between a mouse and a snake; and after a long fight, the mouse prevailed and killed the snake." But it was not the

[1] Hubbard: *History of New England*, p. 186. Francis: *Historical Sketch of Watertown.*

[2] Bond: *Family Memorials*, ii. p. 873.

pastor of the church at Watertown, it was the Rev. Mr. Wilson, pastor of the First Church in Boston, who gave the interpretation, that "the snake was the devil; the mouse was a poor contemptible people, which God had brought hither, which should overcome Satan here and dispossess him of his kingdom." [1]

For the rest, the Rev. George Phillips was a good preacher, versed in the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, reading through the Scriptures six times in the course of every year. At his death, which was sudden, in the year 1644, he had attained the age of fifty-one. He was lamented as one beloved as well as respected. Winthrop said of him in his journal, "a godly man, specially gifted, and very peaceful in his place, much lamented of his own people and others." His first house in Watertown, it is supposed on good evidence, stood near the Cambridge line on the road from Cambridge to Watertown, on the left-hand side of the road and near the ancient burying-ground. The inventory of his property amounted to £553, "the study of books" to £71 9s. 9d.

George Phillips left a son, Samuel, nineteen years old at his father's death, a graduate of Harvard College in 1650. The story that he was educated at the expense of the church in Watertown, as a tribute of respect to his father, has been questioned on the ground that his father left behind him sufficient property to make such an act superfluous. This Samuel Phillips was settled over the church at Rowley, in Massachusetts, where "he labored with great acceptance" for forty-five years, till his death in 1696. That his position was an honored one is further evident from his appointment to preach the election sermon before the General Court in 1678. That his character was a strong one, leading him to speak out, at the expense of persecution and imprisonment, is shown, so it is said, "from his calling Randolph a wicked man." Of his wife it is said that she was "an early seeker for God, spending much of her time in reading the word and in prayer, and taking great care of her children's souls." She also, it is added, "knew the time of her conversion." In

[1] Francis: *Watertown*, p. 26.

his later years, Phillips Brooks paid his tribute to these ancestors at Rowley, visiting the old town for the purpose of making their life more real to his imagination. It may seem unnecessary to remark, but it has its significance in tracing a Puritan descent, that his inventory amounted to £989. In Mather's epitaph upon father and son, he is compared with his father as his highest honor: —

> Hic jacet Georgius Phillippi
> Vir incomparabilis *nisi Samuelem genuisset.*

This Samuel Phillips of Rowley had a son, George, who graduated at Harvard in 1686, but left Massachusetts for Long Island, where he died. Of him it was remarked by some that "in addition to his solid talents he possessed a happy vein of wit and humor that rendered his company and conversation always agreeable." But the verdict of others was that while esteemed a good man, "he indulged too much in wit and drollery to maintain well the dignity of his profession." He is mentioned here because he followed the profession of his father. There was another son, older than this George, in whom the line of descent is to be followed. Samuel Phillips of Salem, son of Samuel of Rowley, and grandson of George Phillips, became a goldsmith, instead of a clergyman, but he married a clergyman's daughter, Mary Emerson of Gloucester, who brought into the family a strong intellectual and religious influence. She became the mother of two sons, the elder of whom was the Rev. Samuel Phillips, minister of the South Church in Andover, a man of "striking individuality and energy of character," who deserves a fuller mention.

Samuel Phillips, then, of the fourth generation, was born in 1689, and graduated from Harvard College in 1708. With him begins the connection of the Phillips family with Andover. At the age of twenty-two, in the year 1711, he was ordained there, minister of the South Church or parish, holding that office for sixty-two years. In appearance, as represented by his portrait, there is dignity, the consciousness of power, the sense of mastery of the situation, repose also, security, as if he rested upon the rock of great convic-

tions, a certain masculine aggressive quality, nothing introversive, but the air of one who maintains and rejoices in things as they are. He is the representative of the spirit of the eighteenth century. He married Hannah White, daughter of the "worshipful John White of Haverhill."

When they went to meeting on Sunday, Madame Phillips walked, leaning on her husband's arm, from the parsonage to the meeting-house, Mr. Phillips having his negro man at his right hand and Madame Phillips her negro maidservant on her left hand. The family followed them in procession, according to age. The male members of the congregation, who had been standing outside, as soon as the minister's family appeared, hastened into the meeting-house, and when the pastor entered, the congregation arose and remained standing till he reached the pulpit and took his seat. Also at the close of the service the congregation stood until the pastor and family had passed out.[1]

He turned his hourglass at the beginning of his sermon and concluded it as the last sands ran out. He was a vigorous preacher, discussing fearlessly the issues of his time. Many of his sermons were published as deserving a larger audience.[2] He was bold in reproving his congregation, especially for that peculiar offence, common then, as it is not unknown to-day, the tendency to be overcome by somnolence in public worship. There had been an alarming earthquake in 1755; this he improved in his discourse, as a warning to those sleeping away great part of sermon time. But since the glorious Lord of the Sabbath has given them such a shaking of late, he hopes to see no more sleepers in sermon time.[3] At a time when Arminianism was coming into vogue, destined to undermine the convictions of many regarding the tenets of

[1] *Historical Sketches of Andover*, p. 446.

[2] Here is the title-page of one of these sermons which were printed: —

"A Word in Season, or the Duty of People to take and keep the Oath of Allegiance to the glorious God. Exhibited in a Plain Discourse had (in part) at Byfield on September 8, 1726, by Samuel Phillips, M. A., Pastor to a Church in Andover. Published at the request of many of the Inhabitants of Rowley and Byfield. And recommended by many Ministers. 1 Kings xviii. 21.

"Boston: Printed by S. Kneeland and T. Green for John Phillips at his shop on the South Side of the Town house. 1737."

[3] *History of Andover*, p. 446.

the ancient Puritan creed, he remained steadfast in adherence to the Westminster Catechism, a decided, zealous Calvinist, laboring by preaching and by writing to indoctrinate and confirm his people in the faith; but he also, it is said, could be tolerant of those who differed from him; he maintained "fellowship with the neighboring clergy of a looser and dangerous creed."

An illustration is given of his attitude on the ethical issues of life, of no slight significance as revealing the spirit of the age. The records of the church in Andover contain cases of discipline for immorality and drunkenness, as do the parish records of so many of the churches in the eighteenth century. There was another sin of rare occurrence, against which he delivered a sermon, so entirely to the mind of his congregation that its publication was requested. A certain member of his parish, of unblemished character, gentle and sensitive, became despondent, fell into melancholia, and died by his own hand. "His name," said the pastor, "as many think had best be buried in oblivion, for he yielded to the temptation of the enemy of souls, kept the devil's counsel concealed, nor did any person suspect that he was under the said temptation, until, being missed, he was found hanging in his own barn." The sermon appeared in print with "a ghastly title-page, headed with skull and crossbones and bordered with black. The preacher warned his hearers not to visit the offence upon his innocent relatives. But the feeling in the parish was so strong that he was refused burial in the graveyard of the Old South Church, and was laid in a lonely grave in the farm under an oak tree, and his name was no more mentioned even in his own family."

For the rest, this Rev. Samuel Phillips left a deep impression on his people. He was specially diligent in commending the usage of family devotions. He was a man orderly and industrious in his habits, he had the Puritan habit of economy, carrying it so far as to blow out the candle when he knelt for the evening prayer. He insisted on the punctual payment of his salary, even though "he had means of his own." He went to Andover too late to receive an assign-

ment of land in the town, but a large territory was given him in what was then the wilderness of New Hampshire, in the neighborhood of what is now Concord. But if he pursued a close economy, he was also charitable, giving away one tenth of his income. He had need of economy, for he educated his three sons at Harvard College. He died in possession of a considerable property, as the times then went.

These were his sons, — Samuel, the eldest, then John, and William. John settled at Exeter, and will be alluded to again; William went to Boston, where he became a prosperous merchant. Both these sons accumulated large property, they stood high in the people's regard, and were honored by high offices, living not for themselves, but for the public welfare. Much might be said of them, especially of their religious purpose, but the line of descent of Phillips Brooks is with the eldest son, Samuel (1715–1790). He remained in Andover, in what is now North Andover, where he went into business, and he too accumulated, as a true Puritan of the time could not help doing, riches and wealth as well as public honor. A letter to him from his father is preserved, revealing the father's principles and methods, the secret also to some extent of the son's success. It illustrates religion in common life, amplifying the apostle's injunction to be diligent in business, while serving the Lord.

Sept. 27, 1738.
ANDOVER, SOUTH PARISH.

As to your trading, keep fair and true accounts and do wrong to no man; but sell as cheap to a child as you would to one that is adult; never take advantage of any, either because of their Ignorance or their Poverty; for if you do, it will not turn to your own advantage; but ye contrary. And as you may not wrong eny person, so neither wrong ye Truth in any case whatever for ye sake of gain or from any other motive. Either be silent or else speak ye Truth.

And be prudent, but yet not over timorous and over scrupulous in ye article of Trusting, lest you stand in your own light. Some people are more honest p'haps than you think for and it may be wil pay sooner than you expect. Keep to your shop if you expect that to keep to you and be not out of ye way when customers come.

This Samuel Phillips of North Andover graduated from Harvard College in 1734, marrying Elizabeth Barnard, a granddaughter of the Rev. John Barnard, who came as a bride with "a considerable fortune." Mr. Phillips was dowered with the title of Honorable in virtue of his membership in the House of Representatives and in the Council of the Commonwealth. It was he who built what is now the old homestead in North Andover. But he entered it with sadness, and it never resounded to him with the mirth of children, for of the many whom God had given him only one son survived, the others dying in infancy. His portrait is in profile, bespeaking a man subdued by affliction, yet it is also a beautiful face, showing great refinement and tenderness of character, a graceful, well-shaped head, reappearing to some extent, profile and form of head, in Phillips Brooks.

Samuel Phillips of North Andover, who built the old manse, as it has been called, left one son, bearing the same name, who is known as Judge Phillips (1752–1802). He represents the family in the sixth generation, and is the great-grandfather of Phillips Brooks. It is impossible to speak of him briefly, for his life was full to overflowing with purposes and results accomplished, an extraordinary career marked by an intense, unfailing activity. In his day he was one of the foremost men, in church and state, good as well as great, the full flower of Puritanism unveiling its inmost mood and capacity. His Memoir, written by the late Dr. J. L. Taylor of Andover Theological Seminary, and published by the Congregational Board of Publication, is one long and elaborate eulogy upon his virtues. It is difficult to see how it could have been otherwise, for to speak of him was to praise him.

We get the first picture of him as the solitary child in the house at North Andover, the only surviving child of seven children, tended with care and solicitude. The sadness of the household brooded over him, making him prematurely grave and mature. That great truth to which Puritanism gave additional emphasis, the sacredness of time, the necessity of improving each passing moment, was of course

instilled into him from his infancy, but he learned the lesson with an intensity surpassing his ancestors. In preparing for college he went to Byfield Academy, then, in 1767, entered Harvard, which had become the family tradition, as indispensable as the church or the state for the development of a noble life. When he graduated, it is interesting to note that he was greatly concerned about giving an entertainment or "spread" which should adequately represent his own and the family dignity. To this request for money the father readily responded that it should be all that he desired. His standing as a scholar was among the highest in his class, for his diligence had been unremitting and his natural ability was great. At the Commencement he gave the Salutatory Oration in Latin, according to the custom. But in those days the students were not marked according to scholarship alone; there was a social standard, apparently of higher importance, the relic of an aristocratic sentiment before the levelling influence had prevailed of the French Revolution. According to this standard, in a class of sixty in the year 1771, the largest class which had yet been graduated at Harvard, his rank was eighth. His father, dissatisfied equally with his son at what seemed an injustice in the rank assigned, came down from Andover to see the president of the college and insist on the rectification of the mistake. A change was accordingly made, and he was given the seventh place. In his days the Institute was founded, and he became its first president. Although he threw himself into college life with great ardor, yet the religious question was most prominently before his mind; the primary issue to be adjusted was his personal relationship with God, the consciousness of whom had waited upon all his years. There was anxiety and doubt and struggle, till he entered into peace in 1770, joining the church at North Andover, where his father was a deacon.

The romance of his life occurred in his college days. The young woman of his choice was Phœbe Foxcroft of Cambridge, to whom the only objection that could be made was her age, for she was nearly nine years his senior. The father and mother at Andover strenuously resisted, but things took

their usual course; the beloved and only son, with his delicate constitution, became ill, the consent was reluctantly given, and in 1773 the marriage took place. It was no misfortune for the family when Phœbe Foxcroft entered it. She brought with her accessions of character and intellectual gifts as well as of wealth. In reality she was younger than her husband in all relating to temperament and constitutional vivacity. She had the cheerful mind and graces of manner which offset his prevailing seriousness. She survived her husband eleven years, to carry out after he was gone one of the great purposes of his life.

The career of Judge Phillips was so full of attendance upon purely secular affairs, that this aspect of it alone would have sufficed to distinguish the lives of most of his contemporaries. "He had a primary agency in all the measures of the state for nearly thirty years." In his personal affairs he gave, says one of his eulogists, "incredible attentions to business." The war for American independence began when he was twenty-five. Already while in college he shared in the growth of sentiment and enthusiasm precipitating hostilities. In the early years of the war he strove with characteristic energy and enterprise to overcome the chief lack embarrassing the American army, by erecting a mill at Andover for the manufacture of gunpowder. His many activities, his posts of public honor and trust, can only be briefly enumerated, but the simple record is an astonishing one. In addition to the powder-mill, he owned and supervised a saw-mill, and grist-mill, and a paper-mill. He had extensive shops for the sale of merchandise in Andover and Methuen, over which he kept a watchful eye. His many business interests flourished, bringing him a large income. This would have been enough, one might suppose, to occupy the attention of one man, but in addition to all this he assumed large public responsibilities. He was a delegate from Andover to the Constitutional Convention in 1779. In a select committee of thirty-one he aided in preparing a "frame of government and declaration of rights." When the Constitution had been adopted he was elected into the Senate, where he continued

for twenty years, and for fifteen years was its president. In the famous Shays' rebellion he was appointed one of three commissioners to deal with the disaffected and disappointed party. For sixteen years he was one of the judges of the Essex Court of Common Pleas. In the year before his death he was elected lieutenant-governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. He was an overseer of Harvard College for twenty years, receiving from it in 1793 the degree of LL. D. He was one of the original members of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

But this combination of rare business capacity with high statesmanship does not exhaust the catalogue of his usefulness in his day and generation. His supreme effort was devoted to the cause of learning and of religion. As the projector and practically the founder of the Phillips Andover Academy, he is most widely and deservedly known. His sense of the need of such an institution dates back to the time when he experienced difficulty in preparing for college at Byfield Academy. This devotion to the cause of learning and high scholarship was inherited in his Puritan blood. It had entered into Puritanism from the first as a constituent element that the learning of its adherents should be the very best, the widest, the deepest, the most thorough that could be obtained. Judge Phillips embodied this aspiration, he became the pioneer of the system which has given to America its classical schools. It was in 1777 that he first moved in the matter dearest to his heart. Here, we may believe, lay the secret of his devotion to business, — an ideal purpose was to be subserved. The rolling up of wealth was not an end in itself. His father's fortune would be his own, he was the heir of a rich and childless uncle, Dr. John Phillips, living at Exeter. His disinterestedness is shown in his willingness to dispossess himself of the property virtually his own. He laid the scheme which he had devised before his father and his uncle, calling for their contributions in order to its achievement. To another uncle, Hon. William Phillips of Boston, he appealed with equal success. The joint contributions of his father and his two uncles constituted the founda-

tion of the Phillips Academy in Andover. Judge Phillips was a young man of twenty-five when he conceived this great plan of his life. He had his own fortune yet to make at the moment when he was diverting the property that would have been his into another channel. As his own means increased he used them freely for the same end. He devoted his energy, his time, his thoughts, to perfecting the organization and constitution of the academy till its equipment should be complete. His scheme embraced the purchase of the whole territory of Andover Hill, so far as it was possible. To this end he moved his residence from North Andover to the southern parish, where he finally built the stately mansion house, that until recently, when it was destroyed by fire, faced the grounds of the Theological Seminary. Here he was honored among the few by a visit from Washington in his presidential tour of 1789. "The moment he left the house, Madame Phillips tied a piece of ribbon upon the chair which he had occupied during the interview, and there it remained ever afterwards, until the day of his death, when she substituted for it a band of crape." That house alone would have borne witness to his great purpose, identified as it has been for generations with the highest interests of theological education. Judge Phillips himself had contemplated the possibility of a theological professorship in connection with the academy for the better maintenance of the ancient Puritan faith, but when he died prematurely in 1802 this part of his plan was carried out by his widow, Phœbe Foxcroft, with the coöperation of her son, John Phillips, and the result was the Andover Theological Seminary, the first institution of the kind in ecclesiastical history, the model of the professional theological training which has since become in this country universal. To this institution the wealth of the Phillips family continued to flow from its numerous branches and ramifications. The donors of houses and lands and of foundations for professorships, whether men or women, either bore the name of Phillips, or in the female line laid claim to it.[1]

[1] "Lieutenant-Governor William Phillips of Boston, who was the honored Pre-

There were other activities of Judge Phillips to which allusion must at least be made. He was deeply possessed with the power of religion. For many years it was his custom to read to the people at noon on the Sabbath, during the intermission between the services, from some favorite doctrinal or devotional treatise. He made charitable donations for the purpose of supplying the people of Andover with religious books, Bibles, Testaments, and Psalters, the Westminster Catechism, Dr. Watts's Divine Songs, Doddridge's Rise and Progress and other works, Law's Serious Call, Mason on Self Knowledge, Henry on Meekness, Orton's Discourse to the Aged. In the old homestead at North Andover is still preserved the library, almost exclusively composed of religious books, which he had collected. In his theology he adhered firmly and strictly to the old Calvinism, fearful of the least particle of infidelity, dreading modern philosophy, and the "tendency to reduce the Christian religion to a mere system of morality." But in some respects he was an innovator. He saw that the system of life pastorates in the New

sident of the Board of Trustees for many years, added his frequent gifts while he lived, and his legacy for the library and for the aid of indigent students at his death.

"Samuel Abbot, Esq., of Andover, who united with Madame Phillips and her son, in the founding of the Seminary, by endowing the Abbot Professorship of Christian Theology, was a *grandson* of Samuel Phillips, Esq., the goldsmith at Salem.

"The wife of Moses Brown, Esq., of Newburyport, the founder of the Browne Professorship of Ecclesiastical History, was a great-granddaughter of the Salem goldsmith, also. . . . Mrs. Sarah Abbot, . . . who was the chief founder of Abbot Female Seminary, . . . was a great-great-granddaughter of the same Mr. Phillips at Salem." (Taylor: *Memoir of Judge Phillips*, p. 390.)

This Samuel Phillips of Salem, known as the goldsmith, was the grandson of George Phillips of Watertown, the founder of the family. He was the ancestor also of the late Wendell Phillips. But one cannot trace this line of descent without recognizing that in his wife, Mary Emerson, the Phillips blood had been reinforced with some quality of rare and high value.

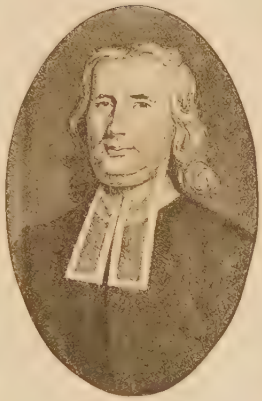
The identification of the Phillips family with the cause of education is incomplete without reference to the Phillips Exeter Academy, founded by Dr. John Phillips, an uncle of Judge Phillips of Andover. He had intended to make his nephew his heir. But when the nephew had once interested him in the cause of education (he gave at his nephew's solicitation $31,000 to Andover Phillips Academy) he pursued the cause independently, founding and endowing a similar institution at Exeter, New Hampshire.

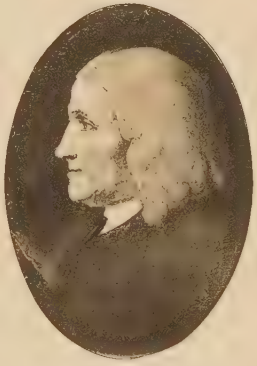
England churches had outlived its usefulness, and he did what he could to prepare the way for its rejection.

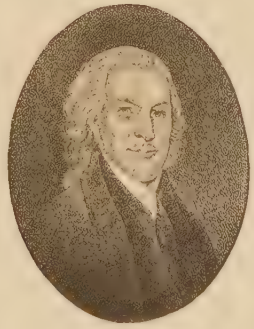
These were his characteristics as his biographer has summed them up: He seemed daily to hear the admonition, *whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;* he was intensely methodical and careful; he was a prodigy of activity; he was an enthusiast for virtue; he had an intensely ethical vein, combining with it an impressive sedateness; he possessed profound humility; he cherished a special fondness for the young; his Christian symmetry was completed by his rare estimate of the uses of wealth, as the handmaid of learning and religion. As we read his eulogy it is as though his distinguished descendant were here living in some previous state of existence. When he died in 1802 at the age of fifty, there was a deep widespread sense of grief as at some great calamity. "The immense concourse" at his funeral, "the presence of so many distinguished civilians, the universal sensibility, and the impressive exercises with which her favorite son was laid in the tomb, made this a most memorable day for Andover; such as she had never seen before, and will never see again."

In a letter written by Judge Phillips to his son, a year before his own death, he refers to his ancestry, to the power of ancestral prayer and example. These ancestors read the Bible. They were remarkably constant in their devotions. To that he can testify in his own experience. "Who can tell," he adds, "how many blessings the prayers of our pious ancestors have procured for their descendants! Let us, my dear son, be equally faithful, even unto death, to our God, to ourselves, and to those who shall be born after us."

The son to whom these words were written was the Hon. John Phillips of Andover (1776–1820), the grandfather of Phillips Brooks. He, too, followed and profited by the example of his ancestors. There is the same record of his earlier years, grave and studious, endowed with marked ability, improving the time as though he were on some important mission, as though he were the medium through which some higher power were working. To Harvard Col-







lege he went as a matter of course and of necessity. There he distinguished himself as a scholar, taking many honors by the way, and finally graduating with high rank, giving the Salutatory Oration in Latin, as his father had done before him. He was not insensible by any means, nor were his parents, to the social obligations of college life. He, too, must entertain his class in a befitting manner when he graduated. His father, among his almost countless activities, found time to arrange with the son the particular features of the entertainment, the number of college rooms which should be engaged, while his mother superintended and with her own hands assisted in the preparation of materials for the feast. But all this was subordinate to the greater issue, the development of character, the personal individual solution of the soul's relation to God. The burden of his mother's letters to him while in college, to which his father added his weightier appeal, was the ancient injunction which has come down through the ages; it was the endless solicitude, Keep thy soul with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life. To these injunctions there was added, soon after he left college, the motives which sprang from a great bereavement in the loss of his only brother, a few years younger than himself, — a boy of great beauty of personal appearance, rich in the affections, of singularly winning manners, and of high intellectual promise. To his father and mother it was a crushing blow, to him it became a strong religious incentive to devote himself in more intense concentration to the spiritual ideal of life. He joined the church in Andover in 1796, and his career in life was grounded in religious principle.

It had been his father's wish that he should study law, and he made arrangements to this end, entering upon his professional studies at Charlestown. But when this plan was abandoned in consequence of the failure of his health, he entered into mercantile pursuits. His residence in Charlestown led to his marriage in 1798 with Lydia Gorham, daughter of the Hon. Nathaniel Gorham. From Charlestown he returned to the old homestead at North Andover, and there he passed his

remaining days. His was a quieter life than his father's had been, for ill health reduced his activity. But there were the same gifts, the same possibilities, could they have been utilized. He had the same devotion to public interests, he had the power of enthusiasm which enveloped every great cause. His services as an orator were often called for on public occasions. He was one of the governor's aids, and a member of the state Senate. But his crowning deed was the founding, in connection with his mother, of the Andover Theological Seminary. The idea had germinated with his father, after whose death it was nourished and developed by his widow, Phœbe Foxcroft-Phillips. In the legal document establishing the seminary, her name comes first and is followed by that of her son.

John Phillips died in 1820, prematurely, like his father, having attained the age only of forty-five years. He transmitted the gift, the capacity for religion, the spiritual capital unimpaired, to his descendants. Among the large family of children whom he left, the fifth in order of birth was Mary Ann Phillips, in whose deep nature the example and teaching of her ancestors found congenial soil for yet further growth and expansion. She pondered all these things in her heart. From his childhood to his death, the inexpressible tenderness of Phillips Brooks for his mother was one of the deepest characteristics of his being, as her influence was one of the higher sources of his power.

II

When we turn to the Brooks family we are conscious at once of a change or difference in the religious and social atmosphere. Like the Phillips family, it presented certain characteristics of its own, handed down, substantially unchanged from one generation to another. It was not as a family marked by the transcendental idealism, the intense devotion to religious or intellectual motives, that fusion of the spiritual and ethical with the political and intellectual, which was manifested with such overwhelming force in the earliest stage of New England Puritanism.

The Brooks family may be taken as a type of those who from the first had not any deep inner sympathy with doctrinal and experimental Puritanism. As we trace the line of its descent, it produced no great religious leaders, very few of its members entered the ranks of the ministry, nor did Harvard College claim the same relative contingent as in the Phillips family. They were rather rich farmers with the inherited English love for the land. They became identified with trade, and counted in their numbers opulent merchants. They were distinguished for their devotion to their country, rising to high positions in the army or in the offices of the state. They cultivated character in its phases of uprightness and integrity, generosity and devotion to public interests, — the basis of that confidence which they inspired among their fellow citizens. They were honored, trusted, and loved in each passing generation.

The founder of the family in this country was Thomas Brooke, to whom the records of the town of Watertown show that land was assigned as a freeman in 1636. The exact year when he came to Massachusetts has not been determined. As a freeman of Watertown he must have sat under the ministrations of the Rev. George Phillips. The coincidence is worth noting which unites the two families at the beginning of New England history. Thomas Brooke did not remain long at Watertown. He is next heard of in Concord, where he died. But before his death he purchased in connection with his son-in-law a farm in the town of Medford, where the Mystic River was a strong attraction. Henceforth the Brooks family becomes identified with Medford, as Medford is to a large degree identified with the fortunes of this family, furnishing as it did a never-failing supply of representatives to the General Court, selectmen, also, and heads of committees, town treasurers, and afterwards benefactors in the building of churches and schoolhouses. The history of Medford illustrates the activity of the Brooks family, their sterling integrity, and the admiration and honor in which they were held.

Caleb Brooks was the son of Thomas Brooke of Concord. He, in turn, left two sons, — Ebenezer and Samuel, — and

these two sons married sisters, the daughters of Dr. Thomas Boylston of Brookline. The family of Boylston was one of high distinction in Massachusetts. It has ceased to exist as a family, but the name is still perpetuated in the streets of Boston and Cambridge, in the halls also of Harvard University, where their portraits by Copley are preserved, giving them a place among the benefactors of learning. Whatever force or distinction the family of Boylston possessed was not lost when the male line of descent was extinguished. The elder son of Ebenezer Brooks, who had married Abigail Boylston, was called Caleb, and Caleb had a son, John, who rose to be governor of Massachusetts, and who deserves a special mention. Governor John Brooks, LL. D., was born in 1752, and died in 1825. His record is as follows: He was at the battle of Lexington in command of a company, from which he rose to the rank of a major; he assisted in throwing up the fortifications at Breed's Hill, and in 1777 he was appointed lieutenant-colonel. In the battle of Saratoga, at the head of his regiment, he stormed and carried the intrenchment of the German troops. In the battle of Monmouth he was acting adjutant-general. He possessed the confidence and received the commendation of Washington for his forethought and faithfulness. After the war he followed with great success the profession of medicine, but still retaining his connection with public life. He was major-general of the militia of his company. He worked in the convention for the adoption of the Constitution of the United States. He was appointed marshal of the district and inspector of revenue by Washington; he was an adjutant-general in the war of 1812, and he became governor of Massachusetts in 1816, holding the office for seven years. And further he was scientific and skilful in his profession, with manners dignified and courteous, laboring incessantly for the public good, large and liberal in his views, of undoubted integrity and patriotism, amiable and esteemed in private life, the delight of friends and acquaintances.

In the last years of his life he joined the church in Medford under the pastoral care of Dr. Osgood. Before he died he bore his testimony: —

I see nothing terrible in death. In looking to the future I have no fear, I know in whom I have believed; and I feel a persuasion that all the trials appointed me, past or present, will result in my future and eternal happiness. I look back on my past life with humility. I am sensible of many imperfections that cleave to me. I know that the present is neither the season or the place in which to begin the preparation for death. Our whole life is given to us for this purpose, and the work of preparation should be early commenced and be never relaxed till the end of our days. To God I can appeal, that it has been my humble endeavor to serve Him sincerely, and wherein I have failed, I trust in his grace to forgive. I now rest my soul on the mercy of my adorable Creator through the only mediation of his Son, our Lord. O what a ground of hope is there in that saying of an apostle, that God is in Christ reconciling a guilty world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them. In God I have placed my eternal all; and into his hands I commend my spirit.

It was Samuel Brooks, a brother of Caleb Brooks, who had married Sarah Boylston, who becomes the direct ancestor of Phillips Brooks. He left a son of the same name, and in the generation that followed there was a third Samuel Brooks, who became the father of Edward Brooks (1733–1781). It was this last who broke the family record by entering the ministry of the church. But it must be remarked that his clerical career was a failure from the received point of view of his age. He was settled over the church in North Yarmouth, Maine. There he got into difficulty with his parishioners, who thus formulated the cause of disagreement: "We humbly conceive that your preaching among us has not been agreeably to Calvinistic usage and therefore disagreeable to the foundation that we understood you settled with us upon and also disagreeable to our sentiments, and therefore matter of grievance to us." After unsuccessful attempts had been made to overcome the difficulty by means of councils, the Rev. Edward Brooks resigned his office, in a letter which breathes in its conclusion a Christian spirit: —

I now request you would grant me a dismission from my relation to you as your pastor, so that I may be relieved from my ordination vows to serve you in that capacity. May God sanctify it to you and to me and all other dispensations of his Providence.

May you under his divine direction and blessing succeed in getting another pastor to be set over you who shall feed you with spiritual knowledge and understanding, who shall preach the Gospel to you *in that plainness and simplicity in which it was left by Christ your teacher and Lord.* May peace be restored and established among you, and may you be built up in faith and in holiness and in comfort with eternal life.

The time when this correspondence took place was the middle of the eighteenth century. A conflict was then in its first stages between what was known as Arminianism and the Calvinistic theology hitherto dominant for the most part in New England. Arminianism was a tendency to assert the dignity of man and his divine endowment, while Calvinism laid the stress upon human corruption and inability and the sole action of God in salvation. The Arminians denied the Calvinistic tenets of election and total depravity; they asserted the freedom of the will; they put in the foreground character and morality, as the ends of religion. With their opponents the supreme issue was the attainment of an experience in the soul binding it in conscious relationship with God as the source of all good. The Rev. Samuel Phillips of the South Church in Andover was contemporaneous with the Rev. Edward Brooks, and was contending against the movement which the latter represented, on the ground that it was dissolving the Puritan faith and practice. These two men were representatives of their respective families, and also of tendencies and issues in human thought, in theology, and in life, which were destined to a yet sharper conflict and finally to end in a schism among the churches in Massachusetts. This Rev. Edward Brooks, the only clerical member of his family, did not take another parish after his release from North Yarmouth, but retired to Medford, living on the spot where the Brooks mansion now stands.

"A high son of liberty," as he was called, he took an active part in the Concord fight in 1775, and afterwards served his country as chaplain of the frigate Hancock, where he was captured and taken a prisoner to Halifax. Returning to Medford after he was set free, he did not long survive, dying

there at the age of forty-eight, in the year 1781. In his devotion to his country he may have found consolation for the humiliation of his dismissal from the service of the church. His marriage to Abigail Brown of Haverhill was important, for she was the direct descendant of the Rev. John Cotton, next to Governor Winthrop the most famous man in the early annals of New England. He had been a foremost leader of the Puritans in England, and his coming to this country in 1632 from Boston in Lincolnshire was regarded as a signal favor of the Divine Providence. Standing as he does at the beginnings of American history, he has now passed into a mythical greatness. In England, he had been so highly regarded for his learning and scholarship, his ability and brilliancy as a teacher and lecturer, that Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, when he became Keeper of the Great Seal, asked of King James that a man of so much worth and learning might have liberty of preaching, though he was a Nonconformist. He was a voluminous writer, the author, it is said, of nearly fifty books, which were sent to England to be printed. Among these his little book, "Milk for Babes," — a title which has sometimes seemed like a misnomer to his descendants,— was for a while bound up with the New England Catechism. He was invited to take part in the deliberations of the Westminster Assembly, but declined. It was he to whom the General Court assigned the task of making an abstract of the Mosaic Laws adapted for the use of the colony. But his conception of a theocracy was too ideal, too rigid, to be acceptable; it magnified too much the power of the magistrate, giving to the state the absolute control of opinion, and punishing heresy with death. Yet, on the other hand, he sympathized with Anne Hutchinson and supported her, when the prevailing sentiment was against her; but he was so great a man that no action could be taken against him. Afterwards, however, he changed his opinion and took sides with her opponents. Anne Hutchinson had said of him that he was the only minister who was under "a covenant of grace," but others of the same following compared him to a light in a dark lantern, because he did not go far enough. Although

he was famous for his Hebrew and other learning, yet in the pulpit of the First Church of Boston, of which he was the teacher, he was marked by great simplicity. His custom was to expound the Scriptures in their order, and he was halfway through his second exposition of the entire Bible when he died. A monumental tablet was erected to him in St. Botolph's Church in 1857, with a Latin inscription written by Edward Everett, who had married one of his descendants. Of this man, who has been called the Patriarch of New England, Abigail Brown, who married the Rev. Edward Brooks, was the great-granddaughter, as she was also the great-grandmother of Phillips Brooks.

At the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the First Church in Boston in the year 1880, Phillips Brooks was called upon, as the descendant of the Rev. John Cotton, to speak of his distinguished ancestor: —

I should like to say something of the impression which this celebration of John Cotton makes upon one of his descendants. My connection with my very great-grandfather is so remote that I may venture to speak of him without hesitation. I am so full of the pleasure in life, and so full of the sense that that pleasure is very much increased by its being my happiness to live in Boston, that I cannot but be grateful to him who had a great deal to do with my living at all, and a great deal to do with making Boston what it is for a man to live in. I am not sure that he would accept of his representative, I am not sure that if he saw me standing here and speaking any words in his praise, and knew exactly where I was standing, there might not be some words rising to his lips, that would show that neither I nor you were wholly what he could approve. . . . John Cotton, in the life to which he has passed, now looks deeper and looks wider, and we have a right to enter into communion with the spirit of the man, and not simply with his specific opinions or the ways in which he worshipped. . . . It would be a terrible thing, it would narrow our life and make it very meagre, if we had no right to honor and to draw inspiration from any men except those we agree with and who would approve of us. . . . A man who stands as this man stands at the beginning of the history of a nation or a town is an everlasting benefactor to the town or nation. . . . And I thank him, as a Church of England man, as a man loving the Episcopal Church with all my heart, I thank him for being a Puritan.[1]

[1] *Commemoration Services of First Church in Boston*, 1880.

The wife of Rev. Edward Brooks, as was becoming in a descendant of Rev. John Cotton, retained for the ministry something of the ancient reverence, despite her husband's experience. But with their father's failure before them, it was hardly to be expected that his sons should choose the ministry as their profession. The stream of tendency in the Brooks family returned to its earlier and wonted channel when the two sons of Edward Brooks, who bore the names of Cotton Brown Brooks (1765–1834) and Peter Chardon Brooks (1767–1849), went into business and became successful merchants, one in Portland and the other in Boston. When they were still boys, or young men, they must have heard the echoes of the controversy which was then advancing to sharp issues in the New England churches. When the Rev. David Osgood was called by the town and by the church in 1774 to be the pastor in Medford, there were a few dissentient votes, and among them was Rev. Edward Brooks and another member of the same family. The ground of their opposition was the Calvinistic theology of Dr. Osgood. In his confession of faith before the congregation, he had maintained the doctrine of God as the sovereign will of the universe, decreeing all events and things, and as existing (though in a manner above his comprehension) in a Trinity of persons — Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the doctrine also of total depravity, and in a word the teaching of the Westminster Assembly, as consonant with the Scriptures, the oracles of God. To this teaching the members of the Brooks family were not only opposed, but they did all in their power to make his settlement in Medford impossible. It is to their credit, however, that, when their resistance failed, a letter was sent to the new pastor, signed by them, declaring that their opposition was over, they acquiesced in the situation, and stood ready to attend his ministry and aid him in his work.[1]

Towns also, like families, perpetuate characteristics and distinctive qualities. Andover and Medford may stand as types of communities; handing down through the generations the dominant purpose of their founders and influential men.

[1] Brooks: *History of Medford*, p. 241.

Dr. Osgood began his ministry as one of the stricter sort of Calvinists, and ended it as one of the Liberal or Arminian School which was to be known in its later days as Unitarian. The influence of his predecessors in the church at Medford had been in that direction. They had refused to recognize the Separatists in the days of the Great Awakening, they did not think it was necessary to call for a statement of religious experience on the part of those joining the church. Even Dr. Osgood carried with him the germs of liberalism at the time when he was holding most stringently to the tenets of Calvinism, for he believed that the Scriptures were addressed to the human reason, and he would study the Bible for himself unbiassed by the decisions of others. Under the influence of these motives, under the subtle, imponderable influence of the age and his own community, he was changing his attitude towards the "doctrines of grace," and during his long and powerful ministry he was leading his congregation with him. One of the lines of division at this time among the Massachusetts clergy, years before the schism, was drawn at the point whether or not it was necessary to a minister's work that he should have an interest in and have reached conclusions about questions of theology. At the moment when Andover was deepening its interest in theology and its issues, Dr. Osgood was tending in the other direction. This was the first dividing line. Dr. Osgood for a long time refused to speak upon these questions, and it was generally assumed in the early years of the nineteenth century (1806) that he still belonged with the conservative school of the Old Calvinists. But he is a strong man, as it has been said, who can conceal his convictions. Dr. Osgood was not strong enough in his later years to conceal the conclusions towards which he had been gravitating. He had given up the doctrine of total depravity: "Men," he said, "are wicked enough, but not *totally* depraved. Devils are not totally evil. In hell there are no barbers' shops; no devil there dare trust his throat with another; whereas, men on earth do so trust each other safely." And again he had offered in 1819 a conundrum in connection with Mr. Wisner's appoint-

ment over the Old South Church in Boston: "Why will his creed be like a lighted candle? Because the longer it lives, the shorter it will be." And further to some one seeking a private answer in regard to his theological position in the year 1819, the same year in which Dr. Channing preached his famous Baltimore sermon, he asked, "How far is it from here to Andover Institution?" and was answered, "About seventeen miles." "How far is it from here to the Cambridge Theological Institution?" "About four miles." "Well," said he, "I have been thinking that is just about my theological position with regard to the two schools."[1]

Under these influences the sons of Rev. Edward Brooks came in Medford, and thus passed over into the ranks of Unitarianism. Mr. Peter Chardon Brooks, the younger son, was a warm and generous supporter of the church at Medford under Dr. Osgood's ministry. The Phillips family and the Brooks family, which had been in contact for a moment in the earliest history of Watertown, were now coming together again in a closer relationship. For Peter Chardon Brooks of Medford and John Phillips of Andover were brothers-in-law, having married sisters, the daughters of Mr. Nathaniel Gorham of Charlestown. The contrast, but the resemblance also, between these two men, is suggestive and striking. While Mr. John Phillips was associated with his mother in founding the Andover Theological Seminary, thus alienating from his family the property which would have been his own, Mr. Peter Chardon Brooks was giving his close attention to business, with economy and perseverance joined with strictest integrity, and laying the foundations of what came to be thought a princely fortune. At his death in 1849 he was reputed the richest man in Boston. Mr. John Phillips was one of those who were interested in theology, and in the maintenance unimpaired of the Puritan theological heritage. He did not, indeed, share in those theological refinements known as Hopkinsianism, though he gave his consent to their recognition in the Constitution of the Andover Seminary. But for theology his brother-in-law had no taste or sympathy.

[1] Brooks: *History of Medford*, p. 245.

The life of Mr. Peter Chardon Brooks has been sketched by the late Rev. O. B. Frothingham, who was his grandson and had access to his journals.[1] He presents him as the example of the Unitarian layman of the period (1820–1850), industrious, honest, faithful in all relations of life, charitable, public-spirited, intelligent, sagacious, mingling the prudence of the man of affairs with the faith of the Christian. But of him and the men of whom he was a type, it is added that while they possessed these high qualities, "integrity, conscientiousness, directness of dealing, reverence for learning and for piety, punctiliousness of demeanor and urbanity," qualities inherited from ancient Puritan ancestry, yet "they were not reformers or ascetics or devotees. All idealists were visionaries in their esteem. Those who looked for a 'kingdom of heaven' were dreamers." And further, "they went to church, they had family prayers as a rule, though by no means universally. It was customary to say grace at meat. They wished they were holy enough to adorn the communion; they believed the narrations in the Bible, Old Testament and New."[2] Of Mr. Peter Chardon Brooks more particularly, "he was simply a merchant, coining money as he had opportunity, buying land, making investments, sending out cargoes, negotiating bonds, pursuing a just course, yet he did his full share of public good and left a name that his descendants are proud to bear." At the root of the confidence he won in the community lay character, for that is the basis of confidence, which can be won and held only by character.

Mr. Peter Chardon Brooks kept a journal, as was then the custom, but it was not a record of religious experiences. Something of his inner life appears, however, in these daily entrances. He keeps an account of his charities, felicitating himself on the pleasure they give him, wishing that he could be more generous and open-handed with his money, but acknowledging that it costs him an effort to give. He explains this infirmity as springing from the fact that he had made his money by assiduous effort. He frankly confesses to himself

[1] Cf. *Boston Unitarianism*, 1820–1850.
[2] *Ibid.* pp. 93, 94.

that the evil of great wealth is the tendency to regard it as an end rather than a means. Those who have inherited fortunes can part with them more easily for ideal ends. He thinks that the possession of money rarely makes us better. And yet he sees a virtue in this devotion to money-getting, for it affords a stimulus and keeps men from idleness. But honesty and integrity are everywhere apparent. He was not a man that could do anything that was mean. He acknowledged the claims of family relationship, and was moved by cases of individual need. The element of gratitude to a higher power is not wanting, but it does not seem to operate as a motive. There is religion here, but it is of a different type from that of a doctrinal Puritan, with whom the future world and its interests outweigh in importance the usages of the existing order. Here the religion is mingled with the business of common life, and no effort is made to disengage it as something distinct from and above the medium of its manifestation.

Mr. Peter Chardon Brooks is entitled to this special mention because for a moment, and that an important one, he stood *in loco parentis* to William Gray Brooks and Mary Ann Phillips, the father and mother of Phillips Brooks. For William Gray Brooks was a son of an older brother of Peter Chardon Brooks, who bore the name of Cotton Brown Brooks, and became a resident of Portland, Maine. He, too, was a man of business capacity, with a high ideal of the duties of citizenship and filling places of honor and trust in the community where he lived. When William Gray Brooks, his son, who was born in 1805, had reached the age of nineteen, he came to Boston to seek his fortunes and was hospitably received by his uncle at whose house in Medford or in Boston he was a frequent visitor. Here he met Mary Ann Phillips, who was likewise a frequent and welcome visitor, for Mr. Peter Chardon Brooks was also her uncle, having married her mother's sister. To her the change from the old homestead in North Andover, with its restricted income since her father's death, and with its growing isolation, must have been a delight and an emancipation. It brought her into social

relationships with all that was most attractive and elevating in the growing city of Boston. Her cousins, for Mr. Peter Chardon Brooks was the father of a large family of sons and daughters, were all richly endowed by nature, each of them opening up new avenues of influence and expansion for the family. One of these cousins had married Edward Everett, for a time a Unitarian minister, then distinguished as a scholar, an orator, and a statesman. Another had married Charles Francis Adams, the son and the grandson of Presidents of the United States, and himself destined in his own right to high honor, as the United States Minister to England in the late civil war. Still another cousin was married to Rev. N. L. Frothingham, who held the position of minister of the First Church in Boston, and in Dr. Channing's opinion to be a Unitarian minister in Boston in those days was the height of human honor and felicity. The sons also of Peter Chardon Brooks, — Edward, Gorham, Peter Chardon, Jr., and Sydney, inherited the enduring gifts of family descent, energy, and enterprise, coupled with integrity, insight into opportunities of wealth, and influence. Into relationship with this family of social distinction and rich endowments came Mary Ann Phillips, bringing with her equal gifts and rare virtues, but possessing a distinct power and quality, whose greatness was not yet revealed. As a young girl she endeared herself to her relations by the earnestness of her character and the sweetness of her disposition.

THE PHILLIPS HOUSE, NORTH ANDOVER, INTERIOR

CHAPTER II

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE. THE TRANSITION TO THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH. THE BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

William Gray Brooks and Mary Ann Phillips were married at the homestead in North Andover in 1833. On coming to Boston they set up their new household at No. 56 High Street, then a street of residences, but long since given up to business. Near by, on the corner of Pearl and High streets, was the home of their uncle, Peter Chardon Brooks. Fort Hill, in the immediate vicinity, since levelled and no longer existing except in memory, was then a fashionable centre of old Boston. The South End and the Back Bay were yet to appear, and the Public Garden was not dreamed of. The limit of the city was Boylston Street on the south and Charles Street on the west. Tremont Street, bordering on the Common, Winter and Summer streets, and Temple Place were still occupied with private residences. Within this district were the churches: the First Church in Chauncy Place, Dr. Channing's Church on Federal Street, and the Second Church on Hanover Street; the Brattle Street Church was still convenient to its congregation, as was King's Chapel. Trinity Church stood on Summer Street; and the new St. Paul's Church on Tremont Street, opposite the Common, was then regarded as an architectural adornment of the city.

Into this modest household on High Street, with its unconscious accumulation of ancestral tendencies and forces, we are now privileged to enter. Three of the children were born there, of whom Phillips Brooks was the second. His birthday was December 13, 1835. His older brother was named after his father, William Gray Brooks, Jr., and his younger brother was named George, after the first Phillips ancestor. In 1842 the family removed to No. 3 Rowe Street, a con-

tinuation of Chauncy Place. The change was necessitated partly by the encroachments of business, and in part by the needs of a larger house for the growing family. Rowe Street has since disappeared from the map of Boston, merged into Chauncy Street, which includes also the extension of Chauncy Place to Summer Street. When Rowe Street was finally demanded by the expansion of trade, the family moved once more and took up its abode in Hancock Street. In the home on Rowe Street the three younger sons were born, Frederick Brooks, Arthur Brooks, and John Cotton Brooks.

A marked characteristic of the Brooks household was its intense family feeling, — a glad recognition of that mysterious bond which unites the members in living organic relationship. To this result its isolation contributed, for it did not enter from the first the world of fashionable society, but devoted its somewhat limited resources to its own interior development. The education of the children became the supreme motive. The home life shut them up with the parents as in some sacred enclosure, a nursery for great opportunities in the future. This family life was also extended into the church, where the family met in its pew as a family in the divine presence. It is one of the gifts of the much-derided eighteenth century, this family feeling it bequeathed, symbolized by the pewing of the churches, which to this later age has seemed incongruous and sometimes threatens to disappear. Great changes in civilization are sometimes traceable in what seem like trifling alterations in ecclesiastical furniture. When the pew first appeared, and not without remonstrance,[1] it was a square high box, whose purpose was manifest, not so much for the convenience of seating the congregation, as for the exclusive use and distinct recognition

[1] Pews were not tolerated at first in the meeting-house at Medford. Their origin dates May 25, 1696, when a petition was presented by a prominent member of the congregation for permission to build a pew, and the liberty was given by the town.

But when another gentleman asked the same permission, the petition was granted on the condition that he must take into his pew one or two persons, not belonging to his family, whom the town may name. (Cf. Brooks: *History of Medford*, p. 328.)

of the family life. Then came the long pew, still, however, with its high walls, from within which, when seated, the congregation was not visible. Next followed the lowering of these divisions, till the pew, while it still enclosed the family, no longer separated it as by an impassable barrier, and the congregation saw itself as a whole. If the same movement continues, there may be a return to the use before the Reformation, when pews were unknown, and when also family life in its higher and diviner capacities was yet to be revealed. In these changes, if there has been a gain in one direction, there has been a loss in another. The family has not been strengthened, but rather weakened by the sociological tendency of the age, whose drift is to set forth humanity as one great whole. There were infelicities, of course, and limitations in the family life, as it is presented, for example, in the literature of the time. But in this family where Phillips Brooks grew up, its nobler aspect was predominant and unsullied, the father and mother ruling with diligence and unquestioned authority, while beneath their authority runs the eternal principle of self-sacrifice, till they seem to live only for the welfare of the children. They appear as interested, not so much for themselves in the increase of their own joy in life or in their own cultivation, as in making a larger life possible for the children whom God had given them.

It need hardly be said that this was a religious family. The usage of family prayer was rigidly observed, in the morning before going forth to the work of the day, and again in the evening at nine o'clock. The evenings were spent by the whole family together around the common table in the "back parlor," the father busy at the many literary tasks which his interests and ingenuity imposed on his leisure; the mother with her sewing, and with her deeper meditations, and the boys at their books preparing the lesson for the next day. Visitors came in occasionally for a call or to spend the evening, but this was rare; the avocations of the family were pursued without interruptions. There was abundance of hilarity, and boisterous demonstration of the natural glad-

ness with which the whole family was endowed, but the undercurrent flowed in a deep-set channel of serious and direct endeavor. This home for the children was interesting, but not monotonous or dull. The boys did not fret at exclusion from richer interests in the world outside or long to escape the narrow routine. The evenings at home were made attractive in some way, the newest books were read aloud, the fulfilment of duty was in itself a pleasure. But the concentration of parental love upon the children, undiluted by distractions without or by personal aims, must after all have been the secret of the charm which bound the children to their home. Such a sacrifice had its reward. The home became to the children their choicest treasure, to which they fondly reverted in after years, when its diviner meaning was more apparent. When Phillips Brooks left home for the first time he was followed by the letters which always assured him that he was constantly remembered, and never at any moment forgotten. He responded to this affection, by carrying about with him the memory of the home circle as a picture stamped upon his soul in colors ineffaceable. At heart he always remained a "child in the household" until father and mother were withdrawn from the world. The vision of that dear, unworldly, self-sacrificing life was always before him at home or in his wanderings abroad, nearer to him than any other experience.

More important than the fixing of the domicile was the determination of the religious question and the choice of a place of worship. The religious problem was sure to arise and call for adjustment under ordinary circumstances. But the situation in this family was peculiar, demanding that the issue be thoroughly probed. The father was a typical representative of the Brooks family with its devotion to affairs, its predominant interest in this present world, religious also and reverent in his inmost spirit, but not given to introversiveness or contemplation, nor seeking the assurance of some deeper religious experience. He, too, like his ancestors, illustrated and enforced the gospel of the secular life, the faithful performance of duty, the quick recognition of every

obligation. He was from the first what he always remained, a true and genuine citizen, alive to civic and social relationships, with a sympathy and appreciation for all things human, with a gift for the manifold detail of life and an imagination stirred by patriotic appeal. He watched with keenest interest every change or movement affecting the interests of Boston, he studied men in their relation to their times, and his judgment was characterized by a sanity that was perfect and rare. He had been brought under the influences which were tending towards what was to be known as Unitarianism, and was ready to identify himself with that movement, although he was no controversialist, and nowhere expresses himself as moved by a reactionary spirit towards the dominant purpose of the ancient doctrinal Puritanism. But he identified himself with Boston, and those were the days when it almost seemed as if Boston were identified with Unitarianism.

The mother of Phillips Brooks represented another and different tendency. From her earliest childhood she had been made familiar with the ancestral history of the Phillips family, and more than others in her country home she had pondered these things in her heart. She knew the work and character of each generation of the family, finding no difficulty in distinguishing from each other the many Samuels, from Samuel Phillips of Rowley to Samuel who founded the institutions on Andover Hill. She studied the letters and other documents of her grandmother, Phœbe Foxcroft, who, with her own father, had combined in planting the Andover Theological Seminary; she was no stranger to the purpose for which that school of the prophets stood, — to maintain the old faith in its purity and its integrity. Her mind was not theological, but it was intensely religious, and her religion moved in the grooves of the ancient piety. Her power of feeling and emotion was the source of her knowledge, for she was no wide, discursive reader. She had a deep interior life of the soul, whose phases were more real and vital than the phenomena of the passing world. Religion to her was a life in Christ and hidden with Christ in God. If her range of interests seemed narrow in comparison with the large, genial,

human outlook of her husband, yet her aspiration, her ambition, had a world-wide scope, for she would have all men everywhere brought under the control of her dominant purpose. The subject that most absorbed her imagination was foreign missions, about which she kept herself informed and for whose success she hungered and prayed. She had, too, a powerful will for the accomplishment of great ends, though the sphere was restricted for its manifestation. The study of her family history afforded her a picture of life, where tragedies in the loss of children had saddened its successive generations. She brooded over the letters which revealed these unspeakable depths of human sorrow, with the inference that life was vanity apart from the knowledge and the love of God. Something of the sadness which had become a family characteristic was written on her features, the face of one subdued by the possibilities of infinite loss in an uncertain world.

When the father and mother with these contrasted tendencies and dispositions, which yet were supplementary to each other, set up their home in Boston, they took the First Church in Boston, then situated in Chauncy Place, as their place of worship. Its situation was convenient; there also their uncle, Mr. Peter Chardon Brooks, was an attendant, and the pastor, Rev. N. L. Frothingham, was a near kinsman, having married their cousin. Then also Mr. William Gray Brooks was a lineal descendant in the seventh generation of that John Cotton who had been the pastor of this church at its foundation, — a consideration of no slight importance. To have gone elsewhere would also have seemed like a sundering of family ties. The First Church, it may be added, was strong in the number and character of its adherents; it was reputed to be the wealthiest church in Boston; its members were also marked in an unusual degree by literary culture, and by social and political prominence.

At this time, in 1833, the schism had been completed between the Trinitarian and the Unitarian parties in the churches of Massachusetts. Exactly when the lines were sharply drawn which divided them is uncertain. Those who

were afterwards to be known as Unitarians do not seem to be conscious of any breach in their ecclesiastical relations or in their religious faith. They did not at first wish to be known as Unitarians, but rather avoided the name. They would have remained if it were possible in fellowship with their brethren, who retained the doctrinal tenets against which they protested. Silent influences had been at work for several generations, the spirit of the eighteenth century, in relaxing the hold of many upon the doctrines of original sin, of election and conversion, of future endless punishment, and finally of the Trinity. But, when what is known as Hopkinsianism arose, a movement characterized by intenser and more logical assertion of the Calvinistic theology, then the liberal school, as it may be called, became more deeply conscious of the gulf which divided them from their brethren. After Dr. Channing had preached his famous sermon in 1819, at Baltimore, defining in a dogmatic fashion the principles on which the liberal churches stood, the schism was practically completed, and Unitarianism became a distinct ecclesiastical body.

Dr. N. L. Frothingham belonged, however, to an older generation than Dr. Channing. In his time, transcendentalism was not as yet, nor the literary renaissance whose motive was romanticism. He was well read and a good student, an attractive preacher, but we may detect his type as a man and as a thinker when we are told that he disliked Coleridge, and Wordsworth, and Shelley. His religion was based upon sentiment or feeling, but it was never allowed to degenerate, as it would have been thought, into enthusiasm. No stress was laid upon the intellectual process in its relation to faith; speculative conclusions were disavowed in the interest of "a lovely disposition and a virtuous purpose and a heart that is right before God and man." These were the catchwords of his religious teaching. In his comment upon his father's preaching, the late Rev. O. B. Frothingham remarks: "It was not calculated to form heroic virtues, courage, boldness, fortitude, consecration, self-surrender, sacrifice, passionate enthusiasm, devotion to a cause that seemed righteous, but it was relied on to foster the gentler qualities of trust, hope,

patience, gratitude, submission, the love that casts out fear. The building up of personal character in courtesy, diligence, generosity, was the object, not the formation of correct opinions." [1]

This earlier type of Unitarianism represented by Dr. Frothingham had its creed, or at least its rule of faith. It professed a deep reverence for Holy Scripture as the authority for religious faith, and it held also to the person of Christ as in some undefined but original manner the founder of an absolute religion. It continued to speak of the work of the Holy Spirit in the soul. It was anxious to assert the character of God as the Father, in ways which should overcome the thraldom of superstition and terror. But already changes were threatening this moderate and sober attitude; Dr. Channing was preaching the validity of the natural reason and conscience of man, as the foundation of religious authority, rather than the letter and the text of Scripture, rousing an enthusiasm for humanity, and leading in efforts for the abolition of slavery. Theodore Parker was soon to follow, and with him an era of religious controversy.

Dr. Frothingham in his pulpit of the First Church in Chauncy Place was not insensible to these coming changes. He discerned the signs of the times. He deprecated the tendency to "the apotheosis of human nature" as leading man to "the last delusion, the worship of himself." In 1835, on the occasion of the thirtieth anniversary of his ordination, he preached a sermon, wherein he gave an account of the religious movement in New England and of his own theological position. "This," he said, "is known by the name of the Unitarian controversy, and in so naming it, I believe that I am giving utterance, for the first time in this desk, to that party word." This abstention from the use of the name Unitarianism he took to be the illustration of the attitude of his people. But he went on to define his position, and that of his congregation, in the years when the schism was in progress: —

We silently assumed the ground, or rather found ourselves

[1] *Boston Unitarianism*, pp. 41, 42.

standing upon it, that there was no warrant in the Scripture for the idea of a threefold personality in the divine nature; or for that of atonement, according to the popular understanding of that word; or for that of man's total corruption and inability; or for that of an eternity of woe adjudged as the punishment of earthly offences; or indeed for any of the peculiar articles of that scheme of faith which went under the name of the Genevan reformer. . . . We have made more account of religious sentiment than of theological opinions.[1]

The special interest here attaching to this sermon is that the mother of Phillips Brooks may be supposed to have been present when it was delivered, and if so a deeply interested hearer, but already aware that she was far from being in sympathy with the preacher's utterances. She had never been identified with the Unitarian movement, although in her uncle's family she enjoyed the society of those whose antecedents differed so widely from her own. The church at North Andover which her parents attended had indeed swung into line with the liberal school in 1810, when the Rev. Bailey Loring was ordained its pastor. He had been trained as an Arminian, and the congregation was for the most part averse to the rigid Calvinism, which was still accepted in the parish of South Andover. Mr. Loring proved so attractive as a preacher and pastor that for twenty-four years there was no division in the congregation. But in 1834 the schism had been manifested there by the creation of a new evangelical church, as it was called, in which the dissentients from Mr. Loring's teaching took refuge. Mrs. Brooks was therefore familiar with the staple features of the controversy then going on in the towns and villages of Massachusetts. She was at this time twenty-seven years of age, already alive to the coming responsibilities of training a family of children, and more than ever inclined to look to the faith and examples of her ancestors, as precedents which she preferred to follow. She was not satisfied with the preaching of her kinsman and pastor, Dr. Frothingham. The lines were being sharply drawn in religious opinion, and she must have felt forced to come to a decision. It was too much for her to be told that

[1] *Boston Unitarianism*, p. 67.

the religious faith of her ancestors, of her father and her grandfather, who had founded the Andover Seminary for the preservation and more vigorous maintenance of the system known as Calvinistic, — that this faith had no warrant in Scripture, as Dr. Frothingham had asserted in his commemoration discourse. The deep springs of her nature, her vast capacity for loving devotion, her possibilities of boundless enthusiasm, the intense and powerful will, the longing for personal and immediate conscious relationship with God, the desire to give herself in complete self-sacrifice to Christ as Lord and supreme master, these deep religious instincts found no satisfaction in the gentler but unheroic gospel, as proclaimed by Dr. Frothingham.

It may have been the effect of the Unitarian atmosphere in which she had moved, that in the readjustment of her ecclesiastical relations, she did not seek to return to the orthodox party of the Congregational order. Or it may have been that she was unwilling thus to defy the claims of society and kindred with what would seem like a retrogressive step. Her husband's feelings, too, were to be considered, as well as her own. But there was the possibility of compromise in the Episcopal Church, where the old familiar gospel was preached, and yet without the painful reminders of schism and controversy. The Episcopal Church in Boston at this time was still weak, just beginning to recover from the opprobrium of its identification with the national Church of England. It possessed but three churches, Christ Church on Salem Street, or the Old North Church as it was called, Trinity Church on Summer Street, and the new St. Paul's, built in 1819, on Tremont Street. To this latter Mrs. Brooks turned her attention as affording the possibilities of a religious home.

It might have seemed as though in throwing in her lot with the Episcopal Church Mrs. Brooks was breaking violently and rudely with the Puritan traditions of two centuries. Against its bishops and its liturgy, the Puritans had made their protest, as unscriptural; and this protest had ripened into indignation when bishops became the agents of

the crown for enforcing the obnoxious Book of Common Prayer. But all this had now become a thing of the remote past, with which she was unfamiliar. It was to her mind a greater break with the past, a more violent wrench to sacred feelings of reverence, to be told that the creed of her ancestors had no warrant in Scripture. It was fortunate, therefore, for her that she came into contact with the Episcopal Church at a moment when the type of religion and of religious life for which she yearned was represented ably and eloquently by what is known as the Evangelical or the Low Church School. This movement, or party, which dates back in the Church of England to the time of Whitefield, was at this moment in the fulness of its influence. The word "evangelical" had come into use in the eighteenth century to describe that phase of religion which embraced certain ecclesiastical bodies, Presbyterian, Congregational, Methodist, and Baptist, in one common purpose, — the gospel of Christ, as consisting in deliverance from sin and from penalty through the atonement upon the cross. It was not primarily an intellectual movement, whose aim was the adjustment of theological tenets, but rather an intensely practical purpose. Its adherents alike agreed in teaching the necessity of conversion as the first step in the religious life. It enforced also the cultus of an inward experience of the divine life in the soul, magnifying the person of Christ as the motive power of Christian development, through conscious union with whom alone could salvation be secured.

It was a propitious moment for Mrs. Brooks that she turned to the Episcopal Church when this teaching was heard in many of its most influential pulpits. Dr. John S. Stone was then the rector of St. Paul's Church, afterwards to become the first Dean of the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge. He was a representative and foremost champion of the evangelical attitude. As a preacher, he was strong and eloquent, one of the pulpit orators of his day, and with an inspired gift of exhortation which moved deeply the hearts of his hearers. His presence in the pulpit was in itself almost a sermon, for he was a singularly handsome man and

gifted with a most winning address. Under his ministrations St. Paul's Church prospered exceedingly, his influence was great, and he was much beloved.

To Dr. Stone, then, Mrs. Brooks turned in her perplexity. Many and long and anxious were the conversations which she held with him, for the issues at stake were momentous. There was the Prayer Book to be studied and explained, usages also, and polity, for she was determined to accept nothing against her conscience or reason. Then, also, there was the baptism of the children to be considered, the two elder of whom had received the rite at the hands of Dr. Frothingham. There may have been some misgivings at this point, for the third son George had been baptized by another minister who adhered to the orthodox Puritanism. On these points, Dr. Stone gave wise and Catholic guidance. The baptism should be allowed to stand, and was not to be repeated, for it had not been baptism into any particular form of Christianity, but into the sacred name, and the usage had been followed of invoking the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Thus without the consciousness of any abandonment of what was essential in the worship of her fathers, Mrs. Brooks, together with her sister, Susan Phillips, was admitted into the Episcopal Church. This was in the year 1839, when Phillips Brooks was but four years old, unable to remember any earlier associations than those connected with St. Paul's, as the church of his infancy.

The husband and father does not appear as sharing at this time in the religious difficulties which his wife felt so keenly; but in his journal he has recorded the event of the transition from the First Church to St. Paul's.

October 18, 1839.

We have made an important movement this month so far as to change our place of religious worship. We have now attended the Rev. Dr. Frothingham's church in Chauncy Place since we were married, just six years; but wife was never much pleased with Mr. F.'s liberal style of preaching, and after a good deal of consideration and reflection we concluded to change, and we have got a pew at St. Paul's (Episcopalian), where Rev. Dr. Stone officiates. It is at all times unpleasant changing our habits and places of

resort. For myself, I feel myself attached to the Unitarian Church, having been brought up to that doctrine; but at the same time I cannot say I have so much repugnance to the Orthodox sect as many have; the example of one of the best mothers would forbid it. Being, therefore, as I myself say, indifferent, I gave up my inclinations and prejudices for my old place of worship to gratify that of my wife. Certain it is that women make religion more a matter of conscience and the heart than men do. On many accounts I regretted leaving Dr. Frothingham's church.

One may detect in this extract the wife's influence, as though her husband were trying to bring himself to her point of view, but not altogether with success. He had acquiesced, he had sought to persuade himself that her estimate of Dr. Frothingham's preaching was the true one, but it is evident enough that his dominant mood was one of regret at the change. Again, a year later, he makes another entrance in his journal on this subject: —

November 1, 1840 (Sunday).

Beautiful pleasant day. Attended church for the first time for eighteen weeks, — a length of time, I can truly say, I never was absent before since I was old enough to attend. It is now about a year since we began to attend at the Episcopal Church. It was quite a change to make both in the manner of the service and in the matter and sentiment that are preached. But I cannot say I regret the change on that account. Dr. Stone, the rector of St. Paul's, is a sound preacher, and a good sermonizer, at times rather too argumentative, but this ought not to be considered an objection of consequence. The morning service is rather long, and to one not much interested is at times tedious, but the afternoon service is a very agreeable one. But with these objections I feel no wish to go back to the dull and dry services of the Unitarian Church we left.

As the years go on the journal gives evidence of a deeper personal interest in the church of his adoption. When Dr. Stone resigned the charge of St. Paul's, it was to be succeeded by Rev. A. H. Vinton, who continued his work with great power. The first appearance and sermon of Dr. Vinton made an impression upon Mr. Brooks. He witnessed also a confirmation service, and was struck with its beauty and significance. On Christmas Day, 1846, he remarks: —

The day has been more observed as a holiday than I have ever before seen it in this city. Nearly all the places of business of the merchants of India, Long, Central, and the other principal wharves and the wholesale stores of Milk Street and vicinity were closed throughout the day; the Insurance offices of State Street also. St. Paul's Church was very crowded. The sermon was by Bishop Potter of Pennsylvania, formerly Rector of the Church. Among the auditors I noticed a clergyman of the Orthodox, Baptist, and Unitarian societies, which shows that the bitterness of sectarianism is giving way; and no better proof of it can be wanting than the increase of the observance of this holy day. A very different feeling prompted the Puritans to enact a law that "any found in the observance of Christmas should be fined five shillings." This was about 1650.

A few months later there is this impressive entry in his journal: —

Sunday, May 30, 1847.

To record my thoughts of this day would be an utter impossibility. My actions may be easier recorded, and may the thought that they are also recorded elsewhere be a high motive to stimulate me to always keep the actions and feelings of this day in view, never to lose sight of the principles which actuated me to go forward as I did this day and join in the rite of confirmation at St. Paul's Church. It is taking a great responsibility, and I should say a fearful one, if I relied only on my own powers to keep it. But there is a higher power to aid us, to assist us; if we but ask in faith, we shall receive the assistance needed. This act is by no sudden impulse of feeling with me, but by the gradual and long course of attention to the subject, and finally, by the grace of God so operating on my heart as to view it as a duty and an act of filial reverence and affection. The rite was performed by Rev. Bishop Eastburn, and the class consisted of nine persons, of whom I presume I was the eldest. In pursuing this course I have been much assisted in advice by our rector, Rev. Dr. Vinton, and for advice and encouragement no less to my dear wife, who has been a member of this Church now seven years. God grant that the union to both of us may be blessed, and that hereafter we may walk together as one in Christ as our head and guide.

To this step Mr. Brooks refers again in his journal for October 12, 1847, which was his birthday, as having made the past year the most important in his life. The renewal of

the "vows made for me at baptism" gave him, as he says, a deeper pleasure in life and an increased interest in all observances of religion. And again, on Christmas Day, 1847, he writes: "Truly, the first Christmas I have ever spent as it ought to be spent. For, though I have attended the services of the Church the past three or four years on that day, I have never before attended that other and most comforting and elevating accompaniment, the communion."

At the time when he took this step, Mr. Brooks had reached the age of forty-two. The elder children must have been present as thoughtful witnesses of the transaction, Phillips Brooks being then a boy of twelve. We may also picture the mother, now becoming anxious that her sons should soon follow their father in this deed of self-consecration to the highest. To her it meant inexpressible depths of religious feeling, gratitude, and hope, and yet the endless solicitude.

The coming of Dr. Vinton to St. Paul's was a great event in the Brooks family, destined to influence its fortunes in the case of all the children, no less than the religious life and belief of the parents. In the year 1842, when he began his rectorship, Phillips Brooks was six years old, and from that time until he graduated from Harvard College and entered upon the preparation for the ministry, he was under the influence of this strong personality. Dr. Vinton had a majestic appearance in the pulpit, the physical basis for oratory. His voice corresponded with his appearance, strong, rich, and full. As an imposing and manly representative of the clerical profession, he was imaged in bronze upon the Soldiers' Monument on Boston Common, in the act of blessing the troops on their departure for the war. In the Episcopal Church he stood as its foremost preacher, influential also in its administrative councils. He, too, like Dr. Stone, was of the evangelical school, enforcing the atonement of Christ as the supreme doctrine of the gospel of deliverance, urging also an inward conversion as the condition of its acceptance. He was a man of an intellectual order, a logician, an earnest apologist for the faith, keen to see the weakness or the

inadequacy of an opponent's attitude. He had the evangelical conception of the pastor's office. It was to him a great ideal, which he had left the medical profession in order to serve. He entered into close relations with the Brooks family, becoming an integral part, as it were, of the life and career of Phillips Brooks.

Among the features of his ministry at St. Paul's, one of the most important was a Bible class, where he explained Christian doctrines, or commented on the Epistle and Gospel for the day, or at times took up the books of Scripture. To the sessions of this Bible class Mrs. Brooks went regularly, going with a purpose, in order that she might better teach her children. She gave to them in her own impressive way what Dr. Vinton had given to her. In this task of teaching her children religion she was diligent and indefatigable, laboring with a concentrated purpose in season and out of season, never for a moment forgetful of her mission, quick to seize the passing moment which seemed fertile for opportunity, but withal gentle and alluring, and making religion attractive. The children's earliest remembrance of her was at their bedside, repeating to them Bible stories as they were going to sleep. She did not relax her sense of religious responsibility when childhood passed into youth. Even after her sons had entered the ministry, she continued to watch and guard them as if they were in danger of beguilement with false doctrines.

On Sundays the rule was to go to church twice. It was also the custom of the children to learn a hymn every Sunday, to be recited at the family gathering in the evening. These hymns were mostly from the collection in the Prayer Book, but there were others. When Phillips went to college there were some two hundred that he could repeat. They constituted part of his religious furniture, or the soil whence grew much that cannot now be traced. He never forgot them. Then, too, for a time he kept a little Sunday journal, or, more accurately, the "Sabbath Note-Book," prepared by the Massachusetts Sunday-School Society, in which he recorded his time of rising, the chapter from the Bible which

he read, the preacher and his text at morning and evening service. This was for the year 1847–1848, when he was twelve.

From the religious training of the household we may turn to a few details of the more familiar domestic side of the picture. Here is a glimpse of the mother with her young children, in 1839, when Phillips had not long passed his third birthday, in a letter to her husband, who was absent from home. Among the messages of the children to their father is one from Phillips, asking for a red-handled knife and fork.

BOSTON, February 13, 1839.

. . . I got your letter this afternoon, and I cannot tell you how glad I was to hear from you. Oh, how much I have thought about you, and wanted to see you, and talked about you to the children. I shall be glad indeed when the three weeks are out. Still I am very glad that you went, for I keep thinking how much good the change is going to do you; I shall expect to see you come home a new man. I had meant to spend all this evening writing to you, but as usual it is nearly 10 o'clock and I am just beginning to write, for Uncle Brooks has just left, and he says he shall come in very often in my "widowed state," so I shall be prepared for his visits. I have not dared to name the party to him, or rather I thought it best not to do so, till I knew something more certain about it. Mrs. Frothingham has been in, but of course said nothing about it. . . . My letter begins to look awfully, but I am not going to make any excuse for it, for you say mine always do, and I know you 'll say, or at least think so about this, but then you will get all the longer one for it, because I can write so much faster when *I don't mind*, as the boys say.

The boys have been very good. . . . They have given me so many messages that I 'm sure I cannot deliver them all. One of William's is that his saw is broken, and that he has laid it by for you to mend it, when you get home, and that the "little boys" want to ride with Mama and her pleasant man. Phillips says, "Tell Papa I have learned to use a fork;" and especially I want to ask you if he may not have *his hammer* while you are gone, because he is done breaking the basement now; and he wonders why you did not give it to him before you went away. William says you must tell in the letter you write *him* whether Phillips may have it again, and where it is. He says you must write his letter with "*book letters*" or he cannot read it, that is, print it. I would

advise you not to spend much upon toys for them, as I am more for the useful for them. William says he hopes you will get him a new book; and Phillips says he wants you to bring him a *red-handled* knife and fork; and I think their choice is pretty good. I went to ride with them yesterday, as I proposed, into Washington Street, and had pretty good luck with my shopping; they were delighted with their ride. . . . I wonder where you will be on Sunday. The next Sunday I want you to go to an Episcopal Church if it is in your power, to please me. My conscience reproaches me greatly for my neglect in not putting the Bible in your trunk, as I intended. . . .

The life of the children was diversified by visits to their uncle's home in Medford, and especially in the summers to the old homestead in North Andover, where the grandmother was still living, venerated and beloved. Left a widow at a comparatively early age, with the responsibilities of a large family and the trials of a small income, she had maintained herself in honor and dignity, making her home an attractive spot, the centre of interest and devotion to the scattered and expanding family, until her death in 1856. We get glimpses of Phillips Brooks and his brothers in these summer migrations, where they felt the charm of country life with its wider opportunities for diversion. There they could fly their kites, which they made in the shed attached to the house, encountering as their chief obstacle an insufficient amount of twine for the loftiest flight. They got into mischief also by too venturesome a spirit. Once they discovered a light wagon at the side of the "yard," which they dragged out, and as the ground sloped rapidly, the wagon wheels ran easily down the incline until it crashed into the fence, destroying the shafts and injuring the trap. Another remarkable exploit is remembered, when they put up the blinds of an adjacent shop, where everything was kept which could be demanded in a village, and locked themselves in for the purpose of solving the rich mystery of its contents. The moment chosen for this venture was the temporary absence of the owner of the shop, who, in the simplicity of country life, did not realize how keen might be the wits of boys from the city. But they encountered their aunt's remonstrances and threats to cut

short their visit, and when they did go home they carried with them to their mother a document complaining of their misconduct. One of the earliest recollections of the oldest brother was a great plan he conceived to hire a horse and buggy and take "Philly" for a drive. As he was but five years old and his younger brother not yet four, his scheme met with a cold reception. The howling of the two boys when the plan was negatived became historic in the family. The summers at North Andover were not wholly given up to recreation. The boys attended a "district school" for some hours every day, and were also trained to work.

When he was four years old, Phillips was sent to a private school on Bedford Street, kept by Miss Capen, where he remained till he was old enough to be transferred to the grammar school. An incident is remembered in connection with this early stage of his education. He came home crying one day because he had been told he must write a composition. The family consoled and encouraged him, and the composition was furnished, it was understood, with extraneous aid in its preparation. The subject was "The Elephant." There is preserved also a letter sent by Phillips to his mother, when he was in his seventh year. It covers a large page of foolscap, for he had not yet learned to write, with the exception of his name, and his printing required space. The letter is given here, but it lacks something of the impressiveness of the original. It was regarded as a literary achievement, and was known in the family as "Phillips' letter about the pears."

Andover August 20th 1842
My dear Mother i hope you
have got well enough to
get down stairs now. howd
oes the baby do and little
George to. send my lov
e to aunt Susan and t
ell her that i want to
see her grandmot
her sent us some
pears but miss peters

s a i d t h a t we m u s t n
o t e a t t h e m b u t s h e s
a i d t h a t w e m i g h t a s k
y o u i f w e m i g h t e a t
s o m e o f t h e m w i l l
y o u l e t u s e a t s o m e o f
t h e m y o u c a n s e n d u s
w o r d b y F a t h e r w e t
h e r w e c a n e a t s o m e
h o w d o e s a u n t S U s a n
d o y o u r a f f e c t
F r i e n d

PHILLIPS BROOKS

The child is father of the man. A study of this letter discloses some interesting particulars. In his seventh year, he had not yet reached the consciousness of individual distinction, for he fails to use the capital I when referring to himself. But he uses capitals when referring to his father, his mother, and his aunt. He pays some attention to punctuation in the early sentences; but when he plunges into the heart of his subject he finds no use for it; it would only retard him in his eagerness for expression. He begins his letter and he closes it with courteous remarks and inquiries, but these are subsidiary to his great theme. When he comes to treat the subject of the pears, he manages to make it stand out supreme; he fills out his sentences at the risk of overmuch repetition in order to make his meaning clear. There are no ellipses, no taking of the meaning for granted, no sacrificing of clearness to elegance of expression. When his treatment of his theme satisfied him with its completeness, he must have felt the abruptness of closing his letter at once, or he may have been dimly conscious that his exigency looked like selfishness and did not fully represent him. He lets himself down from the heights, by another polite inquiry after his aunt Susan's health, which he had neglected to make in his introduction. His aunt Susan Phillips formed an important part of the household from the first, and was greatly endeared to all the children. Their sportive humor and freedom led them to speak of her as "Susan," or "Miss Susan," in imita-

tion of their parents' usage. She upheld the discipline of the mother, and was equal to the emergencies of boyish criticism. The devotion of the children to their mother is illustrated by a Christmas present, with an accompanying letter, in 1846, when Phillips was eleven years old. The excitement and fulness of the moment may explain why the letter itself is in the father's handwriting, who also contributed to the sentiments to be expressed. Only the signatures, still very crude in their penmanship, were contributed by the boys.

DEAR MOTHER.

Being sensible of the many kindnesses which you have bestowed upon us and the interest you take in our studies, we feel thankful to you for them, and wish you to accept the accompanying pencil case as a Christmas gift from

Your affectionate sons,

WM. G. BROOKS, JR.,
PHILLIPS BROOKS,
G. BROOKS.

BOSTON, Dec. 25, 1846.

There is a story of his childhood, of which the exact date is forgotten, but it may appropriately be given here. As the boys sat one evening in the back parlor about the table, with their slates and pencils, getting ready for the next day, Phillips played with his pencil, a new one, freshly sharpened, putting it further and further into his mouth, until at last it went down his throat. He asked his mother what would happen if any one should swallow a pencil. She answered that she supposed it would kill him. Phillips kept silence, and his mother made no further inquiry.

After leaving the school kept by Miss Capen, he had gone in 1843, at the age of eight, to the public grammar school, known as the Adams School, then situated on Mason Street. A schoolmate writes of him as he recalls him at this time: "How well I remember a characteristic of his. When school was out, we boys would be on the keen jump for the near-by Common for games: ball, hockey, cricket, marbles, etc. Not so Phillips Brooks. But to the right, down West Street, across Washington, down Bedford, to his home, wended he

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his way. Never did I see him, to my recollection, go the other way to the Common to mingle with us other boys in our play." But if he was not active in the games of his schoolfellows, he yet gained the benefit which came from association with them. The public schools of Boston were then more homogeneous than they are now, but they possessed the characteristics of public schools in that boys of all classes and characters met together in them, high and low, rich and poor, one with another. Any tendency towards class or other distinctions was subordinated, to the supreme inference that a boy must stand and be measured by his own inherent worth. In this there was a certain preparation for the coming man and for the preacher, part of whose training lay in developing his insight into a wide and varied experience of men. In the sensitive years of his boyhood, when his power of observation was most active, he was learning to study human souls and the workings of human nature. To this may be traced a certain feature in the man when he reached maturity. It was a ruling desire with him to be regarded as in no way exceptional; he was sensitive as a child could be to anything that was odd in behavior or expression; the word "queer" was his favorite expression for anything he encountered out of the ordinary course of life or opinion. The levelling influence of the public school had done its work.

From the Adams School, he passed at the age of eleven, in the year 1846, to the Boston Latin School, whose location was then in Bedford Street. Previous to its transfer to Bedford Street, it had its home in School Street, in the rear of King's Chapel. Among the reminiscences in which he indulged many years later (1881), when he was making his famous address at the dedication of the present Latin School building, there is one that deserves a place in the history of his boyhood: —

> I have always remembered — it seemed but a passing impression at the moment, but it has never left me — how one day, when I was going home from the old Adams School in Mason Street, I saw a little group of people gathered down in Bedford Street; and, with a boy's curiosity, I went into the crowd, and peeped

around among the big men who were in my way to see what they were doing. I found that they were laying the corner stone of a new schoolhouse. I always felt, after that, when I was a scholar and a teacher there, and ever since, that I had a little more right in that schoolhouse because I had happened, by that accident of passing home that way that day from school, to see its corner stone laid. I wish that every boy in the Latin School and High School, and every boy in Boston who is old enough to be here, who is ever going to be in these schools, could be here to-day.

The event was of sufficient importance to be mentioned in the father's journal: "July 29, 1846. William and Phillips were examined and admitted to the Latin School yesterday. They have now been three years to Adams Grammar School."

At the Latin School he remained for five years until his preparation for college was completed. Mr. E. S. Dixwell was the head master when he entered, and was succeeded by the late Mr. Gardner in the last year of Phillips's attendance. It may have been the case that he was not over diligent as a pupil at first, or that the parents at home lamented some lack of earnest devotion to his studies. For there is a document preserved, a scrap of paper, recording a great resolution: —

I, Phillips Brooks, do hereby promise, and pledge myself to study, henceforward, to the best of my ability.

P. Brooks.

March 8, 1848.

He was twelve when he took this vow. A childhood of unusual joy, gladness, and beauty was now yielding to the "age of discretion." At this time he was growing rapidly. When he was fourteen he had reached the height of five feet eleven inches, weighing one hundred and thirty-three pounds. These facts, and other minute incidents in his boy life, are carefully recorded by the father, to whom the physical and material aspects of life were always of importance, as if possessing some sacred quality. A classmate of Phillips Brooks in the Latin School, who was also his lifelong and intimate

friend, Robert Treat Paine, Esq., of Boston, recalls him in his gait and manner at this time, carrying his height awkwardly, leaning to one side as he walked, or holding to his older brother's arm.

The boys in the Latin School published a small weekly paper, one of whose issues has been preserved, Vol. I. No. 16, Dedham, June 7, 1848. The paper was named "The Rivulet," Rand and Motley, Editors and Proprietors (published weekly). The advertisement of this organ of boyish opinion has a mature business tone: "Published every Wednesday for the Proprietors, by H. Mann, opposite the Phœnix House, High Street. We shall continue to deliver the paper to subscribers, until direct orders are received from them to the contrary." And again, "All communications should be addressed to us through the Post Office at Dedham, postpaid." The tone of the editorials on the third page is decidedly democratic. Here is a striking sentence: —

> Ye who dislike the name of a mechanic, whose brothers do nothing but loaf and dress, beware how you treat young men who work for a living. . . . In this century, no man or woman should be respected, in our way of thinking, who will not work, bodily or mentally, or who curls his or her lip with scorn when introduced to a hard-working man.

Whether the boys who wrote the editorials had any actual experience which wrought them up to a certain degree of inspiration, or whether it was something imagined or reported to them, may be difficult to decide, but there is no doubt of the prominence of the subject in their minds. Here is a most impressive editorial entitled

WOULD N'T MARRY A MECHANIC.

> A young man commenced visiting a young woman and appeared to be well pleased.
>
> One evening he called when it was quite late, which led the girl to enquire where he had been.
>
> "I had to work to-night," replied he.
>
> "Do you work for a living?" enquired the astonished girl.
>
> "Certainly," replied the young man; "I am a mechanic," and she turned up her pretty nose.

That was the last time the mechanic visited the young woman. He is now a wealthy man, and has one of the best of women for his wife. The young lady who disliked the name of a mechanic is now the wife of a miserable fool — a regular vagrant about grog-shops — and she, poor, miserable girl, is obliged to take in washing, in order to support herself and children.

A letter written at this time, at the age of twelve, to his mother, tells us little indeed, but it is his own, and not without some elements of self-revelation. It is a family letter as well, for George receives a communication in it, and William adds a postscript.

ANDOVER, June 13, 1848.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — We were very glad to receive your letter of yesterday, and I now take my pen to comply with your wishes that I should write to you to-day. We have had a very pleasant time so far and hope you will have an equally good one through the whole of your visit. Saturday afternoon we visited Judge Stevens and enjoyed it very much indeed. All well there. I have had very little of that pain since I came here and hope that it will soon be entirely gone. Yesterday afternoon we went to Den Rock and next Thursday if nothing occurs to prevent we shall go to Lawrence. Grandmother says that our conduct has been GOOD. Please tell Georgy, that I lost my big large hog knife down in the pasture (sad to write). When we arrived, Judge Stevens procurred us a conveyance in Spafford's (excuse spelling) Express in which we had a rather stormy ride. All here are well and desire love to you all. Excuse bad letters and poor inditters [*sic*]. "Don't let nobody see this letter."

Your dutiful son

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

BROTHER GEO., — How did you like chatechising [*sic*] Sunday.

P. B.

MY DEAR FATHER, — I send you the enclosed extract from the Boston Daily Times to show that Mr. Gen Z. Taylor Esq is not a Whig.

Yours etc.

W. G. BROOKS, JUN.

Another incident of importance at this moment in the family life was a letter written by Dr. Vinton at the mother's

request to the three older boys. This letter was highly valued, known in the family tradition as Dr. Vinton's letter, and read to the younger boys also when they were ready to receive it. It bears witness to the faithfulness of the pastor, but even stronger witness to the mother's determination to leave no stone unturned in order to the accomplishment of her supreme and single purpose. Perhaps things were not going in a way satisfactory to the deep yearning of her soul.

POMFRET, August 28, 1848.

TO WILLIAM, PHILLIPS, AND GEORGE BROOKS: —

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS, — My letter may take you by surprise since I gave you no intimation of my intention to write to you. The purpose to do so, however, has been upon my mind for some weeks, and its execution has been delayed partly by summary interruptions of business, and partly by the inconvenience of a sprained ankle which made almost every sort of occupation troublesome. As the time draws near which will carry me to Boston again I feel the pressure of my intention more urgently, for I am not willing that the opportunity should pass of addressing you a few words of pastoral counsel just at the crisis when two of you are about to enter a period of life which takes you out from my more intimate care. I have been a watchful and gratified witness to your fidelity in the Sunday School and in the catechetical exercises, and my interest for one of you had been specially deepened by the well-remembered sickness, by which our Heavenly Father brought him almost down to death. I believe it has been a blessed sickness, my dear William, to others besides yourself, and I trust that the solemn and holy purposes which it awakened in your mind will never die.

You and Phillips are about entering upon a stage of life which is full of danger, the forming stage of your character, — that of young manhood. Its feelings are new, its temptations are strong and different from any you have ever encountered. You will be exposed to strange and unaccustomed influences on the one hand, — and on the other, you will be deprived of much of the salutary restraint of your domestic life, and of the direct influence of the Sunday School. The danger always is to young men that they will easily forget and perhaps despise the feelings of their earlier days. One of the besetting sins of this period of life is *pride* which leads them to be heedless of advice and self-restraint, and therefore they will be sure to fall unless God watches and holds them with a father's care. I have indeed almost unbounded con-

fidence in the efficacy of a parent's prayers. I believe it clings to the life of a young man and follows him where he least expects it. The answer to such prayer seems almost omnipotent as it is wholesome.

I know how earnestly such prayer has been continually offered for you, and therefore I am very hopeful. Still, as you are free agents it is in your power to frustrate its blessing, and it is the peculiar temptation of young men that they do not feel its need. If there be any one disposition of mind which I would wish you to cherish and cultivate most of all, it is that of dependence upon God. And that can only be kept alive by the habit of prayer and reading the Bible day and night. Do not let anything of business, study, or pleasure interfere with this. Be at home at the Mercy Seat. It will give energy to your other pursuits. Remember the saying of Martin Luther "*Bene precâsse est bene studuisse.*" It will be a safeguard against temptation, and a shield in your greatest danger.

I do not know whether I shall be able to make arrangements for a young men's Bible class this autumn, and if not, as you are to leave the Sunday School, you will be in special danger of forgetting its pursuits and its influences. But God is not bound to such means alone, and He can edify you and bring your hearts to Himself in a way that is independent of us.

My prayer and hope for you are that I may see you at an early period consecrating yourselves to God in the open membership of his Church, showing that you are not ashamed of Him, and that you have experienced his renewing Grace.

You, my dear George, will yet by God's permission be for some time in the school, where I shall often meet you, and where I hope you will derive much good. May it be my joy at last, my dear young friends, to meet you at the right hand of our Saviour is the earnest prayer of your affectionate friend and pastor,

ALEX'R H. VINTON.

The Latin School gave to Phillips Brooks the full benefit of its famous training in the classics, as well as the taste for their study. But it is in his literary work that the interest chiefly centres, where we now begin to read the earliest traces of his distinctive power. His essays are still preserved, each one carefully written in his best style of penmanship. His handwriting at this time closely resembles that of his father, who cultivated penmanship as an art, studying the formation of beautiful letters and in his leisure and idle

moments designing letters of graceful kinds. The mother was rather indifferent in this respect, writing rapidly from a full heart, and only anxious to make her meaning clear or to express her thought. That importance was attached to these youthful literary efforts is seen in the fact of their careful preservation in their original form, and also in a complete copy of them in a blank book kept for the purpose. The title-page of this book is a beautiful specimen of printing, in which he must have taken lessons from his father. It reads, "Compositions, written by Phillips Brooks at the Public Latin School, Boston, 1850."

The subject of the first composition is "California," written in 1849, the foremost subject in his mind, as it was then stirring the popular imagination throughout the country. We can imagine that he received some aid in conversation with his father, whose journal at this time contains references to the absorbing topic. The style is stiff and the manner conventional. He begins with remarks on the art of mining, and its difficulties, which have but little connection with what follows. "The whole country of California," he adds, "for the distance of many hundred miles in all directions, seems to be filled with gold." The inexhaustible richness is what moves his mind. His next subject was "Slavery," which receives the same formal treatment, a review of its history containing some facts gained from books, and a reference to the action of Great Britain in the emancipation of slaves in her dominions. It concludes: "And shall North America, that land of freedom, withhold her consent from their humane declarations? Shall she whose sons fought and bled for their own liberty refuse to do her utmost towards suppressing this infamous traffic which is destroying the liberties of so many of our fellow men?" This was written in 1849, at the age of thirteen. It shows what he was thinking about, and the feeling was real. It has a prophetic quality. This composition was marked 15 by Mr. Francis Gardner. "The Government of the Thoughts," which follows, shows more freedom in the treatment, containing one sentence which indicates that at this early moment he had struck the method of his later

work. The sentence is a familiar one : "Take, for instance, the case of two men who begin life under the same circumstances, the first of whom far exceeds the other in talents, but is inferior to the second in the government of the thoughts, and in the end will it not be seen that the success of the second far exceeds that of the former?" This paper was marked 12. In the treatment of "The Evils of War," we have a short and perfunctory performance of the schoolboy. But this is succeeded by a composition on "The Pleasures of Memory," which almost attains the maximum grade, being marked 18 by Mr. Dixwell, the head master.

When he wrote "The Pleasures of Memory" he was fourteen. Many other boys, and girls also, have written well on this subject. There must be some law underlying human growth which explains this tendency to be attracted by such a theme. It marks the rise of what we call sentiment. It coincides with the moment when youth stands trembling on the verge of manhood. There is a sense of regret mingled with the hope which looks for greater things in the future. The hour has come when one begins to remember. All this is commonplace, but it is very human. What strikes one in this paper is that the thought of home is uppermost in his mind. He will never lose the home feeling, for memory will preserve it. In coming years he will be carried back to it again, to the far-off scenes of his earlier days; will feel again "the pleasures which filled up the morning of his life before the world and its cares had cast around him their fettering cares;" he will "listen to each familiar voice, and speak each well-known name; the joys and sorrows, the childish cares and pleasures, of his youthful days will seem again to be his; the past is to him even as the present. With the wanderer in a foreign land will abide the memory of the home which he has left behind him, of affectionate parents and of dearest friends. Every association connected with that home will rise up before him to cheer him on his solitary way." But the moralist and the preacher betray their incipient presence as he evolves his theme. There is the possibility of evil memories to be avoided. If the memories are of good and virtuous deeds, if

we may look back upon a life unspotted and unstained, then we shall acknowledge that the power of memory is indeed one of the greatest, the noblest, and the highest blessings which could have been bestowed upon mankind.

"The Pleasures of Memory" was followed, in the same year, 1850, by another essay with a deep self-revealing quality entitled "Solitude." This essay was marked 19. He was learning to rejoice in his solitary hours, when he was holding communion with himself: —

> There are lessons which he may have from others, but there are lessons of which he himself must be the teacher and solitude the school. . . . No man can rightly perform his duties here, without many an hour of silent, solemn meditation and self-examination. In the hours of solitude it is conscience that is the most active. That still small voice which among the more busy scenes of life is almost drowned now holds its sovereign sway. . . . And is there no *pleasure* to be derived from solitude? . . . Is man his own worst enemy, that he can derive no pleasure from communion with himself? No! the upright cannot fail to acknowledge that their solitary hours are often the happiest in their lives. . . . To him whose soul has been wearied by continual communion with the world, in whose mind its pleasures and its amusements awaken little else than satiety and disgust, how delightful it is to flee from its busy scenes and to seek repose in solitude; to feel that no human eye can see, and no human voice can intrude to mar the quiet and the peace with which the soul is surrounded.

The awakening of the intellectual life becomes more apparent in the paper which follows, written in this same year, before reaching his fifteenth birthday. Its title is "Books," with the sub-title "Their Value, Good and Bad Influence, Imperfections." This essay is not uninfluenced by the home life, which was intellectual as well as religious. In his home, the best books were read aloud around the table in the long winter evenings. The mother was fond of poetry, the father was alive to any book which was influencing the thoughts of men. But there was careful scrutiny on the part of the parents lest books should be introduced which were misleading and dangerous in their tendency. There was freedom under restraint. The boys were made aware of evil possibilities in

current literature. Especially was the mother on her guard against any religious teaching which should run counter to the principles she cherished as vital. It was a time of intense religious feeling in Boston about the year 1850, — a breaking away from received standards under the influence of the transcendental movement. The effect of the home attitude or of other teachers may be traced in this first attempt of Phillips Brooks as a boy to speak on the subject of books.

This essay received, as it deserved, a high mark, falling only one short of the maximum. It is characteristic of the future man in many ways. His favorite illustration of the sunlight of truth is here. There is a desire to get all the aspects of the subject. There is earnest moral purpose, a consciousness as if he were responsible for the well-being of the whole world, and were aiming at nothing else; the determination to secure the completest self-culture. At this moment we may imagine him as already a diligent reader; but though he was just beginning his career, and knew but little of books, his imagination enables him to consider the whole range of literature. We have seen the parents anxious lest he should absorb the evil in his reading and warning him of danger. That warning is received in docility. He will read the best without prejudices, with close attention, but always on his guard, and his conscience may be trusted to as a safe guide, making him sensitive to every departure from truth and purity.

When he wrote his next essays he had passed his fifteenth birthday. He must have been encouraged by the high grade his previous effort had received. He gives the rein to an intenser enthusiasm, his vocabulary grows richer and fuller, his confidence in his powers has increased. There is still formality of expression and a certain old-fashioned conventionality, the limited range of a schoolboy's information. But his own thought and observation of life, whether gained by books or by experience, are uttered with a deeper emphasis, with an intensity of conviction, as though he would have been driven to speak by the impelling power of his own emotion. One can discern that he is writing better than he

knows. He is uttering sentiments which will be the staple of his teaching as a mature man. It is unreal, for there is no experience behind it, and yet it is prophetic, giving one a reverence for the early stages of his growth. The comprehensiveness of his method is here, the desire to see both sides of a question; as in his essay on "Selfishness," where he endeavors to trace the good that has proceeded from it under an overruling Providence, while yet condemning its baneful influence in history.

An essay entitled "Independence must have its Limits" marks more distinctly the emergence of the boy into a deeper thoughtfulness and responsibility. The youthful laudation of American independence gives way to the larger treatment of an ethical distinction, which should govern nations as well as individuals. He criticises the statement, "Independence is our country's boast:" "If that independent spirit be carried so far as to break the bond of union which binds nation to nation and continent to continent, then where is our boasted strength, where is our widespread commerce, where our national existence?" He lays down the principle that absolute independence is contrary to man's constitution, to the design of God as written in the universal law of nature. He illustrates the dependence everywhere visible in the natural world, the earth, the ocean, the mountain stream for the sources of moisture, the whole vegetable creation also:—

> Look abroad upon Nature's vast repository of the grand and lovely and see how universal is the law of natural dependence. The earth would be parched and dry but for the kindly showers; the mighty ocean would be empty but for the mountain streams which fill it; the lofty oak but for the moisture which the earth supplies would fade and wither. See where yonder vine clings for support to the majestic elm. Behold how each blade of grass, as it raises its lowly head, renders up its tribute of gratitude to that sun upon whose beams it depends for life and health. Hear how with each morning's dawn, each evening's setting sun, Nature with its thousand voices sends up her chorus of grateful dependence to the Maker and Preserver of the earth.
>
> And shall man have no part in this universal law of dependence? Shall he be entirely independent of his fellow men? No! he is bound to them by ties which no power on earth can break

asunder. So numerous are the bonds which bind together the vast family of mankind that it is impossible for one man breaking through them all to declare himself independent of his fellow men. Man must regard the convenience and wishes of others as well as of himself. Otherwise where would be that harmony which is the very soul of a well-regulated society. No man in passing through an excited crowd would expect to be free from the influence of its motions; and so in passing through this crowded and busy world, who will not receive his share of its buffets and blows? How much better will he fare who yields to its motions than he who in stately and independent dignity walks regardless of mortals around him.

But in seeking to give to independence its proper limits, we must not fall into the error of contracting those limits beyond their proper sphere. We must have a will and a mind of our own. We are not to bind our conscience to any man's creed, to be led whithersoever he may choose. We have no right to "follow the multitude to do evil." He deserves not the name of man who dares not to think, to speak, and to act for himself. "Let us, then, ever strive to be independent, but within due limits, to act by ourselves and not always for ourselves alone."

From the discussion of independence in the individual he turns to the independence of nations. China is made to serve as an illustration of what befalls a nation when she seeks to maintain herself apart from relations with other countries. Instead of becoming really independent she falls into a dependence which amounts to servitude.

If, when our fathers severed the chain of tyranny which bound them to their fatherland, they had also rent in twain those other ties of religion, commerce, and literature, which bind their interest to hers, what would be our situation now! If the young bird of America in her earliest flights had scorned to receive aid from others, would she have reached the glorious height to which she has since attained! In the words of our national song, —

> Let independence be our boast,
> Ever mindful what it cost;

but with our thanksgiving for that independence, let there ascend to Heaven a prayer that pride may not become a curse rather than a blessing.

In an essay entitled "Doubt," from Shakespeare's lines as a text

> Our doubts are traitors;
> And make us lose the good we oft might win
> By fearing to attempt,

he exhibits his subtle capacity for qualification. Here is a very mature sentence: "Salutary doubt is of the nature of prudent caution and has nothing in common with a shrinking timidity which seems to be always treading upon the verge of its own grave." In a word, we may say of all these essays that they mingle boyish crudity with a prematurely wise expression of great truths. They are remarkable as showing the continuity of his years. They contain the germs of his later method of work as well as his latest convictions. What he thought and believed as a boy, he continued to believe with the fuller power of his manhood.

The encouragement he had received from the high marks given to his essays led him to compete for a prize when unfortunately the subject assigned was "Mathematical Pursuits." He records his failure with the words "*Ah me miserum!*" This essay is the most elaborate and ambitious of all his attempts, containing some five thousand words. He here gives full scope to his power for fine writing and well-turned sentences. Illustrations and rich imagery abound. His whole stock of boyish knowledge is summoned to his aid in describing and enforcing the value of mathematical pursuits. But in this instance he deserved to fail. He had undertaken a task for which his strong will and his desire to compass all things was not equal. Perhaps there is such a thing as a natural inability for mathematical pursuits. We know that while he was in college he paid no more attention to this branch of his education than was absolutely necessary. It may have been that his failure to take the prize with an essay on which he had spent so much force was a source of discouragement. At any rate, if he showed no interest in mathematical pursuits in his college course, he had done his best to rouse himself to a sense of their value. It was well for him that he failed to take the prize, for it would have been a greater failure if he had achieved it by rhetoric, without surmounting the difficulty in his own experience.

He must have been working with great diligence at this moment when he handed in his essay on "Mathematical Pursuits," for on the same day he sent in a poem entitled "The Shipwreck." On the back of the envelope he has inscribed, "Given in for Prize at the Public Lat. School. But unfortunately failed. *Ah me miserum!*" This poem is of course a purely imaginative effort. What he knew he must have gained mainly from reading the descriptions in the Æneid. These he has reproduced with abundance of classical allusions, he showing dependence on Pope, as a model for his metre and rhyme. It is very high-flown and of course unreal, but it is significant that in these first efforts, as a boy, as well as in later manhood, he shows one common characteristic, — the desire to enter through the imagination into every phase of the higher human experiences, and to make them his own. He was seeking even in boyhood to identify himself with humanity, and to gather up into himself its hopes and its achievements.

At the distribution of the Lawrence prizes on the last day of the spring term in 1851, Phillips Brooks received a prize for good behavior only. He had competed for a prize of another kind, in his essay on "Mathematics" and in his poem "The Shipwreck," but had failed. His standing in his class was high, but not the highest; his rank was third. He was one of six, however, who took the Franklin medal when he graduated, which stood for excellence in the final examinations in Latin, Greek, and mathematics. In the order of exercises at the annual visitation on July 12, 1851, his name is set down for an English essay on "Socrates." His father was present to hear him, and recalled in later years, when his son had become known to fame, the enthusiasm with which the essay was delivered. It was a brief essay, a wail over the condemnation of the philosopher for corrupting youth when it had been his aim to instil into their young minds the doctrines of truth and right.

That he was moved on leaving the Latin School, and alive to the significance of the transition as an epoch in his life, is shown in the poem he wrote, "On Leaving School," Au-

gust 1, 1851. It contains seventy-three lines, mainly boyish doggerel, rapidly written without revision, but with a vein of seriousness beneath. The conclusion reads: —

How he [the Head Master] would fume and rage and scold and fret
And say he 'd never seen such scholars yet.
How oft we strove his *gentle* heart to tease
And very very seldom strove to please.
How joyed and sorrowed, laughed and played and wept,
How toiled and dug, and grubbed, and worked and slept,
How played the wise man and how played the fool,
There in the Boston Public Latin School.

But still however high thy course may rise,
Though murmured plaudits raise thee to the skies;
Though senates and admiring people praise,
Yet still forget not of thy younger days.
Think how 'mid muses' seats we used to roam
And made the Latin School our common home;
How well we studied, strove our minds to store
With all the wealth of ancient classic lore.
And when our sad devoted fate was sealed,
Loud o'er our heads the Master's thunder pealed;
How Manual's rage and Delta's righteous fire
Brought down the Master's most tremendous ire.

What the Boston Latin School had done for Phillips Brooks he himself has told us, on the occasion of the dedication of its present building, after the lapse of thirty years since he left it: —

I want to speak only a few minutes, if I can restrain myself so. It is all very well to talk about the magnificence of this new building. It is magnificent, and we are thankful for it; but to me there is something infinitely sad and pathetic this morning in thinking of our old Latin and English High Schoolhouse standing empty and desolate down in Bedford Street. I cannot get it out of my mind. I cannot, as I look around upon the brilliancy of this new building, forget what that old building has done. I cannot help thinking of it almost as a person, and wondering if it hears what we are saying here. I cannot help thinking that from the top of the old brown cupola it looks across the length of the city and sees the pinnacles of this new temple which is to take its place. I cannot help thinking that even through its closed and dusty windows, it is hearing something of the triumphant shouts

with which its successor's walls are ringing. I cannot help wondering what it thinks about it all.

But when I know, letting that old schoolhouse stand before me a moment in personal shape, — when I know what a dear and earnest old creature it was, when I know how carefully it looked after those who came into its culture and embrace, when I know how many of us will always look back to it, through the whole course of our lives, as the place where were gathered some of the deepest inspirations that ever came to us, I cannot but think that the old school is noble enough and generous enough to look with joy and satisfaction upon this new building which has risen to take its place. And as the old year kindly and ungrudgingly sinks back into the generations of the past, and allows the new year to come in with its new activities, and as the father steps aside and sees the son who bears his nature, and whom he has taught the best he knows, come forth into life and fill his place, so I am willing to believe that the old school rejoices in this, its great successor, and that it is thinking (if it has thoughts) of its own useful career, and congratulating itself upon the earnest and faithful way in which it has pursued, not only the special *methods* of knowledge which have belonged to its time, but the *purposes* of knowledge which belong to all time, and must pass from schoolhouse to schoolhouse, and from age to age, unchanged. . . .

When the Duke of Wellington came back to Eton after his glorious career, as he was walking through the old quadrangle he looked around and said, "Here is where I learned the lessons that made it possible for me to conquer at Waterloo." It was not what he had read there in books, not what he had learned there by writing Greek verses, or by scanning the lines of Virgil and Horace, that helped him win his great battle; but there he had learned to be faithful to present duty, to be strong, to be diligent, to be patient, and that was why he was able to say that it was what he had learned at Eton that made it possible for him to conquer at Waterloo.

And the same thing made it possible for the Latin and High School boys to help win the victory which came at Gettysburg, and under the very walls of Richmond. It was the lessons which they had learned here. It was not simply the lessons which they had learned out of books; it was the grand imprint of character which had been given to them here.[1]

[1] Cf. "Address at the 250th Anniversary of the Boston Latin School," in *Essays and Addresses*, pp. 393 ff.

CHAPTER III

1851–1855

HARVARD COLLEGE

In the fall of 1851, Phillips Brooks entered Harvard College, according to the custom of his ancestors. As he went simply from Boston to Cambridge, it was not like leaving home for college. The time from Saturday to Monday in every week was spent with his family. He attended still St. Paul's Church, and was under the same parental and pastoral influences which had followed him through the Latin School. While in some respects there was an advantage in such a situation, yet it has deprived his Memoir of a possible home correspondence which would have thrown light on his college days. These years in college would be almost a blank so far as our knowledge of his development is concerned were it not for the contributions of his classmates, or for some of the papers he has left behind indicating the character of his work. What can be told by a classmate is in the nature of the case general in its character, especially after the lapse of forty years. But what little is told possesses the deepest significance.

Harvard College in the decade of the fifties was still a college among the many scattered through the land, and had hardly yet begun to develop into a university. But it possessed the distinction of age; its traditions ran back to the settlement of the colony of Massachusetts Bay. It possessed a distinction also in a corps of teachers such as would be a signal honor to any university, some of them indeed of world-wide reputation and of enduring fame. Literature was represented by Longfellow, the natural sciences by Agassiz and by Asa Gray; Benjamin Peirce was professor of mathematics; Sophocles and Felton stood for the classics,

and Bowen for metaphysics; Child and Lane and Cooke were young men, then beginning their long and honored careers as teachers in English, in Latin, and chemistry. The president of the college from 1852 was Dr. James Walker, who exerted a strong influence on the young men, both in the pulpit and the classroom, whose high character was recognized, admired, and imitated.

The total number of students in the college in 1851 was 304, and in all the departments, 626. The library in Gore Hall contained 60,000 volumes. Attendance at prayers was required twice every day and once at church on Sundays. The hour of daily morning prayers was seven o'clock from September to April, and six o'clock from April to the close of the college year. Three recitations were made each day with sufficient intervals between for the preparation of lessons: from eight to nine, from twelve to one, and from five to six. The dinner hour was fixed by authority at one o'clock. It was all very simple, the working régime easily mastered. Discipline was indeed called for, and especially in relation to that sphere where there should have been least, compulsory attendance at the chapel services. These services might have been less irksome if the police element in them had been made less prominent. Their most apparent object was to rout the students at an unearthly hour in the morning, and to ascertain that they were still within the fold at the close of the day. Phillips Brooks was some months short of his sixteenth birthday when he entered Harvard. At this age he had nearly, if not quite, attained his full stature, according to his father's record, weighing 161 pounds and measuring six feet three and one half inches. During his Freshman year he roomed at Mrs. Stickney's, on Hilliard Street; in his Sophomore year at Miss Dana's, on Holyoke Street. When he became a Junior he went into the college yard, having room 15 in Massachusetts Hall, and in his Senior year rooming in 32 Stoughton. But few buildings then stood in the yard; besides those mentioned, there were Hollis and Holworthy, Massachusetts and University, in which latter was the college chapel; Gore Hall the library, Dane Hall the

home of the Law School, and the little building, which still remains to mark the vast growth of Harvard, Holden Chapel. Old Cambridge, as it was called, was still a provincial village, with many evidences of its colonial descent. It was connected with Boston by an omnibus or stage, which ran hourly during the day, but suspended its task at a reasonable hour in the evening. To walk in and out of Boston may have been a pleasure to some; it was a hard necessity for others. The once familiar horse car, which in its time rendered connection with Boston somewhat easier, made its first appearance in 1855. For artificial illumination, kerosene oil had recently displaced the earlier method, and was regarded as a great improvement.

Phillips Brooks threw himself with ardor and enthusiasm into college life. To this remark there is but one exception, he is not remembered as taking part in athletic sports. These, to be sure, were still in their infancy; even baseball had yet to be developed from simple rudiments. Cricket was a favorite game, but for this he showed no interest or aptitude. Those who remember him in college speak of his physical inertness. He did not care much for walking — it was hard to drag him out for a walk; nor did he seek recreation in games of chance. It may be that his rapid physical growth had left him weak for the time, and that physical rest was what he needed. He had a very nervous constitution, delicate and susceptible to external influences. Because he found no vent in games and sports, he threw himself with all the greater intensity into whatever of college life came into his way. At the end of his Freshman year he was one of the first to be elected into the Institute, at the end of his Sophomore year he was chosen for the Hasty Pudding, in his Junior year he became a member of the Alpha Delta Phi, and in his last year was among those elected to the Phi Beta Kappa. In these societies he was interested, but not taking them too seriously, making his contributions of verses and essays as the occasion demanded.[1]

[1] Phillips Brooks was a member of the following societies at Harvard: Anonyma, Institute of 1770, Natural History Society, Phi Beta Kappa, Alpha Delta

He took his part in the Pudding theatricals, but his cast was generally determined by his height and not by his proficiency as an actor. He was a Harvard man in every sense, reflecting that peculiar quality with which Harvard stamps her children, however difficult it may be of analysis or description.

The course of study was simple, the classics predominating in the first two years, while in the last two a student was at liberty to give the preference to mathematics and the natural sciences or to follow literature, English and classical. Phillips Brooks chose the latter alternative. His record as a student shows that he possessed the capacity for exact scholarship, but also that he had no ambition to maintain a high rank in his class. During his Freshman year he was ranked fifth, but he was then just out of the Latin School, whose preparation was so thorough that its boys were at an advantage in Harvard, and did not need to work hard to maintain an advanced standing. In his Sophomore year he seems to have begun with an effort to maintain a high grade in all his studies. But for some reason he failed to do so, and at the end of the year he was sixteenth in rank in a class of seventy-one. Nor in the two following years did his relative standing vary; as a Junior he stood thirteenth, and with this rank he graduated, his class then numbering sixty-six. He had no taste for mathematics, as has been remarked. One may trace his effort to overcome what must have been an aversion. It was not for want of capacity that he did not conquer its difficulties, but he lacked the interest to persevere; when it came to examinations he appears to have made up his mind that the case was hopeless, and to have made little preparation for the final test. But, with this exception, he showed

Phi, Hasty Pudding Club. The Anonyma was formed by his class of 1855 as a debating society. Of the five named the Alpha Delta Phi was the most literary, but the class, which was brilliant above the average, did not take any of the societies seriously. They found relaxation in the meetings and in the enjoyment of social intercourse. They got their inspiration and mental training and the art of clearly expressing their thoughts from such men as Dr. James Walker, Professor Bowen, and Professor Child, and drank wisdom from the lips of Agassiz, Longfellow, Felton, Gray, Lovering, Peirce, Lane, and Cooke. (C. A. C., From Notes and Queries in *Boston Transcript*.)

peculiar power to succeed in any examination. Whatever might have been his grade for the daily recitations, his mark at an examination was apt to be a high one, not seldom the maximum. This showed what he could do when he tried. He evinced a taste for natural history, and did well in chemistry, but on the whole cannot be said to have been attracted by the natural sciences. He read sufficiently to get the results of the scientific process, but to its methods remained more or less indifferent. Although he had a deep interest in history, in its ordinary presentation he did not find what he wanted. It was something more to him than the accurate recital of human events. In its biographical form lay its deepest charm. Hence, in this department, judged by the college standard, he did not reach the highest excellence. His grade is not as high as one might have expected in literary work, such as forensics and themes. But as these were coupled with elocution, the falling off is less remarkable. During his Sophomore year his mark in elocution was 100, where the highest given was 140. He gave no sign of being an orator. It is recalled of him in his college days, as it was known of him in his later years, that he despised elocution, as begetting self-consciousness, at war with naturalness and simplicity. He could not have been wholly unattractive or without impressiveness as a speaker, even though still awkward and embarrassed by shyness. When he became known as a pulpit orator, those who remembered him in his college days were surprised. If they had looked for his distinction in life, it had not been in this direction. The college did what it could to prepare the students for public life. Frequent exercises in declamation were required during the Junior and Senior years. There was the Boylston prize also, awarded for excellence on this ground alone. But it was difficult to cultivate the powers of elocution, when any one assumed, as did Phillips Brooks, that it was all a vain show, that if a man had something to say, he would find out for himself how to say it. But it was a good thing for him that he was forced to pay some attention to the subject of public speaking while in college, as in the

Junior exhibition, long since abolished, but then a signal honor, anticipating the awards of the Senior year. His earliest delivery, as he stood on the platform in Harvard Hall in the large lecture room on the second floor, was identical in manner with his latest, marked by the same extraordinary rapidity of utterance. This rapidity of speech was something constitutional; it was not adopted to cover any natural defect of utterance, for he had none; it was simply the natural expression of the man.

In what was then called intellectual philosophy he maintained a high standing, but not the highest, and the same is true of rhetoric and logic. The history of abstract ideas had no charm for him, nor the formal attempt to place laws for the human mind in rhetoric or logic. The studies in which he did excel were the languages. In Greek, he took uniformly the highest mark, and was very close to the highest in Latin. French he seems to have played with, content in acquiring a good reading knowledge, but apparently despairing of its refinements. For German, which he took as an elective, he showed greater respect, and became able to read it with comparative ease. It may have been that in his devotion to Greek and to Latin he had in view the possibility of a teacher's profession, but he had also a genuine love and appreciation of the Greek literature; he read Greek for the pleasure it gave him, and continued to do so when it was no longer a task of the schools. And of Latin it may be said also that it had ceased to be with him a dead language. This, then, was something positive among the results of his Harvard training. We may say of him that he could have been what is technically known as a scholar; he had become possessed of the tools of learning; he was competent to have added to the stock of human learning by study and research.

But no overpowering influence bore him in this direction. What stood in his way was his love of literature as the revelation of man, the yearning to enter into the deeper experiences of life, to know the world he lived in. He took his college course easily, if judged from the scholastic point of

view, though he must have worked with some diligence at the prescribed routine to have maintained his rank. But he gave the impression of one who was not obliged to drudge in order to master his studies; he seemed to be at leisure when others were working, and showed no anxiety lest he should fail. No one, however, could have worked more diligently than he in the chosen line he was following. His thorough training, his quick insight, his comprehensiveness of mind, his capacity for mental concentration, enabled him to perform with ease and speed the required task, leaving him abundant leisure for discursive reading, the mastery of books, and above all the observation of life. One of his classmates, Professor G. C. Sawyer of Utica, N. Y., who knew him in somewhat close association, says of him during his years at Harvard, that "his faculties were in course of rapid, yet not too rapid development. He read largely and, though not superficially, yet with an extraordinary speed. He was endowed with a marvellous gift of very rapidly taking in a printed page. He would lie on his back for hours at a time, reading." He drew books from the college library or availed himself of other sources to supply his need, but his record does not indicate him as an omnivorous reader, to whom a book was a book, whatever its nature, nor did he range through many books out of idle curiosity to know something of their contents. Yet in the line of his reading he was pursuing an independent development, unshackled by prescription or authority. Great as were his teachers and inspiring the influences around him, still there was no dominating influence which controlled his thought or carried him away captive to some power other than his own. There were no literary men, no great books to which he came prepared to swear allegiance. When he entered Harvard with its large library at his disposal, he was at first like a child wandering in its alcoves, hardly knowing what one book out of the large number he should choose to take from the shelves, wherewith to make his beginning. The book that finally attracted him was the poems of Lovelace, one of the minor poets of the Elizabethan age. That

and its companion volume, Lodge's and Chalkhill's poems, which he next took out, were beautiful specimens of printing and in most attractive bindings. The love of poetry and of beautiful things to handle may be discovered in his choice. In the decade of the fifties, there were many powerful writers of English, who were moulding the thoughts of their generation. Carlyle was then at his best, Emerson also, and Tennyson; George Eliot was beginning her career; Ruskin had come to his mission; Thackeray's great novels were appearing year by year, and Dickens was fascinating the world. But at first Phillips Brooks seems not to have heard of them, or to be ready for them. He went to the older writers, Walter Scott and Washington Irving. He appears to have been particularly drawn to the writers of the eighteenth century, Boswell's "Johnson," Johnson himself, Goldsmith, Dryden, Swift, Leigh Hunt, Hume, and others. The English poets of the eighteenth century and of the early part of the nineteenth had their especial charm. But Wordsworth was not yet among them. He read Shakespeare, and books illustrating his age. He took up Lamb and Southey, but did not at first discover Milton or Coleridge. The French Revolution he studied with the aid of Thiers. There is evidence of a strong taste for biography. He dipped into astronomy, and read Lavater's "Physiognomy." In all this he was wandering at his own sweet will. There was as yet no English Department at Harvard. Professor Child's work lay in the direction of Early English or of Anglo-Saxon. But his record of reading reflects credit on his own discernment. He had found his way into the world's literature and knew what he needed. There was a calming, cooling influence in these writers of the eighteenth century, with their quaint world, at such wide remove from the feverish desire for reforms, the incessant agitation, the sentimental aspirations and vagaries, the new interpretations of the age into which he was born. Here lay something of the preparation for his life work. He gained a picture of life in another age, which afforded a basis for comparison and criticism when he should come to the work of his own time. He learned to know and to honor the

purely human amidst the disguises of past generations. These writers of the eighteenth century harmonized admirably with his favorite classics, Greek and Latin, reflecting their influence and something of their outlook on human life.

But finally some books which were modern he also mastered. Into that vast soul with its void yet to be filled, all fresh as with the dews of the morning, and rich with unknown possibilities, some utterances sank deeply and took possession of the unoccupied ground. Carlyle's "Life of Cromwell" was one of these. The influence of that book never was lost. It created a deep interest in the names which were associated with the Puritan struggle. From that time he began to be at home with its personages, with Milton and Baxter and Jeremy Taylor; he measured its issues and grew stronger and clearer by their contemplation. In after life it was his ambition to write a Life of Cromwell, for which he made preparation by collecting materials in his many visits to England. Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero-Worship" became a handbook for a time. His "French Revolution" he admired to the last, as a masterpiece of art, but for "Sartor Resartus" he came to have a feeling of contempt as a hollow and superficial cry. He read Emerson, but there are no traces of an influence upon his mind, such as Carlyle produced. The writer who exerted the strongest influence was Tennyson. "In Memoriam" had been published in 1849. From the time he read it, it kept running in his head; he imitated its metres and its subjects in poetic efforts of his own.

There were other opportunities than those offered by the college, where a man's work might be recognized and rewarded. Such societies as the Institute, the Hasty Pudding, or the Alpha Delta Phi possessed a literary character, calling on their members for occasional essays or orations. Into these efforts he put his full strength, showing at times rare gifts of expression, a large and rich vocabulary, with maturity of thought and insight. One would say that he worked well when he followed his own bent, and indeed required this freedom of inclination in order to manifest his strength. In

college themes he did what was required, and that was all; but in the occasional papers where he chose his own subject and was in sympathy with his audience, free to give full expression to his thought, his wit, or humor, he was unsurpassed.

His first attempt of this kind still shows something of conventionality, or indicates that he was drawing from resources not furnished by his own experience. It is an essay entitled "The Lecturer," read before the Institute in the earlier part of his Sophomore year. He begins by glorifying popular education, remarking that in the broad sense it is a thing of to-day; that this present age has seen its rise and its unprecedented progress. He goes on to speak of the lecturer, claiming him as an "institution" of this modern age, an important agent in the diffusion of knowledge, but peculiarly a Yankee institution. "A Yankee, when first he won his name, struck out for himself from the flint of his native rocks two twin sparks, and gave to his children the double heritage of whittling and lecturing." We need not here repeat his justification of the lecturer. He was writing at a time when our best thinkers did not feel it beneath them to go out into the towns about Boston, creating a sensation by their appearance. Emerson and Dr. Holmes and many others were favorites with their audiences, and no doubt exerted a great influence in this way. Boston was lecture-ridden in those days. The father of Phillips Brooks comments in his journal upon the lecturers whom he hears, and the son in the home circle must have been impressed with the importance of this method of teaching.[1] But the Lyceum has passed away, at least for the present. There was something artificial about it, and finally it became tiresome. Journalism may have contributed to its extinction. But it furnished a subject for Phillips Brooks in his first independent effort to try his strength.

[1] The Mercantile Library offered a prize for the best report of its lectures, and among the competitors were the father of Phillips Brooks and the late Senator Sumner. Mr. Brooks records in his journal his defeat, and also that the prize was taken by "a Mr. Charles Sumner."

His next attempt in this line of independent essay writing is no more successful than the first. It was read in the beginning of the Junior year before the Alpha Delta Phi, to which he had recently been elected. He had evidently some difficulty in finding a title for the material at his disposal. His essay was finally called "September," after the month in which it was read. But he had little or nothing to say upon its natural beauties or characteristics. He begins at once with a list of the distinguished persons who have been born or who have died in September. He selects from these three names on which he proposes to comment. They will constitute so many dishes, from which to taste. Steele shall be the one representing literature, Mohammed and Bossuet shall stand for religion, and Pompey for the army. All this is very artificial, as it need not be remarked; but the style is graceful, and he is speaking for himself. Mohammed interests him. He regards him as an impostor, yet seeks to get at the man, how far he was a genius, what kind of a conscience he must have had. In this connection he says: "It may sound like a paradox, but it is nevertheless true, that the most weak-headed men are always the most headstrong." Evidently, also, he had reflected upon the strange career of Steele, whose life he summarizes effectively. Beneath the formal defects of this essay may be discerned the traces of power.

When we come to the next essays, written at the age of seventeen, we see Phillips Brooks at an important moment in the history of his growth. The essays in the Latin School were somewhat perfunctory, although with flashes of native power or insight, but chiefly showing his large heart, which even as a boy sought to embrace his whole world. His first essays in Harvard show signs of embarrassment, where substance and form have not yet fully been harmonized. Now there comes a series of essays, of which the faded manuscripts of four have been preserved, revealing his most distinctive characteristics, his knowledge, his power of expression, his appropriation of truth by the imagination. That was happening to him which happened to the leaders of the

Renaissance in the fifteenth century, when, after a period of long seclusion in the nursery, as it were, of mediævalism, they came forth and made the acquaintance of the larger world of human life, the world as it really is, and not as it is seen when looked at in the light of theory or provincial exclusiveness. Erasmus had collected in his "Adagia" the wisdom of the nations in all ages. Montaigne in his "Essays" commented on the usages of different peoples, recognizing that there were different ways of looking at life, but all of them significant as expressive of life. If it was a critical moment in the experience of these men, so was it also, and much more, critical in the case of a youth to whom the world was now opening up its significance. In the case of Erasmus, Montaigne, and others, there had been induced a skeptical mood, the conviction that there was truth in other lands than the Christian, that the church had no monopoly of human wisdom. Phillips Brooks was following in the same direction; the duty was imposed on him also, of comparing other worlds with his own, of adjusting the truth and the life of other ages and peoples with what had come to him by tradition in a Christian household. He did not fall into skepticism; at least there is no trace of his having yielded the faith of his childhood, but there is evidence of some long struggle and absorbing effort before he measured for himself the extent of the problem and worked out his own solution. In these essays the man stands before us who throughout his career showed such marvellous power in the interpretation of life. Now and then he yields indeed to the spirit of the mocker, as it was manifested in Rabelais, or indulges in raillery. But that is not the final result; beneath there lies a deeper seriousness, the sense of the seriousness of life, — that feeling which he had inherited from Puritan ancestors, — too deeply ingrained a mood to be overcome. Yet with him it changes its form, and becomes an intense consciousness of life. He was alive in himself at every pore of his being, and no life or expression of life could he regard as alien to himself. It was in something of this spirit that he wrote these later essays. They tell us what he had been doing with his

time in college quite as much as do the marks he received for recitation or examination. They were spontaneous products not called for by the college routine; he gained nothing by them for his college rank as a scholar, but he revealed himself in his power to his contemporaries, and he also revealed himself to his own soul.

These general remarks upon his later essays at Harvard must be taken in place of any detailed analysis which would do them justice. They are too long to be reproduced here, each of them occupying an hour in the delivery, for they were written to be read. The first of them is entitled "On National Greetings and Sports as Hints of National Character." It was read before the Hasty Pudding Club, December 27, 1853. It makes the impression of a wide knowledge of the subject in the writer. He is bringing together the fruit of all his reading. Much of his information was gained from the "Essays" of Montaigne. There was another source over which he had browsed to some purpose, — the now antiquated "Library of Useful Knowledge," whose volumes covered many departments of learning. Drake's "Literary Hours" was a favorite with him, — a work published in 1804, and even to-day an interesting book with its mélange of poetry, criticism, and romance. Another book contributing to the same result was Sir Thomas Browne's "Vulgar Errors," or "Enquiries into very many Received Tenents [*sic*] and commonly Received Truths." In addition to these sources of information was the material derived from his reading of the classics, and the study of Greek and Roman antiquities. The manners and sports of the Jewish people he knew from his careful home training in the knowledge of the Bible. His essay is interlarded with quotations from various writers, Greek and Latin, German and English. It might seem as if he were making a display of his learning, if it were not that every quotation told, and all combined to illustrate his theme. It is noticeable that he makes no distinction between Judea and Greece, Rome, Egypt, or China, nor gives any preference to Christian greetings. There is no effort to distinguish between religious and secular things; all are alike significant

as manifestations of human life. What is still more remarkable is the easy mastery of his materials. He does not present his information in a stiff formal manner as something apart from himself, which he has gleaned. He rather makes the impression of an original observer, who had entered into the spirit of other customs and usages and assimilated their meaning, reproducing the information gathered from books with a native power of his own, and giving it a deeper force and reality from contact with his imagination. He has turned the literature of knowledge into the literature of power. A certain sense of humor underlies his treatment of national manners, with an occasional touch of satire. Of the Chinese he remarks that "they are not children, but dwarfs. They were tied on at their birth like Indian papooses to the backs of old prejudices and opinions, and have never been allowed to travel faster than their mother squaws could walk." But in the main the treatment of his subject is serious, — to illustrate how all that is distinctive in a nation finds expression in its manners, or its mode of daily greeting, whether it be religion with the Jew, or valor with the Roman. At the same time he thinks a certain law runs through the history of his theme. Salutations were at first simple and natural expression, then they became complex and elaborate and meaningless, and now they are showing signs of a return to simplicity. That word "simplicity" was to represent to him in his later life, as in his boyhood, the most efficient method of attaining a great end. It was one of the catchwords of his philosophy of life and religion. It is a constantly recurring word in his early essays and in his later sermons. It may be that in this devotion to simplicity he is reflecting the influence of Carlyle, but if so the seed had fallen into good ground to bring forth in its time a hundredfold. These prophetic words of Carlyle found in him a great fulfilment: "Veracity, true simplicity of heart, how valuable are these alway. He that speaks what is really in him will find men to listen though under never such impediments."

One other remark is suggested by this essay. He was here combining in his own way those two things which are

too often held apart, the outward form and the inner spirit. These were tendencies in him which it is hopeless ever to see perfectly reconciled, — the one coming from his father, the other from his mother. But at this early age he had caught the principle, the psychological interest which binds them together. The external form and symbol must be infused with spirit, or it must lose its meaning and value. But also spirit neglectful of the form may become an empty dream.

This essay was the first independent effort of a boy of seventeen who was seeking to understand the world in which he found himself. That this purpose of interpreting the world and human life constituted his deepest interest is shown by his returning to the subject in the following year, when he read another essay of a similar kind before the Hasty Pudding Club. In his first essay he had viewed manners and sports as signs of national character. He now seeks their bearing upon the individual man. He is trying to enter the consciousness of other ages, to know what it was like to have been a man of the ancient world or of the Middle Ages. His ideal would combine the freshness of the early youth of the world with all its later accumulation of worth. There is fascination for him in the chivalry of the Middle Ages, and he is inclined to think this period of history has been too much maligned. He is not so sure that the modern world is in all its aspects superior to antecedent worlds. Hence his contrast of its feverish activity, its greed for gold, with the calmness of an age that is gone. And yet something of that calmness of spirit has descended from the older world, and constitutes a restful element in modern life. He is dealing seriously with great ideas and truths, yet his touch is light and even playful. He compares the world to a great toy, a kaleidoscope, whose constituents are like little bits of glass of all sorts, sizes, and colors, shaken together at random. As they fall apart, or fall together, or arrange themselves in gaudy stars or in sober colors and more solid forms, we have the changing pictures of human history.

That this desire to fathom the meaning of life in this

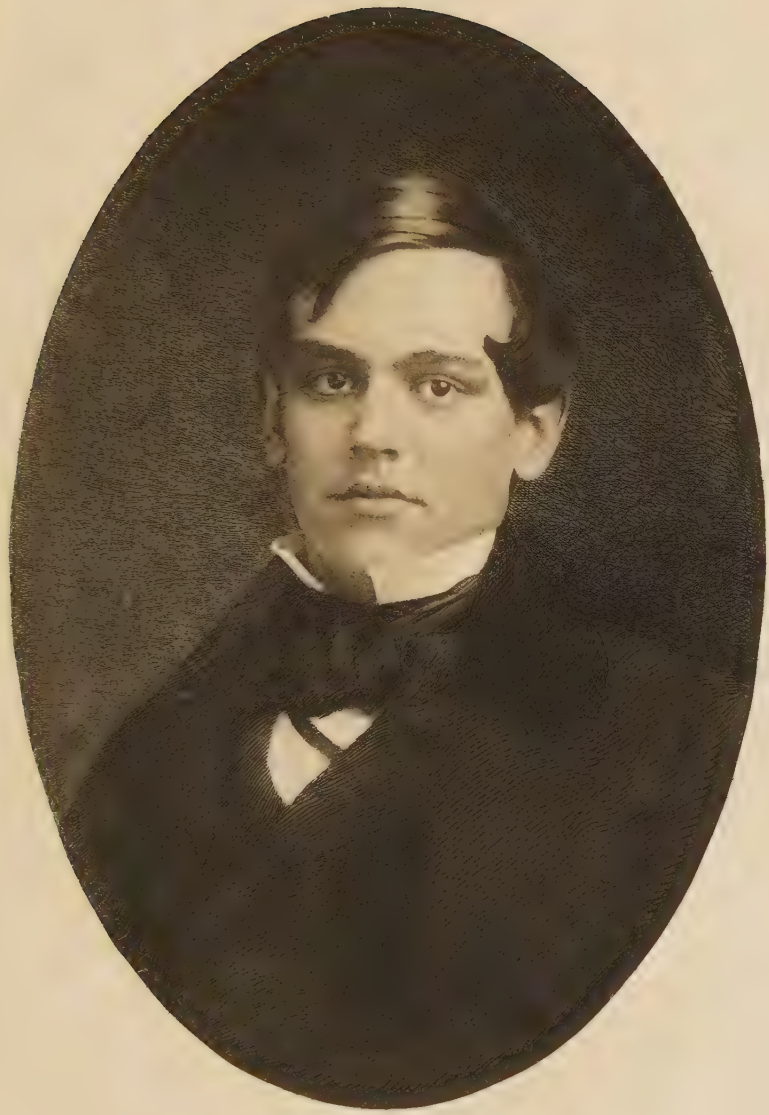
world, and if possible to get its formula, was his ruling motive is shown in another long and elaborate essay, written at the age of eighteen and read before the Institute, July 13, 1853. It deserves a brief summary. He takes for his motto words of Carlyle: "Men search for worlds in the heavens above, while there are others as bright and nearer around them on the earth." He now starts out with a new figure, as giving a controlling unity to his experience. Every thoughtful man he compares to an astronomer, pointing his telescope in many directions. There is the telescope of memory which scans the past, or the telescope of hope for discerning the future. There is the glass through which a man looks inward. In the first part of his essay he is weighing the value of the past, as compared with the present, holding the balance carefully lest on the one hand the past should be overrated, or on the other hand, lest it be underrated in the absorption with existing things. The past, he is inclined to believe, was as great in its way as the present. Already he is beginning to outgrow the vast assumptions of the American schoolboy. "The American," he remarks, "is born with a consummate prejudice in favor of his birthplace, and all that belongs to it. Unable to look back upon a long array of historic wonders in his country's annals, he naturally has recourse to the future, and declares that the world shall yet see that there is no other nation on the face of the earth which will be able to keep pace with his own, and no race to be compared with him and his descendants." With this ranting about the future, this tendency to wipe out the past, as no longer worthy of consideration, he was out of sympathy. Humanity, as a whole and in all its history, had already become to him a sacred reality.

From this preliminary discussion, he turns to study the various worlds within the world of human society. He treats of the divisions among men, the laboring classes, the literary and the aristocratic. There is an aristocracy of wealth, which is the lowest; an aristocracy of birth, where "the man of family takes the measure of his merits with his line of ancestry. If he be poor, he wraps himself up snugly in his

coat-of-arms and makes the length of his lineage atone for the scantiness of his purse;" and lastly, there is the aristocracy of merit, the truly best, whose object is to raise, rather than to crush, its inferiors. He defends the idea of grades in society in order that there may be something to look up to above the sordid plane of the many, examples in the minor duties and decencies and refinements of life. "All men are created equal, says the Declaration of Independence, but it is a doctrine disproved by every birth. To live in perfect equality has been tried and found impractical." But the true aristocracy of a Utopian world would aim to elevate the whole. He concludes with words which are personal: —

> I am aware that the view which I have taken of these worlds has been very superficial and very incomplete, but I do not pretend to be a philosopher, though philosophers are the mushroom growth of every soil, tilled or untilled, at the present time. They are springing up in every corner of the land. They talk in philosophical style of the philosophy of the present and the philosophy of the past. Travelling with them is the philosophy of locomotion, and a plain dinner the philosophy of consumption. But is this true philosophy? They acknowledge that life is a grave problem, but they prefer to guess at the answer rather than to work it out by slow and labored reasoning. They would rather drop their little buckets in the deep well, too deep for the ropes of their ideas to reach the water, than to drink from the pure gushing spring that starts from the surface of the ground. The true philosopher is something very different from this. He is the real astronomer, the mental Herschel, living with one eye always on the heavens and the other on the records of past wisdom. The philosopher is universal in his views. He is no mean contemptible Janus with only two pair of eyes, but a perfect Argus with an hundred pair of eyes all over, and looking in all directions, a moral Gulliver who has visited every world, and who knows the whole geography, the great and the little, the Brobdignag and the Lilliput, of the human heart.

In 1854, while in his Junior year, he made his first entrance into print in the pages of the "Harvard Monthly," of which he was one of the editors. The title of his article is "The English Table Talkers." From a literary point of



view this is the most complete of all his early efforts. The style has the free swing and graceful ease of his later work. There is a tone of mastery and power; he utters himself with confidence as though he knew; and the whole paper is environed with a genial happy atmosphere. But what is more important, this essay on "The English Table Talkers" reveals him in his process of development. It was the direct fruit of his reading, where he laid under contribution Walpole and Selden, Johnson and Coleridge. In a short paper he could not say much, nor does he attempt to illustrate. But his characterization is keen and direct. It is not in this, however, that the significance of his essay chiefly lies, but rather in his appreciation of the reason why table talk has so potent a charm. He sees that Boswell's reports of Johnson's conversation are more interesting than "Rasselas" or anything which Johnson wrote; that Selden's "Casual Remarks" are interesting when his "Mare Clausum" may be dull. He admires the enthusiasm, the perfect sanity also, which the conversation reveals. Nothing pleases him more than this sound judgment and prevailing good sense, particularly in Coleridge. Of Boswell's "Johnson" he remarks: "It has been the friend and companion of half the world ever since it first appeared. . . . Everybody scolds at Boswell and professes to despise him, calls him hard names, and then reads his book over and over again." The point which he is mainly concerned with is this, that the secret of the charm in all these talkers lies in their unveiling of themselves, so that we see the simple, natural, unaffected men, — "the least artificial of men in their least artificial mood." Those who are reserved and affected are yet desirous of simplicity and naturalness in others. In simple, free, and natural talk there lies an attraction which no other form of human appeal can rival. "*Men like to be talked to better than to be preached at; they prefer the easy-chair to the pulpit.*"

He takes occasion in this paper, when speaking of Walpole, to give an estimate of the value of letter writing. "He was one of the greatest of letter writers, and, perhaps we

may say, consequently not one of the greatest of men. There is a talent needed in a good letter, as in any other good thing, but it is never of the highest, and often of the lowest kind. As a general thing we read letters to be interested and informed, but not improved; and so if interest and information, but not improvement, are the result, we have no thoughts of a complaint or breach of promise. Men do not drop true genius into the post office, or trust the evidence of a great soul to the letter bag." This pronounced opinion upon the value of letter writing formed at the age of eighteen, he seems to have retained as a permanent conviction. He wrote many letters full of interest and information, but never with the intention of dropping the evidence of a great soul into the post office.

The approbation of his fellow students for these gratuitous efforts, which cost him time and labor, was ratified by the college judges, when, in his Junior year, he offered an essay in competition for the first Bowdoin prize. The topic assigned was the "Teaching of Tacitus regarding Fate and Destiny." He had failed to take the prize in the Latin School, when he wrote his elaborate eulogy on "Mathematics," for which he had no taste; here was a subject suited to his mind, where he could delve in the sources and draw his own conclusions, reconstructing a distant age by his imagination, analyzing a personality, entering into the moods and thoughts generated by the peculiar quality of the time. He applies to Tacitus the principle of development, studying first his earlier writings and then his later, in order to observe whether his reflections upon life changed with his advancing years and experience. He recognized that when faith in the popular religion had been shaken, as it was with Tacitus, so that the worship of the gods, and the gods themselves, had become an unreality, the mind must necessarily be driven to vacillate between the two alternatives of chance or fate, as the explanation of the movement of events. He discriminated between the two schools of history: the one seeking to confine itself to the narration of outward events; the other haunted with the problem, as it records the event,

why it should have taken the shape it did. This problem he detects in the mind of Tacitus, forcing him at times to remark on the mystery of life, but unable wholly to escape from a dreary process wherein at one moment it seemed as if blind chance was the last resort, or again, the belief seemed rational that fate lay beneath the ordering of events. And he also recognizes how Tacitus was oblivious of the new religion, with its conception of a revelation, where Deity was presented as the creator and omnipotent ruler of the world. In this essay there is seriousness and intensity, and also a religious feeling not apparent in his papers before the literary societies.

When we turn from the literary influences to which he was subjecting himself with a wisdom better than he knew, to inquire what forces were acting upon his religious life, we are met with reserve and an almost unfathomable silence. He kept no religious journal to record his impressions or his aspirations. His mother's religious teaching in the home circle was now confined to the younger boys. It had consisted mainly in the reproduction of Dr. Vinton's instructions to his adult Bible class, but accompanied with a mother's fervency and her own peculiar emphasis. That had done its work. When he entered Harvard, however, it could not have been long before he felt the expansion of his religious horizon, in whose unaccustomed vastness many familiar landmarks must have seemed to shift their relative positions. In these years great changes were taking place in the religious world. But New England differed widely in its peculiar religious development from the mother country. Harvard was a stranger to any such religious reformer as John Henry Newman, who had convulsed Oxford as well as all England in the forties. Phillips Brooks does not seem to have heard while in college of either Pusey or Newman. Next to Emerson, who to some extent was one of his religious teachers, the most potent influence disturbing the familiar convictions of the time was Theodore Parker. Since 1842 he had been preaching in the Boston Music Hall. In 1852 he published his "Ten Sermons of Religion," and in 1853 his "Theism,

Atheism, and the Popular Theology." He was at once the delight of some, but the terror of the many. There was sensitiveness on the subject in the Brooks household. The mother was alarmed at the growth of his influence. Whether Phillips Brooks listened at any time to Parker's preaching, or had at this stage of his life read any of Parker's sermons, is not known. But the picture is a striking one and offers food for reflection, — the one great preacher was in the fulness of his strength while his successor, who was to surpass him in influence and to undo the negative tendencies of his thought, was slowly growing up in the seclusion of Harvard.

It was the essence of Parker's teaching that the divine revelation must be submitted to the tribunal of human reason; that all purporting to be divine, whatever its source, however imposing the prestige of its authority, must come to this tribunal for judgment and sentence. No external authority must be allowed to overawe the soul of man which was made in the divine image, with the capacities of the divine nature, and endowed by the divine will with gifts and graces, insight and supreme authority. This was the great clash and struggle of the middle of the century. On the one side, Newman, pleading with rare eloquence for the submission of the soul, without examination, to external authority, and carelessly adding to the burden thus to be received all the peculiarities of a distant mediæval experience; and on the other hand, Parker, vehemently demanding the soul's emancipation from obedience or even deference to any tradition, exalting the capacity of the soul by its transcendental endowment to the position of a supreme arbiter in matters of faith. Parker was the embodiment of the spirit of transcendentalism, Newman that of mediævalism, which was its antipodes. The former best expressed the direction and tendency of American religious thought; the latter was captivating many of the choicest English spirits, for whom transcendentalism was an impossibility, but who had no other alternative.

Out of this conflict there came that phenomenon so common in this period, what is called "religious doubt." It affected young men in the universities wherever thought had

been awakened. It was illustrated in its most typical form by the case of Stirling, who had fallen under Carlyle's influence, to the destruction for a time of his religious faith, and leading to the abandonment of his calling as a minister of the Church of England. Arthur Hugh Clough was another signal instance of its working, who was in Boston in 1852, and had been admitted to the friendship of Emerson and Longfellow. But his poetry was not yet known. Tennyson had illustrated this mood of religious doubt in his "In Memoriam," with something more than an artist's power. It was the case of those to whom it would be moral and intellectual suicide to submit to Newman's guidance, while they did not feel competent for themselves to sit in judgment upon the issues of the traditional faith. To such as these Tennyson became for the time a religious teacher, as well as the truest of poets. The opening words of the prologue of his poem became an anchor to many inquiring spirits, who would fain believe, but could not: —

> Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
> Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
> By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
> Believing where we cannot prove.

There is no direct evidence, as by any confession of his own, that the soul of Phillips Brooks was torn by this representative struggle of the moment. But there is indirect evidence which points to some inward disturbance as though the depths of his being were troubled. For one thing, he delayed presenting himself for the rite of confirmation. In the normal order of the church the proper age is from sixteen upwards. His brother William had been confirmed at eighteen, his younger brothers were confirmed at the same age, and even earlier, with the exception of George. His ancestors had gone through some religious experience while in college, which ended in "joining the church" at the same early age. But he continued to postpone the decisive act during his years in college. He knew well his mother's wishes; he was not unmindful of her prayers, her one consuming desire to see him kneeling at the Holy Communion.

He was dutiful and obedient; his love for his mother was as deep as the roots of his being. He could recall how his father had taken the momentous step, when it must have cost him no slight effort to do so. There is no trace of any effort of his parents to hurry or to force the decision. If, as we suppose, they refrained from so doing, they were wise. He was not ready for confirmation, but he was waiting, and that is all that can be said. That he had his thoughts upon the subject is certain; beyond that it is impossible to speak. There was but one religious society in the college, the Christian Brethren, in which one of his ancestors had been prominent, but of this he was not a member.

It is not without its bearing upon this subject that the scrutiny of his college essays reveals no tendency to dwell upon the subject of religion. This is in contrast to his theses written while in the Latin School. That his earlier boyish efforts should have expressed a religious faith and acquiescence with the home teaching, in emphatic and even enthusiastic form, does not show, indeed, that it was premature and unreal, but does show that a profound and independent process was required before it became in the realest sense his own; that when he returned to the formulas, so easily accepted at first, it would be with a consciousness of appropriation, making them new, as if unknown before. We may then only surmise, but cannot otherwise measure, the working of his spirit at this moment. There were depths in his nature which had not been reached by the ministrations of his pastor. There was a reconciliation to be accomplished between what he had been taught by others and what he was learning by himself.

Certain characteristics of Phillips Brooks stand out with prominence in his college days. He was marked by a profound reserve. He would not talk of himself or reveal his inmost thoughts. He had many friends; he was greatly admired; his favor and friendship were courted by many as a prize. Something of the feeling toward him which showed itself in later years in the extravagance of devotion already existed. But to know him intimately was impossible. When

efforts were made to draw him out, they invariably ended in failure. He appeared to be frankness and simplicity, but the inner citadel of his being was in his own possession. He became accustomed to these efforts to induce him to talk about himself, and he learned to parry them, to throw the inquirer off the track, or to turn the subject, and yet without giving offence. Close as were some of his friends he gave his full confidence to no one. This characteristic reserve, which remained unbroken throughout his life, might seem to call for some explanation. It was the symbol at least of a great personality, capable of standing alone and facing the world, when the time should come, in independence and freedom. The sense of the sacredness of the inner life, to be known only to God in its fulness, is here apparent, as the motive of his being. Again, he identified himself with his thought and his conviction to such an extent that he did not exist apart from them. He was really giving himself when others least suspected it, for it was done in impersonal ways which did not suggest that he was imparting the inner mystery of his being. There are some men, and notably Shakespeare as the type, of whom but little or nothing is known, because they have given themselves in their work. That constitutes their biography, and therein lies the personality, which we lose, if we try to catch glimpses of another type of character, where the man appears apart from the purpose of his existence.

Another feature of Phillips Brooks was his power of observation. This was a gift which in his case required no cultivation for its exercise. He saw everything which fell under his gaze, and, like an artist as he was, he saw clearly and distinctly. Everything made its distinct impression, to be remembered and brooded over, till it should reappear in some organic relationship when the opportunity for its setting should come. He was receiving impressions when he seemed most idle, always noting his impressions, never allowing the slightest detail to escape him. The whole world of college life came to a focus in his mental vision. From this gift, and the exercise of it, he could not escape. Such was

the impression he made in his college days upon those who knew him best.

But in all this there was an unconscious burden of an ever-increasing body of new impressions to be carried. What he learned from books and teachers was much, and was most important, but it was a small part, and always remained a relatively small fraction, compared with what he gained from the observation of life. When to this was joined his power of imagination, the burden was increased. He was doomed by this gift to read the thought and enter into the experience of others, easily and naturally, it would almost seem by no experience of his own. The word "imagination" is a difficult word to define; it has never been defined, but stands vaguely to do duty for much that is incapable of analysis. In its largest sense it is only another aspect of observation, a wider range of its exercise and under more subtle, intangible conditions. There is the knowledge of life and the world to be gained from observation, whether of men or books; there is the imagination, enabling one to enter a still wider experience. To these must be added another factor. One must have the world already in his own soul, seeing much through anticipation, or he remains blind with seeing eyes, and all experience and observation become dead and unproductive labor. "The knowledge of the world is inborn with the genuine poet, so that he needs not much experience or varied observation to represent it adequately." Such was the substance of the reply of Goethe to Eckermann, when the latter was admiring in "Faust" the marks of a careful study of life and the world. Coleridge has also reached the same conclusion: —

> I may not hope from outward forms to win
> The passion and the life whose fountains are within.

So Phillips Brooks came upon the scene, with a rich world of his own, his most rare endowment. We need not analyze it or seek to detect its source. Something surely came from his long line of descent, as if his ancestors for many generations had been preparing for his work. To his father and his mother his indebtedness was more direct, in that composite gift which united the love of the world that now is

with a deep principle of spiritual aspiration. The abounding wealth of this endowment enabled him to read the outer world and the human soul through the world within him, so that he seemed at home in the universe without effort and knew it by turning his gaze within, anticipating what others gain by effort and most men never reach.

The manner of Phillips Brooks while in college is remembered as quiet and undemonstrative, not particularly noticeable in any way. Among his friends he displayed that fine capacity for trifling which certainly did not diminish in his later years. One of his classmates, Mr. G. C. Sawyer, contributes this picture from memory: —

Phillips Brooks, though a quiet man in college days, was the brilliant writer, taking prizes for English essays and doing the best writing at all times in the various societies to which he belonged. At the same time it was, I remember, noticeable, how outside of this literary vein so markedly brilliant, he did not, except occasionally, let himself out in conversation. He was playful, even boyish, at times bright and witty in his speech. He distinctly refused, as in later years, to be drawn; and I call to mind one time when an importunate classmate, more obtrusive than considerate, had forced him to a long walk for the too manifest purpose of drawing him into literary or philosophic converse, came back to the amusement of those of us who knew Brooks's moods better, quite discomfited at having got from him little but the persiflage which on occasions he understood so well how to use.

Thus early in life he was distinguished by nothing more than by a dislike of show and of putting himself or his opinions forward. At the same time there never was a doubt in the minds of his college friends or his instructors that underneath lay a rich vein, so deep down that it promised when worked to be developed into products of marvellous value. Even then he had, I may say, his worshippers, who foretold great things of him. But then, as afterwards, he was always noticeable for putting aside anything that looked like adulation even from friends. His best efforts seemed to come easily and naturally.

The lines of Wordsworth come to me in thinking of those youthful days when with his great powers still in their formative state, he went in and out among us, "moving about in worlds not realized."

How well I remember climbing up to his room in Stoughton, uppermost story, late at night, and finding him stretched out on a sofa, reading, his table covered with books which, with his omnivorous capacity of rapidly going through, he had taken from the library when preparing a Bowdoin essay.

When he graduated at Harvard in 1855 he was but nineteen, his twentieth birthday being six months distant. He was still a boy in feeling and manner. How he then appeared to a timid Freshman, looking up to the Seniors with too great deference, is told by one who sat at the same table with him, observing the grace of his ways and fascinated by the wonderful charm of his face. He would take the opportunity to push dishes to the end of the table, where the Freshmen sat, who would otherwise have failed to get their rightful share. He took one of the Freshmen aside on one occasion, and solemnly urged him to greater self-assertion. The college, he said to him, really belonged to the Freshman class, who were just entering and had their college life before them, rather than to the Seniors, like himself, who had had their day and were about to leave.[1] It is a slight incident, but shows the inborn tendency to get at the reality of the situation, even if he must reverse the consecrated judgments of tradition.

Whether he had thought of a profession to be followed after leaving college, or how far he may have had the ministry in view, is uncertain. One of his classmates, whose opinion of him is founded upon much familiar association, thinks that already he had it in contemplation as a possibility, and was not surprised when he learned of his decision in the year following his graduation. But there was one peculiar obstacle in the way, not to mention others, which may have had its force upon his mind. In those days the anti-slavery sentiment was fast ripening, and there were many who were ready for revolt and separation, if the evil and the disgrace could not be otherwise removed. The great leaders of the anti-slavery movement were inclined to blame the churches and the Christian ministry for their

[1] This reminiscence is contributed by Dr. H. P. Walcott of Cambridge, Mass.

indifference to the cause of abolition, even if they were not prepared to break with the Church altogether, because in that critical moment she came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty. With this feeling Phillips Brooks had deep sympathy. He has remarked that the attitude of the clergy during the civil war had set back the church to such an extent that the evil would not be overcome for a generation. If he thought of the ministry as his calling in life, it may have been only because in his childhood he had felt its attractive appeal to his imagination. He was now aware that the prevailing sentiment among young men of his age was that the church did not offer the prospect of the highest usefulness or the widest influence. There is no evidence that any decision had been reached. If his college life had contributed no other direct preparation than the cultivation of a high ideal of character, the manifestation of a moral purpose as evidenced by a life unspotted from the evil that is in the world, it had done the most important work in fitting him for his sacred calling. He left this impression on the mind of his classmate Sawyer, who, when reading a tribute recently paid by Mr. Gladstone to the character of Arthur Hallam, was so impressed with its verisimilitude in the case of Phillips Brooks that he offered it as a contribution to this Memoir: —

> Arthur Hallam's life at Eton was certainly a very happy life. He enjoyed work, he enjoyed society; and games which he did not enjoy he contentedly left aside. His temper was as sweet as his manners were winning. His conduct was without a spot or even a speck. He was that rare and blessed creature, *anima naturaliter Christiana.*

We may sum up the years of his college life, in their superficial aspects, or as vouched for by the few documents that exist. He had fitted himself for teaching in certain lines, especially the classics. He was possessed of some of the tools of modern learning, a reading knowledge of German and of French. He had acquired the taste for literature and had already entered into its spirit for himself, reading primarily to admire and in a mood of deepest reverence.

He had given evidence of his power, impressing his contemporaries, some of them at least, with the conviction of his coming greatness, of some high vocation in reserve for him. The resultant of his experience had been to make him a humanist, of an exalted type, but a humanist in so far as he recognized the sacredness and beauty and joy of the secular life. Those tendencies which he inherited from his father were at this time uppermost. But there was another inheritance from his mother and his stricter Puritan ancestry, the God-consciousness, with which he must reckon in the future. Signs of its existence and presence were not wanting; its latent force may have deterred him from too easily making the formal profession of the Christian life. To reconcile these two in organic divine relationship was to be the work of his life, but as yet his mission was not revealed to him. The transitions of life are mysterious, never fully accounted for after all our pains. Phillips Brooks himself must be their best exponent in his own experience. In the world he carried within himself, these transitions were in the foreground. He studied himself in order to read other men. He paused at these halting-places and landmarks, and reverently sought to read their deeper meaning. In a sermon entitled "The Sacredness of Life," we are getting glimpses of his autobiography. "He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest him a long life, even for ever and ever," was his text.

> We, too, ask God for life; every struggle for self-support, every shudder at the thought of dying, every delight in existence, is a cry for life. We may not mean it for a prayer. We may not turn it Godward. With us, as we utter it, it may be a mere vague cry into the darkness, but God hears it as a cry to Him. . . . When we first take the life which He gives us, we do not know what it is. Its depth, its richness, only opens to us gradually. Only gradually do we learn that God has given to us not merely the power of present being and present enjoyment, but that, wrapped up and hidden in that, He has given us the power of thinking, feeling, loving, living, in such deep and lofty ways that we may be in connection with the great continuous unbroken thoughts and feelings and movements of the universe. The life which He has given us is in its capacities not merely a thing of this moment. It is a part of the life of the universe. It is eternal life. . . .

The unconscious infant lives in a mere animal existence, and later, when the strong and healthy boy begins to grow conscious of the delight of life, it is pure life, life simply as a fact, life not with reference to the deeper powers it contains or the far-off issues with which it has to do, that gives him such hourly delight in living. There comes back to many of us, I am sure, the ringing verse in which Browning has made this very David, when he was a boy, sing in the presence of King Saul of this pure consciousness of joy in the mere fact of being alive: —

> Oh, the wild joys of living! . . .
> How good is man's life, the mere living, how fit to employ
> All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy.

In his placing of a bright unquestioning boyhood at the beginning of every man's career, does it not seem as if God had meant to indicate that this sense of life as a blessing in itself must be the basis out of which all the sense of the special blessedness of special events in life must grow, as if He meant to have us take life as a whole and thank Him for our creation before we looked deeper and saw what were the true purposes of life? But by and by the time for that deeper look must come. . . . The thoughts and anxieties and duties of a man come crowding up into the life of a light-hearted boy. Care for things to which he was once all indifferent, hopes of things about which he once never dreamed, ambitions and desires of influence and power, the delight in half-discovered faculties, and, as the crown of all, conscious religion or the realized relationship with God, the love of and the obedience to Christ, all these become his one after another. . . . See him at forty, rich in all these, the earnest, thoughtful, religious man, full of associations with the world and with his fellow man and God. This is the same being with the boy who played in simple health and thoughtlessness thirty years ago. How have all these things come to him? Have angels come down one by one, each bringing one of these new gifts and put them one by one into his life? Have they not rather opened one by one out of that life itself, called out by God, urged out by the half-blind desire to be all that it had within itself the capacity of being, but certainly coming forth out of the very substance of the life itself, and therefore having been in the life from the beginning? There never was the moment when the hand of God touched Shakespeare's lips and bade him be the poet. Never a time when as a new endowment a breath from Heaven gave to St. John the capacity to be a saint; never a day when the nature of Raphael was filled with genius. These things were in these men from the beginnings of their lives.[1]

[1] Cf. *New Starts in Life, and Other Sermons*, pp. 108 ff. It was written in

When he was writing this sermon, in 1882, he was surely contemplating in the retrospect his own early manhood and the transition to it from his youth. He makes his appeal to the young men before him, who expect to become religious some day, but are not so now. What can they do now, in anticipation of that coming change? This much at least, they can keep their hands pure, and guard their sense from the least taint of impurity. In this way they will be faithful already to what unguessed deeper life God has in his intentions for them. "No man is living worthily who is not faithful already to the future life which he does not yet understand, but which he knows must come. Your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost, says Paul. Before the God has accepted the temple, the temple must feel the influence of his promised coming and keep his empty courts clean for him." He admits that out of the substance of our sins, the mercy of God can make a new life. In every man's youth, be it as pure as it may, there will be enough for God to forgive. But he warns them of the years of dissipation and idleness, which rest like an incubus on men when they make their first effort to be Christians. He condemns as a base heresy the notion that one must go through wickedness to get goodness. It was the summary of his own experience when he said, "Keep your life pure, that some day God may make it holy."

In the Order of Exercises for Commencement Day, July 17, 1855, the name of Phillips Brooks appears with a "Dissertation — Rabaut, the Huguenot Preacher." In a short paper, occupying some five minutes in the delivery, it was not possible that much should be said, nor was the subject, unfamiliar as it must have been to most of his audience, calculated to evoke the eloquence of the speaker. The conventionality of the occasion, the perfunctory character of his performance as a piece of college routine were unfavorable circumstances for one who revelled in the sense of freedom, demanding naturalness and spontaneity as the conditions of

1882, æt. 47, and preached in Trinity Church, Boston, March 19, 1882, and in St. John's Memorial Chapel, Cambridge, February 24, 1884.

his best utterance. Nor does he seem to have been greatly interested in the subject assigned to him, or to have made any special study for its treatment. He took Rabaut as a specimen of a man, living under the power of a great belief. What he says of him would apply with equal force to a hundred others that might easily be named. He simply used the name as a peg whereon to hang his own reflections. Rabaut was strong because he had a belief which had come down to him from the past. He saw

how the years gone by were made for him, how century sent down to century its lessons and its meanings, and how he, the heir of all the ages, had a right to his inheritance, to the enlightened belief, which had been so long ripening for the world. This belief filled his life and made him what he was. It taught him to grasp the present and to see the good of his own wrecked age. Through this belief he looked into the future and became a prophet, to warn of the impending ruin for which a corrupt court and faithless philosophers were preparing. Such was the Pope of the Huguenots, as he was called, *le pasteur du Desert*.

It is, then, a noble thing for a man to have something noble to believe. It gives him strength. It makes him such a man as Paul Rabaut. Without his genius, without his great mind, any man may have his great belief, his simple, earnest trust in what to him is truth. There were many greater *minds* in France, but there was not one greater *man*. . . . These are the lives that teach the world to live. These are the characters that stand along the street of daily life, looking quietly down like great statues upon the business and the bustle, the duties and the works, of the world which has come after them, and perpetuating their lesson of faith forever.

CHAPTER IV

SEPTEMBER, 1855–OCTOBER, 1856

HIS EXPERIENCE AS USHER IN THE BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL. RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS. EXTRACTS FROM HIS NOTE-BOOK

After graduating from college, Phillips Brooks made a successful application for the position of usher (teacher) in the Boston Latin School, and began his work there in September, 1855, not yet having reached his twentieth birthday. In this it might seem as though he were only taking the line of least resistance. His high rank as a classical scholar in college made such an opening possible without further preparation. He would also be at once in possession of an income, — a consideration weighing with him in view of the younger brothers who were following, whose education must have been a strain on the family resources. It may have been a matter of no small pride that he would be able so early to take care of himself. In the meantime, also, while gaining experience, he would be able to look about him and decide at his leisure upon his vocation in life.

But all this, while it may have some truth, is hypothetical. The actual fact seems to be that he had already made up his mind that his true calling was to be a teacher. The evidence that this was his decided preference will appear more fully in later chapters. Here, at least, it may be partly anticipated by reference to a remark made in his later years, when he told a friend that the scheme of life he had laid out for himself on leaving college was to teach for a while in the Latin School, in order to gain experience, and then to go abroad for study in order to fit himself for a professorship.[1]

[1] From a conversation with Rev. James P. Franks of Salem, a very dear and lifelong friend.

It must be assumed, then, that he had determined upon teaching as his vocation and not merely as a temporary expedient. The decision must have been reached, after all the deliberation of which he was capable, that the work of a teacher was the highest to which a man could be called; that it was the simplest, the most natural, the most powerful mode also for serving one's fellows, and of exerting a deep and enduring influence, — a most real and genuine calling. He inherited the love of teaching from his mother, who was the first and most successful teacher of all her children, so instilling the rudiments of truth in their minds that they could not escape its permanent influence. His mother was born to be a teacher. But she in turn inherited from her father the conviction of the vast influence in the hands of one who was set to mould the mind and the character of the rising generation. We go back still further, to her grandfather, Judge Phillips of Andover, the founder of the academy, or Dr. Phillips, an uncle, the founder of the Exeter Academy. The love of teaching ran in the blood of the Phillips family. The love of country and of religion, of pure homes and high morals, the preservation in its integrity of the Puritan mission to the world, all these concentrated as so many motives in the one conviction that upon the teacher devolved the highest duty and privilege, — the maintenance and the advancement of what was most essential and most real in human living. There was something of the enthusiasm in New England in the days when it was planting its schools and nourishing the vocation of the teacher that we perceive in another new world in the remote past, — the age of Charlemagne, when men were first awakening to the necessity of schools and of teachers, in order to the salvation of government and society. So Phillips Brooks had in him the making of an Alcuin, who in the dawn of mediæval civilization became a power behind the throne and the church, to whom all subsequent ages acknowledge their debt of gratitude. Like Alcuin, he came to his work with enthusiasm; he had, as we say, the highest ideal of what an educator should be, that is, the highest ideal he was then capable of

conceiving. Had he continued in this calling, he, too, might have left his stamp upon methods of education, for his ideal would have expanded to meet the advancing claims of the higher education in all its directions. All his life long he had the deepest sympathy with teachers of every kind and grade. Nowhere was he more sought and valued than in schools and colleges and institutions of learning.

But now, on the very threshold of his career, he met with failure. So complete it seemed and so final that we can only adequately explain the situation by regarding it as some providential interference, which blocked the way and shut him out by some irreversible decree from any further attempt to pursue his favorite vocation. It was as if the world spirit had already fastened upon him for its own, and resented the possibility of his loss to its own mysterious purpose. He did not see it at the time, perhaps he never fully acquiesced in the verdict of the power, not his own, that makes of men what they do not contemplate, that carried him away and bore him aloft, but first took him into the wilderness till it had been shown him what he must do.

The failure of Phillips Brooks as a teacher in the Latin School was so conspicuous, and he was so widely known to a large circle of acquaintances in Boston, so great things also had been expected of him, that it was naturally a subject of much comment at the time, and could not be forgotten in after years. At first it had been an occasion of commiseration. But when he became distinguished as the unrivalled preacher it was still referred to, and used to point a moral. Some incidents connected with it have occasionally found their way into print. How his failure was regarded at the time is shown in the following remarks of Charles Francis Adams, Esq., now the president of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The occasion of the remarks was a meeting of the Historical Society shortly after the death of Phillips Brooks, when his name was commemorated as one of its members: —

I cannot remember the time when I did not know Phillips Brooks. He was my second cousin, for his father and my mother

were cousins-german. So, at almost the first school I ever went to, — a little dame school kept in a small wooden house then standing on Bedford Street, immediately in the rear of Church Green, as the enclosure on Summer Street was called whereon stood the New South meeting-house, in which Dr. Alexander Young then ministered, — in this antiquated little wooden edifice, long since removed, Phillips Brooks and I learned our letters; both of us, I take it, then being about the age of five or six. Some eight or ten years later, I next met him at the Boston Latin School, where he was one year in advance of me. Later on we were in college together; he still a year ahead, graduating in 1855. Of him at Cambridge I retain a distinct and pleasant recollection, for we were in many of the same societies, and he had already evinced that peculiar facility of written expression in which afterwards he won renown, and he was always chosen as a matter of course to deliver society orations and read literary papers. He belonged to a class singularly prolific in young men of ability and interesting character, many of whom, Barlow, Agassiz, Lyman, Dalton, and, above all, Brooks himself, subsequently achieved distinction. Unless my recollection deceives me, his room-mate was Edward Barry Dalton, with whom in after years at the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac my relations were most intimate, — a man who stands out clear and distinct in memory as one than whom few of finer or nobler character were encountered at a period and amid scenes which brought fine and noble characters rapidly to the front. And now, looking backwards through a vista of nearly forty years, that two such young men as Edward Barry Dalton and Phillips Brooks should have been among the friends of my youth makes me think better of myself, for, after all, the saying, "Tell me who your friends are, and I will tell you who you are," has truth in it. Those were indeed golden, precious days, — those days passed in the June sunshine of the college grounds with young men who seemed in no way unusual in our every-day eyes, but who in fact were filled, as the result soon showed, with infinite possibilities, the Bayards and Sidneys and Bossuets of the fast-coming years, — days I failed, as under like circumstances we all of us always fail, to appreciate at the time, and so grasp them and delight in them as they pass. . . .

After Brooks graduated, he became one of the ushers at the Boston Latin School, then presided over by Francis Gardner, — a man whom many here will remember, rough and harsh in exterior, but not without a kindly side for those whom he liked. To those he did not like a harder and less charitable man it would not be

easy to find; and those who knew both Francis Gardner and Phillips Brooks would feel instinctively at once that Francis Gardner could never have taken kindly to Phillips Brooks. The former was ingrained a schoolmaster, the latter was born a preacher; nor in saying this do I utter an ill word against either calling.

While Phillips Brooks was thus earning his living as usher at the Boston Latin School and waiting for the future to reveal itself to him, I was studying law in the office of Richard H. Dana, with whom Francis Edward Parker, formerly, as was Dana also, a member of this society, was associated as partner. Parker was then a member of the Boston School Committee, and as such head of the sub-committee having charge of the Boston Latin School; at which he, too, in his earlier post-graduate days had held the position of usher. I soon learned that Phillips Brooks was in trouble. The master complained that the usher had in him no single element of a successful school-teacher, — that he was unable to maintain order among the boys in his room, and, in short, that the good of the school peremptorily required an immediate change. The change accordingly was decided on, and Brooks's resignation called for. But the young man selected to take his place was not immediately available, and a question arose as to what was to be done during the intervening time, — a period perhaps of two or three weeks. Moved, probably, more by the humor of the thing than by any other motive, and not unwilling to try my hand in a new field, I suggested to Mr. Parker that I should make the experiment of taking charge of Brooks's room until the new master came. The idea struck Parker favorably, and he proposed it to Mr. Gardner. Years before I had been in Mr. Gardner's classes, and he saw fit to receive the suggestion with favor, though at first somewhat amused by it, as he had never looked on me as a possible instructor of youth; but I am led to believe that he expressed his conclusions in terms not necessarily complimentary to either Brooks or myself, intimating in his usual rough way that any change, no matter what, could hardly fail to be for the better. He thought, however, that in common decency the opportunity should be given Brooks to remain until his successor appeared, though he hardly believed he would do so. But in this Master Gardner was mistaken. Phillips Brooks, though both discouraged and cut to the quick by his failure, did wish to remain until his successor appeared; and as my services were thus dispensed with, I never occupied an usher's chair.

Now comes the point of my reminiscence. Shortly after this, as I was told at the time and have since seen no occasion to dis-

believe, Phillips Brooks — humiliated, discouraged, utterly broken down, indeed, by his complete failure at the threshold of life, not seeing well or at all in what direction to turn or to apply his hand — went despondently to some man in his family acquaintance of assured success, and in the depth of his disappointment and mortification asked him for advice, — could he suggest any way in which it would be possible for him, the recent graduate and the future great preacher, to earn a living! . . .

This experience of Phillips Brooks, the memory of which I do not doubt he carried with him to the end, — and he, too, I fancy, like myself, though for other reasons, felt a sense of satisfaction, approaching relief, when that gloomy, ugly Latin School edifice in Bedford Street was levelled with the ground and a thoroughfare made to occupy the site where it stood, for it recalled no pleasant memories to either of us, — that early, mortifying Latin School experience, I say, Phillips Brooks doubtless carried freshly with him to the grave.

In order to understand more clearly this critical incident in the life of Phillips Brooks, and in order to draw any moral from it, if there is any to be drawn, it seems fitting that the story should be fully told, and the nature and the causes of his failure explained. When he began to teach in the Latin School, he had the good fortune of being assigned the charge of one of the younger classes. But soon after a change was made and the Third Class in the school was placed in his care. This class had already made for itself a reputation for mischief and turbulence. Not that they were worse boys than those in the other classes, but there had entered into the life of the class as a whole a certain evil spirit of disorder which for some reason had failed to be exorcised in its initial stages. This evil had increased until it led the class captive as by some mood which it could not control. Before Phillips Brooks took charge of it, three of its teachers had been routed and obliged to leave. The teacher who followed Brooks, to fill out the vacancy for the year, confessed himself so wearied by the frequent resort to corporal punishment as a means to order that he was obliged to betake himself to the White Mountains for the summer in order to recuperate his strength. To this class, then, Phillips Brooks was appointed, with no experience in dealing with boys,

hardly more than a boy himself, with no backing from the head master, and left to fight his battles alone. A set of boys which had already routed three of its foes, as teachers were by them regarded, was too accomplished in the forms of mischief, too versatile in expedients, for any amount of tact on the part of the new teacher, even had he possessed that quality. It did not take them long to find out that they had another victim at their mercy.

We can imagine the young teacher in his trying position. He had grown up without himself requiring severe discipline as an incentive to duty. Through college years, spontaneity and self-direction had been his motives. He was a fine classical scholar, interested in his work of imparting what he knew, and presupposing an interest in his pupils. Perhaps, too, his sense of humor, his quick appreciation of foolery in all its forms, was an obstacle in the existing situation. He was embarrassed by shyness, which is the accompaniment of genius before its powers have been tested. He had one personal peculiarity, an element receiving full consideration in the minds of his boys, who were not sure how much he could see. The familiar eyeglasses were not then so common as they are now. These were some of the circumstances making the case a hopeless one from the first.

We may now go more closely into the situation. The forms of mischief were varied and exhibited great ingenuity. The thermometer, which hung in the classroom, was plugged with snow, and when the mercury had descended to freezing point, the boys began to complain of the cold, and the room, already warm, was made insufferable by the addition of fuel thrown upon the fire. Then the windows were thrown open and the opposite process begun, till the thermometer, reinforced with snow, called for a reversal of tactics. One of the boys, a fair-haired, innocent-looking youth, watching his opportunity, threw a handful of shot in the teacher's face, but when the teacher lifted his eyes from his book he saw only the raised hand which had thrown the shot, in the accustomed attitude of one who wished to ask some question about his studies. Another of the boys purchased matches

of the kind which snapped when stepped upon. These were prepared by cutting off the heads, and distributed upon the floor, and even placed under the teacher's desk, so that no one could move without eliciting an explosion. When the teacher threatened punishment to the next boy that stepped upon a match, it was unfortunate that the next explosion went off under his own desk, as the boys were not slow in reminding him, when he undertook to carry out his threat. It happened one morning that as he looked up, after saying the opening prayer, he saw the boys furnished with eyeglasses made from strips of tin gathered from the waste barrel of a neighboring tinshop. He was locked into the room with his class, and was obliged to let a boy down from the window to the ground to clean out from the keyhole the obstructions with which it had been plugged.

Under these circumstances, he might have devoted himself to the work of a detective; possibly it was his duty to have done so, not resting until he had unearthed the offender and administered condign punishment. There were teachers who would have done this with success, for it was not impossible. In another classroom a marble had been thrown at the teacher's head, which struck the blackboard behind him. The teacher at once marked the spot where the marble struck, and the spot where its motion stopped. The calculation of the angle of incidence and reflection then traced the marble to the point where it started. We can hardly imagine Phillips Brooks engaged in such an operation; yet he might have pursued an investigation into the source whence the matches had been obtained, giving his days to the inquiry until the problem was solved.

One is surprised that things like these should have been encountered in the Boston Latin School. Since those days there has been a change in the methods of teaching, in the relative attitudes, too, of teacher and pupil. A teacher like Mr. Gardner, once so indispensable, is no longer the ideal of an educator of boys. Mr. Gardner came to fulfil the need of his time. It was in Boston as elsewhere in the rural districts of New England: the teacher was regarded as an heredi-

tary enemy. Under these conditions, teachers great and successful in their way were developed. In the backwoods of the remote country we read of a teacher who had acquired a formidable reputation as an invincible disciplinarian for turbulent district schools. He was sent for, far and near, to take up the work of those who had failed. There was no school where at least he did not succeed in maintaining order. That was about all that he attempted, and by long study and much practice he had become an adept. His method was a simple one. When he entered the schoolroom for the first time, he was on the alert, watching for the slightest symptom by which boys unconsciously reveal themselves. But if symptoms were wanting he did not wait for an overt act. Fastening on one of the older boys, whom he thought competent to be a ringleader, he himself created an opportunity which would beget ill temper and resistance. Then, as the phrase is, he went for him, taking the boy at a disadvantage, flooring him, giving, as he always admitted, such a well-directed blow as to make him unconscious. This done, he commanded the other boys to carry him from the room, and from that time there was no further question of his ascendency. It was brutal, perhaps, but it maintained order, which is the first preliminary of education.

Mr. Gardner also was a man of experience in dealing with turbulent boys. To his mind, there were men who could manage them and men who could not. For himself, he never failed. He never was so absorbed in mental processes that his faculties were not on the alert in view of possibilities of turbulence and revolt. Instances of his successful dealing with emergencies are remembered by his pupils. On one occasion, a boy who had been summoned to his desk to receive corporal punishment snatched the rod from his hand as it was about to descend, and throwing it upon the floor, started to leave the room. Mr. Gardner suffered the disadvantage of losing a moment in stooping to pick up the rod, then rushed for the offender, whom he pinned in the doorway just in time, and then and there administered the full discipline which outraged justice demanded. Mr. Gard-

ner was also an enthusiastic athlete, surpassing in this respect his pupils, keeping his body flexible and in condition to compete with any antagonist. Phillips Brooks had neglected this training, so indispensable at that time for a successful teacher. Mr. Gardner had the Spartan temperament and the Spartan theory of life. The work of a teacher from his point of view included the inevitable conflict. He educated his boys in manliness and courage, for he himself was an example. He was a good teacher also in other ways. But it ought to be said that no experienced or successful educator in our own day would have placed an inexperienced young man like Phillips Brooks in such a position. It even appears to us like an act of cruelty or injustice. As the head master it was his duty to have brought the turbulent Third Class to order and submission. But he did not so regard it. A teacher, to his mind, was born, not made. As Phillips Brooks had felt called to be a teacher, let him take the vacant place and see what he could make of it. It might be even an act of kindness to set him at a point of danger in order to develop his power or to test his strength. It was like giving him an opportunity where he might win high reputation.

Such in substance is the episode in the life of Phillips Brooks, so far as external appearances go. He had in him the making of a great teacher. But he was also at a great disadvantage from his youth, from his lack of experience, and placed in a position where his own inexperience was confronted by the experience of a class of boys who studied him as so much material for the application of their trained and versatile wits. From the first, the normal relationship between teacher and pupils did not exist. Nor did he have the backing of the head master, as he ought to have had. He was left to stand alone. Had he been older, had he stood at the head of the school, feeling the full sense of responsibility, could he have instituted his own methods of governing and teaching, he might have reversed the situation. But on Mr. Gardner's methods he was doomed to failure. The case was an abnormal one, anomalous, and yielding no other

moral than this, that some "dæmonic" influence, as Goethe called it, dominated the crisis. It is well that the story should have been told, if only to reach this conclusion. The boys were at fault, but not wholly so; for through some inadvertence, at some moment in their career, the spirit of mischief had not been exorcised when it was still in its infancy. They became the victims of some one's incompetency. But here our investigation must stop. Long since they have repented of their mischief, as the teacher afterwards freely owned that he had forgiven them. Phillips Brooks also made mistakes. He punished one boy who had committed no fault. When he had become Bishop of Massachusetts, as he was moving in his majestic dignity across Boston Common, he met this boy in his path, then a mature man occupying a post of trust and influence. Neither of them had forgotten the incident. Looking down upon him the Bishop made a certain appeal for forgiveness: "Tell me now," he said, "that I did not make a mistake by punishing the wrong boy?" "Yes, you did make a mistake, you punished the wrong boy," was the answer; "but so many punishments I have lost, which I deserved, that I ought to be grateful for that one, which I did not deserve."

One more word should be said for Mr. Gardner. He was inwardly disappointed and grieved over the failure. He liked Phillips Brooks and appreciated him. When he told him that a man who had failed in teaching could not succeed in any other line, that did not mean necessarily that he was trying to make the failure worse than it was. It may have been his peculiar way of showing sympathy, his way of indicating how deeply he deplored the catastrophe. As for Phillips Brooks, he took away with him from his experience a wounded spirit. The misery of it all was that it could not then be explained or interpreted. The new day in education was only dawning; in the light of the old régime he must be judged. But he harbored no grudge against Mr. Gardner. His time came at last to review the situation under auspices most favorable and impressive. When, in 1885, he was appointed to make the address on the occasion of the two

hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Boston Latin School, he reviewed at length its history, and its successive masters came up for study and for judgment. Then he paid his tribute to Master Gardner: —

Think of him, O my fellow students, as he sat upon his platform or moved about the hall among our desks thirty years ago! Tall, gaunt, muscular, uncouth in body; quaint, sinewy, severe in thought and speech; impressing any boy with the strong sense of vigor, now lovely, now hateful, but never for a moment tame, or dull, or false; indignant, passionate, an athlete, both in mind and body — think what an interesting mixture of opposites he was! He was proud of himself, his school, his city, and his times; yet no man saw more clearly the faults of each, or was more discontented with them all. He was one of the frankest of men, and yet one of the most reserved. He was the most patient mortal and the most impatient. He was one of the most earnest of men, and yet nobody, probably not even himself, knew his positive belief upon any of the deepest themes. He was almost a sentimentalist with one swing of the pendulum, and almost a cynic with the next. There was sympathy, not unmixed with mockery in his grim smile. He clung with almost obstinate conservatism to the old standards of education, while he defied the conventionalities of ordinary life with every movement of his restless frame. Can you not see him as we spoke our pieces on the stage, bored ourselves and boring our youthful audiences, and no doubt boring him, with the unreality of the whole preposterous performance? Can you not see him in his restlessness taking advantage of the occasion to climb and dust off the pallid bust of Pallas, which stood over the schoolroom door, and thundering down from his ladder some furious correction which for an instant broke the cloud of sham and sent a lightning flash of reality into the dreary speech? Can you not hear him as he swept the grammar with its tinkling lists aside for an hour, and very possibly with a blackboard illustration enforced some point of fundamental morals in a way his students never could forget? Can you not feel his proverbs and his phrases, each hard as iron with perpetual use, come pelting across the hall, finding the weak spot in your self-complacency, and making it sensitive and humble ever since?

He was a narrow man in the intensity with which he thought of his profession. I heard him say once that he never knew a man who had failed as a schoolmaster to succeed in any other occupation. And yet he was a broad man in his idea of the range which he conceived that his teaching ought to cover. He made

the shabby old schoolhouse to blossom with the first suggestions of the artistic side of classical study, with busts and pictures, with photographs and casts; and hosts of men who have forgotten every grammar rule, and cannot tell an ablative from an accusative, nor scan a verse of Virgil, nor conjugate the least irregular or regular verbs to-day, still feel, while all these flimsy superstructures of their study have vanished like the architecture of a dream, the solid moral basis of respect for work and honor, for pure truthfulness, which he put under it all, still lying sound and deep and undecayed.

The life of Francis Gardner was not without a certain look of pathos, even in the eyes of his light-hearted pupils. As we looked back upon it after we had left him, we always thought of it as sad. That color of pain and disappointment grew deeper in it as it approached its end. It was no smug, smooth, rounded satisfactory career. It was full of vehemence and contradiction and disturbance. He was not always easy for the boys to get along with. Probably it was not always easy for him to get along with himself. But it has left a strength of truth and honor and devoted manliness which will always be a treasure in the school he loved. The very confusion and struggle always after something greater than itself make it a true typical life of the century in which he lived. We look into his stormy face upon our walls, and bid him at last rest in peace.

A series of letters has been preserved, written by Phillips Brooks to Mr. George C. Sawyer, who had become a teacher in the Exeter Phillips Academy, which cover the period during which he was an usher in the Latin School. In these letters, where we touch his correspondence for the first time, we have his account, such at least as he chose to give, of his experience. When the correspondence opens he had been teaching only a few weeks, and found the task agreeable.

Sunday, September 23, 1855.

Dear Topey, — I got your kind letter in the course of time, though as it was directed merely to my humble self, who, though an A. B., am not very generally known among the P. O. officials of our city, I did not hear of it till it had been lying almost a week in the office. Please address all future favors to the care of Charles Brooks & Co., and I shall not have to wait so long for the feast of wisdom. I heard some time since from Barlow of the success of your application, and beg now to offer my late congratulations upon the budding glories of your tutorship. We

shall soon see our whole country waking up to a vast improvement in the classical and moral education of its youth. Barlow has gone to New York, and I heard very unofficially yesterday that he had got some most excellent situation there. I meet still wandering members of the great class roaming up and down the streets, trying to look as if they were hard at work, and as if they liked it too. Sanborn I saw a week ago at the "club," and this morning I had a distant view of him returning from Church with the great Theodore.[1] . . . You must prepare to see a great change in the youth of our city the next time you come to Boston. There is more intelligence and brilliance in their faces, and if you meet a Latin School boy you will at once know him for one who has had the best instructors, and who knows ever so much, probably a good deal more than his master, for some of them are pretty sharp and have come very near sticking me very often on strange rules in out-of-the-way corners of the grammar of whose existence I was profoundly ignorant. So that sometimes I have to fall back on my authority and shut their mouths with the *ipse dixit* of a schoolmaster.

But seriously, I like the life. Is n't there a sort of satisfaction and pleasure in knowing that you are doing, or at least have the chance of doing *something*. At Cambridge it was all very well, but we had only ourselves to work on. Here we have some twenty, thirty, or forty on whom we can bring to bear the authority and influence of a superior position and see what we can make out of them, and watch all their workings. You think this is a funny way for me to talk, but I really think so.

So late as the 20th of October he found his life in the Latin School a pleasant one. The troubles had not yet begun.

BOSTON, Saturday evening, October 20, 1855.

DEAR TOP, — I must beg your forgiveness for not having answered before now your kind letter which I received a good while ago. I have been busy a great deal of the time, and when not busy old habits have come back again and made me very lazy. Everything is working on in the quiet, regular way in which it has settled for the winter. The wheels of school-keeping are getting better greased and running smoother every day. Last Tuesday was Exhibition at Cambridge, and I went out with my heart full of class feeling to greet any or all of the class of '55, Aristocrat or Democrat, with the proper degree of affectionate ardor. There

[1] The Rev. Theodore Parker, then preaching at Boston Music Hall.

were but few, however, on whom to lavish this feeling. It was the meanest exhibition I ever saw. The "Advertiser" of Wednesday said as much. —— was there with his head full of medicine, dissecting, amputation, and all sorts of horrid things. Speaking of medicine, Dalton was here the other day on his way to New York, whither he goes to study the healing art with his brother, who is a professor there. I received this afternoon a very unexpected note from Dr. Walker, anxiously inquiring whether I ever gave him a copy of my Commencement part, begging, if I did not, to do so at once. He says he can find all but mine. The reason probably is that I never took the trouble to copy it. I shall have to revive unpleasant associations again. . . .

I was perfectly terrified at the terrible assault last Tuesday made by —— on my inoffensive self. Ghosts of old unpaid assessments and long since eaten and digested socials were digged out to terrify and haunt me, till I paid some marvellous sums which alone could quiet their ravenous rage.

I did honestly mean when I began this letter to be serious and imposing, moral and perhaps metaphysical before I was done. You see what has come of it. Sic transit the glory of golden intentions, one more paving-stone for hell. I am doing my share to keep the infernal streets in good repair. I hope you have better reason to be satisfied with yourself than I have with your humble servant and true friend,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The troubles in the Latin School have now begun, as will be seen by the following letter. The young teacher gives his opinion of the Third Class in very emphatic language: "They are the most disagreeable set of creatures without exception that I have ever met with." The letter closes with a touch of despondency.

BOSTON, Sunday evening, December 9, 1855.

DEAR TOP, — I find in my desk a letter from you dated just a month ago to-day, and I think that it is about time that it was answered. I would have written before, but I supposed from what you said in it that I should have seen you in vacation. I was really very sorry indeed that I was not at home when you called here. I should have enjoyed seeing you very much indeed, but we must wait now. Thanksgiving week I spent in getting up a competent knowledge of the French tongue for the instruction

of a class which had been studying it for about two years. I did it and have got along with it for about a week, but it is pretty slipshod work, and I shall try to slip it and teach something where I can feel that I am on firmer ground. We have a vacancy at our school, and S. Wright, B. S. Lyman, H. Walker, and others of the class of '55 applied, but failed. Dimmock, a friend whom you may remember meeting at my room at C., got the place. . . . I had a letter the other day from Dalton, who seems enjoying himself in working hard at New York. He sends good news of Barlow, who is earning his $1800 and keeping straight at present. I hear of you as a great favorite among the beauty (is there much of it?) at Exeter. Take care of yourself, I beg you, and if anything serious should happen, just send me word and a card. I saw Sanborn yesterday at F. W. Clarke's, where he has been laid up sick, but I believe he is getting better now. Everything is fearfully stupid here to stupid folks like me who are not fond of gayety, and I am sure I can't think what to write unless I go into sentiment or morality, to neither of which I feel much inclined after examining, with the aid of a key and my limited knowledge of French, thirty-five exercises from my class. *They are the most disagreeable set of creatures without exception that I ever met with.* I have a distinct recollection of writing you a remarkably brilliant letter last time, and you will have to let the merits of that atone for the deficiencies of this. I am really ashamed of it, but am tired, sick, cross, and almost dead, so good-night and good-by. From your friend ever,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

During the month of January the troubles had culminated and things were at their worst. He fancies that he sees a ray of light in some slight improvement, but it was a delusion: —

BOSTON, January 19, 1856.

DEAR TOP, — I feel a little blue to-night, and so I am retired here inflicting myself on my friends, and I come now to you and wish you with all my heart a very Happy New Year. I am very much obliged to you for your last letter and the sympathy which you express with the laboring ruler of my rebellious subjects. I have had very considerable trouble, but matters have lately been getting a little better. Things have settled down into a strong feeling of quiet hate, which is eminently conducive to good order and rapid progress. In all my experience of schoolboys and schoolmasters I cannot recall a single teacher who was honored with such an overwhelming share of deep, steady, honest unpopularity as is at this moment the lot of your harmless and inoffen-

sive friend. I believe they consider me just now as a sort of dragon with his claws cut, a gigantic ogre who would like to eat them, but has n't the stomach to do it. If I should adopt your plan of weekly receptions I should deem it safe first to procure a complete suit of chain armor to be privately worn so that not a heel might be exposed to the assassin's knife of some bloody members of the Third Class of the Public Latin School. It may be needful to explain that I have changed my class. The one I had before were splendid little fellows; these are tough old sinners with the iniquity of some sixteen springs, summers, autumns, and winters on their grim hoary heads. I am teaching them French which they don't, Greek which they won't, and Virgil which they can't understand or appreciate. Take ——, ——, ——, and ——, select from each his "essentials," combine and digest them well, and you will get a good idea of the qualities and pleasing characters of my charming charge. I rejoice that you come on so well. *Macte virtute.* Go on and prosper. —— is living a little down in —— Street. I see him now and then. I went to walk with him and —— the other Sunday, and felt quite like an atheist. The idea of asking me whether I have read any books! I work like a dog in school and out, and the Lord knows where it is going to end. You must excuse this very selfish letter. It is a great relief and pleasure to talk with you even on paper and on so poor and trite a subject as a discomfited usher. Let me hear from you when you can, and if you know of a profitable school anywhere in the country just drop a line to your downtrodden friend, P. B.

The bitter, unequal struggle at last was over, and the giant escaped from the toils. There was a touch in it of tragedy. The letter which follows has its pathos, though his habitual reserve will not allow him to express what he feels. His deeper reflections he keeps to himself.

Boston, February 14, 1856.

Dear Top,— Excuse my answering your letter so soon. I have just received it from the post. You will be surprised to hear that I have left the Latin School and am at present doing nothing. I resigned my situation a week ago yesterday without having formed any particular plans of future operations and am at present adrift. The situation had become very disagreeable, and I had been gradually coming to the conclusion that it did n't pay. I have not yet regretted the step or seen how under the circumstances I should have done differently again. During the first three months I was there I enjoyed it much; but as I told you my situation was con-

siderably changed, and I thought at last it was best to cut the matter short at once, and so I did. I don't know yet what I shall do. I may go at once to some profession, or I may get private pupils here or elsewhere for a time and live on so. I will let you know when I am settled anywhere. I am glad you still like your place; may it continue pleasant and profitable. I am studying pretty hard, reading French and Greek and Latin five or six hours a day. I like this well enough, but it will not do to go on so, and I am open at present to proposals of all kinds whatsoever. . . . I have seen Charles Adams and Stephen Perkins to-day. They urge me to write to Barlow to ask what is the chance in trying my lot in New York. I may and may not. When do you have a vacation again? You must n't miss seeing me the next time you are in Boston. May I ask what salary you get in your present post? Excuse the small size of my sheet. I have crowded my writing to correspond. Let me hear from you to-morrow or next day. I am Your friend, P.

This is his father's comment in his journal on his son's failure. It tells the story briefly: —

February 8, 1856.

An occurrence took place to-day that has given us some anxiety, that of son Phillips's inability to maintain his position as usher in the Latin School. It was entirely for the want of discipline. He was not enough of a disciplinarian to maintain the necessary good order, and he was put at the head of a class of thirty-five boys that were rowdy and unruly and had already had two masters who had left them. Not receiving the necessary assistance and advice from the Principal, I was obliged to advise his resignation. The class of boys were from fifteen to seventeen years of age, and he is but twenty. The task was too much for him, and he is now looking for work.

The following letters of Brooks to Sawyer cover the waiting period, from the time of his resigning from the Latin School until his decision about his future had been reached. It will be seen that his mind was vacillating and that his mood was despondent. But the letters need no comment.

Boston, March 5, 1856.

Dear Top, — I was glad to get your last note, though I had no intention in mine which provoked it of hurrying you up so fearfully. My remark that I should expect an answer in one or two

days was purely incidental. I think it probable at present that its principal object was to fill out a spare corner of the sheet. I am a good deal at leisure just now, being engaged only two hours a day with a couple of pupils whom I instruct together in the simplest English branches, and who pay tolerably well. How long this will last I don't know. I have engaged for a year, but with liberty to break off at any moment. My odd time I spend a good deal in reading and studying, so that it does n't hang heavy on my hands at all. But then there is the old bread-and-butter objection that this is n't quite making my fortune, and that something must be done, so meanwhile I am waiting and looking for that mysterious "something" which is to be. I do not think it improbable that I may give up all thoughts of teaching and go to studying my profession in the fall. I have n't yet decided what it will be. Perhaps you can guess. I have just entered into a conspiracy with Charles for an hour's attack on Schiller his "Wallenstein" every afternoon beginning at this present date. . . .

Your friend, P.

Boston, Monday evening, June, 1856.

Dear Top,—Your letter came some time ago, but I have really been so busy doing nothing ever since that I have not had time to answer it, and now that I have set out and got a clean pen and new filled my inkstand I don't seem to have very much to write about. What was that you said about going out West, and what has come of it, anything? Perhaps this won't find you at Exeter. If so I hope the Dead Letter Office officials will be edified by its perusal. . . . I am doing just what I was when you saw me last, no more. I need n't say no less, for that would be barely possible. I have not yet any possible plans for the Fall, but shall not study a profession. I don't know exactly what will become of me, and don't care much. . . . I had a walk with Sanborn yesterday afternoon. He ridiculed me when I attempted to give him on your authority a piece of news, — that Morton was engaged. I met —— this afternoon. He is very weak. He had apparently lost what little brains he ever had, and was in hopeless search of them. Bob Paine with all his family are going to Italy in the Fall for a year or two. I sat next to —— at the theatre the other evening, and what with him and the Midsummer Night's Dream I had a pretty tolerably hard time of it. I recollect part of your letter was quite literary, but not being in that mood to-night you must excuse any attempt of the kind on my part. I wish I was fifteen years old again. I believe I might

make a stunning man, but somehow or other I don't seem in the way to come to much just now. Shall you stay at Exeter another year? If not, what will you do? I am astonished at your taking such shams as mine for letters, but if you are contented it 's all right. I think if the P. O. department knew what was in them they would certainly let them pass with a one cent stamp. I have a slight suspicion that I am getting incoherent, and a moral certainty that I 'm sleepy, and so good-night, and write soon.

P. B.

BOSTON, July 2, 1856.

DEAR TOP, — I believe I am owing you a letter, and as my urchin is sick this morning and has consequently suspended his need of my instructions I have an hour to spend to gratify your craving for an epistle. The world here has not been very eventful since I wrote you last, that is to say, the somewhat narrow world in which I prefer to move. I have been to Cambridge two or three times lately, — once to the Seniors' Pudding Benefit, which was not much; secondly, to the Juniors' play and Strawberry meeting soon after, which was excellently done, that is to say the play, and the strawberries big, sweet, and plenty of them; thirdly, I went to Class Day, that is to say, I was out for an hour or two in the afternoon. It passed off perhaps as well as could be expected of the class of '56. They had their exercises in the church, which I hear was crowded. As to the quality of the performance, a profound silence prevails. A good many of the great class were there. . . . Dalton was down and spent the next Sunday with me. So you have settled into the armchair for life, deliberately given away your existence for the next generations. I hope Sanborn's visit, of which I believe you spoke in your last, had no hand in summarily settling your fate by the magic of his enthusiasm and advice. I wish you with all my heart a happy life in the dictatorial chair, and if it shall ever be in my fate to see little hungry youths around me begging for crumbs of Greek which my exhausted stock is incapable of giving, I shall know where to turn for the best supply that the country affords. As for myself, my plans and life are quite as unsettled now as when I used to devote spare half hours to thinking of them now and then up in Stoughton. Shan't you be down to Commencement, which I believe comes a fortnight from to-day? No doubt a great many of us will be there, and it will be very pleasant. . . . Have you gone Kansas-mad? Sanborn, I believe, is quite rabid. I heard the other day of his giving $100 to the cause. . . . You must excuse the looks of this scrawl, but it is really an immense relief

to be able to write now and then without the fear of criticism before your eyes, without caring what sort of a show the thing makes, but trusting humbly to your indulgence to your friend,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

These letters to his college friend, covering the six months after his resignation from the Latin School, call for a brief comment. They have a nonchalant tone; they are couched in the familiar dialect of a college student, who has not yet recovered from the thraldom of college conventionalities. They show how deeply and completely he had entered into the spirit of college life. It had been to him a time of emancipation from the strict law of the household, when he had felt and enjoyed his independence, when the joy of life, the mere pleasure of living, had been a sort of intoxication of his spirit. He had seen college life in all its phases, associating with all sorts and conditions of men, watching what is called the Bohemian temperament, while inwardly scorning its lower manifestations and its false conception of life. His identification with the standards and fashion of the college world was the more complete because of his quick sensibility to external influences. His reserve would have prevented him from showing the deeper, more serious purpose within, even had that purpose begun yet to stir his spiritual nature. He was struggling against the temptations of youth, fighting his battle with the passions of his nature, and the strength of the conflict was greater in proportion to his greater capacities for good and evil. But even this conflict he disguised, wearing his mask so well that to some who knew him his life at moments seemed like a rudderless ship, whose sails hung idly, flapping with the breeze, as though it were uncertain what his decision would be. No strong and avowed religious consecration kept him from falling, but rather the habit of Christian nurture, the unconscious virtue, the respect for moral traditions. His fall came, or what corresponds to it, when he was first put to the test of actual life and succumbed in the struggle with a class of turbulent boys. Although he had chosen the calling of a teacher in sincerity and with a high ideal of its possibilities, yet he still

lacked the highest inward fitness and the consecration, for he was postponing the deeper spiritual issues of life.

It is difficult to speak upon this point in the absence of any definite confession of his own. One who read himself as he did, and was so alive to all that was passing within, could not have been unaware of a great issue postponed. But we encounter here a reserve so deep that it is impossible to do more than surmise. This much seems to be clear, that he had not been consciously reached by the religious teaching at St. Paul's Church, and to a certain extent was in revolt against it. While in college he had listened with a critical mind. He is still remembered as he sat in the family pew, No. 60. His favorite place was at the end of the pew, and there crouched down with his head between his shoulders, hardly visible, one could not tell whether or not he were paying attention to the preacher. But it is evident that he heard, and from some of the teaching dissented. The Christian life, as presented by the Evangelical school, of which Dr. Vinton was a distinguished representative, called for a renunciation of much which he knew or believed to be good. The conventional denunciation of the intellect as a dangerous guide, and of wealth as a thing to be avoided, the condemnation of the natural joy in life and its innocent amusements, the schism between religion and life, — against all this he inwardly protested. If this was what devotion to the law of God demanded, he was not ready to make the sacrifice of his will.

In this interval of waiting, Dr. Vinton, meeting his father, sent word to Phillips to come and see him. His father replied that Phillips would not then see any one, but that after he got over the feeling of mortification in consequence of his failure he would come. His first step toward recovery was to consult, not Dr. Vinton, but Dr. Walker, the President of Harvard College. To him he had listened occasionally in the college chapel on Sunday evenings, and for his character as a man and his power as a preacher he felt the deepest veneration. Dr. Walker was a veritable confessor to souls by an inward divine appointment, a rare

man, who had the confidence of Harvard students. The details of this interview we do not know, but only this, that Dr. Walker advised him to study for the ministry. President Eliot, at that time a tutor in the college, was on his way to Dr. Walker's, and recalls how he met Phillips Brooks at the door coming from the interview. He was struck by his appearance: his face was of a deathly whiteness, the evidence of some great crisis. Once again in Phillips Brooks's life President Eliot saw him under a similar situation, — in 1881, when he called to decline the offer of a professorship at Harvard. Then again his face was strangely white, under some extraordinary emotion, and President Eliot remembered the vision of 1856.[1]

The six months which elapsed after his leaving the Latin School are seen, in the light of these letters to his friend Sawyer, to have been a dreary and gloomy period, when the depression of his spirit reached its lowest degree. He read and studied, mainly classical writers, and kept up his reading of German, perhaps from habit, or the necessity of doing something, or as though there were still some possible prospect in the future of his becoming a teacher. He wandered through the streets of Boston, meeting now and then a classmate or college friend. He kept a list of the names of his class, jotting down against each name what occupation he had found or what profession he was planning. The mortification of failure rested like an incubus on his proud and sensitive spirit. It might have been better for him if he could have gone away from home to make a fresh start in life, when college experience would have relapsed more quickly into its true perspective. He was still hanging about the place of the gay assemblage when the guests were gone and the lights were out. We can hardly exaggerate the trial he was passing through. He had made his first essay at real

[1] "'President Walker encouraged me in choosing the ministry, but he was not enthusiastic; he was not an enthusiastic man, but he was distinctly encouraging. He did not tell me that I could not preach because of my stammering, for I never did stammer, you know.' And then we laughed over the utterly groundless traditions that were in circulation at different times as to his personal habits." (*Extract from a private letter.*)

life and had been defeated. He had been shut out from his Eden by a stern decree; a flaming sword confronted him, which turned every way to keep him from his chosen vocation. In his desperation he had resolved to give up all ambition for himself, to be content with the lowest and humblest place at the feast of life. He said to himself that if he could not be first he would be last, — *Aut Cæsar aut nullus.* He was deeply impressed by reading a popular book which had then just appeared, Souvestre's "Attic Philosopher" (Un Philosophe sous les Toits, Journal d'un Homme Heureux), the story of "a man who in the midst of the fever, the restlessness and ambition which racks society in our time, continues to fill his humble part in the world without a murmur, and who preserves, so to speak, the taste for poverty. With no other fortune than a small clerkship, which enables him to live within the narrow limits separating competence from want, our philosopher looks from the heights of his attic upon society as upon a sea, of which he neither covets the riches nor fears the wrecks. Too insignificant to excite the envy of any one, he sleeps peacefully, wrapped in his obscurity." He was so impressed with the lesson of the book that he wrote a short story, working up the experience of the sisters Frances and Madeleine, in his own way, with a conversation upon it, in which different speakers express their judgments upon life.

He had not yet begun to keep a journal, but he now wrote down some of his thoughts upon detached sheets of paper. The need of expression was imperative, and there was no one to whom he could go to unburden himself; he hardly knew as yet, indeed, what the burden was which he was carrying. In walking the streets of Boston he was as much alone as if he had been in the desert, for the waste of his experience was a veritable Horeb, as with the prophet receiving a revelation within the soul. He is communing with himself and with God as he wrote, though his comments assume a literary form from force of habit. There is reserve here, even to himself; but as we read we become aware that we are listening to the cry from the depths, *suspiria de profundis*, the

first faint breathings of an awakening soul, the confessions of an inquiring spirit.

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF ——.

How pure in heart, how true in head,
With what divine affections bold,
Must be the man whose soul would hold
An hour's communion with the dead!

These, I think, are exactly the feelings with which we should approach the study of a life which has been lived here on earth. I think that in our democratic grouping of mankind we recognize too little the individualities of individual human natures. We read too little the infinite variety of the human mind. I think the man never yet lived who could fully, sympathetically, and understandingly appreciate any other man. Each mind and soul in the fulness of its powers and its weaknesses, its capacities and its deficiencies, is more or less a riddle unread and unreadable by every other mind and soul. The Amsterdam idiot, with all his idiocy, has more in him than Plato or Bacon or the wisest with all their wisdom could comprehend; if nothing else, his idiocy itself was something, if not beyond, yet unalterably out of the range of their intellects. Let us respect then in studying the life of this God-given individuality; let us own our weakness and incapacity for the study; let us bring with us here so far as we may, so far as an earnest desire and a humble resolution may enable us to do, that pureness of heart and trueness of head which we need in holding, as we do now, an hour's communion with the great dead, in trying to weigh and gauge the life of a man whom God sent here to do his work on earth, and has taken back again to Himself after that work is over, to weigh and gauge it infallibly.

Mind, intellect, we can measure only by original thought. Knowledge may show a man's application, wealth may declare his industry, power may prove his tact (his smartness, we call it here); this alone can establish the depth and worth and power of his mind. If Plato or Aristotle were to come on earth to-day just as they left it some twenty centuries ago, you or I could take them to school; we could teach them new facts in science, new truths in religion, new events in history, new lessons in worldly wisdom, but would we therefore boast of greater intellect, truly speaking, greater knowledge, than Plato or Aristotle? Our pupils would take our teachings even from our lips, but how soon we

should find that they had passed into them with a power that they never had in us; that what we had learned and taught as new they were using as gods, and our facts and truths, events and lessons, growing pliant in those old hands, would melt and mould in purer and stronger shapes of symmetry and truth. Most generally the work is not thought of nor its need deplored till the worker comes to do it. The marble slept cold and stiff for geological ages in Pentelicus before the Parthenon was built.

It seems sometimes as if the world had to come back every little while and prove its first principles. Those primary truths which are constantly in use grow, as if by friction, smooth and tame and dull. Men build their heavy structures of religion, policy, and law on what they honestly and earnestly believe a firm foundation, and then taking their foundation for granted they forget it for a while and go on with their superstructure. But the world's little or large waves are beating, heard or unheard, down below, till some son or son's son dreams that the basis which his father laid is safe and sound after all, and he goes down and tries it again and once more begins the bulky work. The world comes forever back to Pilate's question, What is truth? What do I believe, and why do I believe it? It has proved that our fathers were mistaken about the planets; let us see whether they knew about the soul. These investigations are occasional, and (it is both a good and a bad sign) they seem to grow more frequent. Is not one going on now? There was one in Luther's time, another in the later mythologists', and still another in the prophets'; all were more partial and more reverent than this last.

How often we are made to feel that there is very much in us which our nearest friends do not and cannot know. I do not think there is a man living, however base or weak or dull or commonplace, who does not in some waking moment of his dim life feel, perhaps with no more fulness than we may suppose an infant to enter into man's life, that he has more in him than he dares or cares or is able to show out, more of feeling, good or bad, more of power, more of manhood. How little we know of ourselves! How we are forever making discoveries in our own characters, tearing off disguises, tearing down old idols, tearing to pieces old rules and canons which were once like Heaven's truth to our blind hearts. Then we are always or often (not often enough) finding in ourselves new capacity and appreciation for goodness and beauty and truth, new rooms for knowledge and new desires to fill them. We think we have no taste for music and sweet sounds, till in

some moment when we least expect it, some simple melody will fill our hearts and dim our eyes and make us in a moment better, purer men. We have looked at art all our days and smiled at the enthusiasm of others, till some sweet face in a picture sends its beauty into our souls, and we have gained, knowing or unknowing it, a new joy forever. We do not know ourselves. And when I profess my ignorance of what I am, shall another pretend to teach me? Knowing far more than any one else knows of me, and knowing that I know it, I think we may learn from it a lesson of self-dependence or rather of independence of others; for here may we not see one of the secrets of man's need and craving and demand for a God, for something to trust to. I and you know neither ourselves nor each other; every day we feel it more and more. But not to be all unknown we may find one who knows us both; and while in self-distrust and mutual ignorance we are separated from each other, let us rest with Him and make through Him a surer union for ourselves. We may love God not only because He made us and guards us and supports us, but also because He knows us, and thus our love to Him will be essentially different in kind from that which any human creature has ever excited, or can ever excite, in any other. The fulness of knowledge, where no richer or deeper can be hoped, will be to know then, just as we may feel or find comfort in the feeling that we are known now.

Reading Pope's Homer seems to me to be an entirely different thing from reading the Greek (even with my slight knowledge of the tongue as I and my lexicon spell it out together). It seems another poem, as different as the two men, as far apart as blind, old, grave, majestic Homer, wandering and singing years ago, and little, crooked, snarling, fanciful, and withal conceited Alexander Pope coolly sitting down to do him into English ages after. Both are poems, but they are not the same poem at all. If Pope had been less of a poet I think we should have got more of Homer in his version. Thus Churchill and Cowper I think show the old minstrel better, though they give less new poetry than Pope.

Are not the most valued and the most valuable results of virtue in many cases exactly those things for which as ends it should not be sought, and for whose sake if sought it will never be reached? They are what virtue is willing to bestow as free gifts, but what she will not degrade by turning them into mere hireling's wages. Purity is strength, but the purity which is sought for its strength is pure no longer.

April, 1856.

RUTH.

Sweet Moab gleaner on old Israel's plain,
  Thy simple story moveth like a power.
Thy pure calm face looks from the ripened grain
Wherein thou gleanest, on our toil and pain,
And in the light of thy soft eyes again
  Our dead lives bud and blossom into flower.

O, lives like thine, sweet Ruth, are holy things,
  Rich, simple, earnest in their wealth of duty ;
God's love forever to their music sings,
His angels shield them with their sheltering wings,
His spirit, truth and trust and comfort brings,
  And God himself smiles on their godlike beauty.

How many men, and not useless or unnecessary men either, seem born merely for the development or exhibition of others. They make no show, carry no glitter with themselves, but others coming near catch a brilliance that was not in them before, or that was so deep within them as not to be seen without, and the dull become glorious and the stupid bright. Such are the men for hard-working, necessary, thankless posts, — school-teachers, spies, confidential agents, etc.

How much power is lost or impaired in this world by being in the wrong hands. I suppose every man has often felt that he has capacities in him which another man would turn (perhaps only from their combination with other qualities) to honor, or profit, or power of some kind, yet feeling all the while that in their own hand these selfsame capabilities are lying and probably will always lie unused. If this be so may we not suppose that we all possess, though they be not useful in us, all the germs or seeds, if not of all capacities, yet of many more than we are in the habit of using every day, and so hope that in a fuller and completer estate of being, when that which is in part shall be done away, this partialness of our own development and use may become obsolete, and we may awake and know ourselves, our powers, our abilities, our uses, and rise to new lives, new aims, new ends of being?

Most men read other men's lives as they would spell out a language of which they are ignorant, but which somewhat resembles their own. With the help of a word here and there, which looks a little like one with which they are familiar, they go bun-

gling, stumbling, doubting through, reading a little, guessing at more, and letting the rest go altogether. Let such pray for a moral gift of tongues, a mental Pentecost which shall teach them the strange language in which their neighbors' lives are written. No one can ever know how far he is a fair specimen of his race, how well he embodies its average endowments and may serve as a sample to judge humanity. We may hope that we are none of us so, — an average man; a sample human must be a miserable creature.

The attempts to control and change belief by arbitrary commands, which appear so absurd and impossible as they were attempted at the time when the Reformation was going on, are perhaps not so strange after all, or rather the strangeness and false judgment lay not so much in the thing undertaken as in the manner in which the attempt was made. It has been done for ages, by Popes and Saints, by direct, open, undisguised undoubting dictation. It is doing now, and has been doing ever since, by ministers and writers, by the quieter, but scarcely less arbitrary demands of personal influence, social custom, apparent logic, and blind individual reverence. Now the error of those who attempted this same thing and failed in the sixteenth century, as King Henry VIII. in England and others elsewhere, would seem to be that, living in a changing age, their age was a little in advance of them, they were passing from the old to the new way of receiving belief, they still clung to the old way of impressing it, and hence arose the trouble.

How strangely at times we wake up to a new meaning or a new beauty in an old, dry commonplace that has been growing rusty on the lips of men for years, — one of those didactic heirlooms that father has handed down to son through long generations of stupidity. We have received it as stupidly as any before us, either stupidly thinking that we felt its force, or as stolidly scorning it as trite and lifeless. But sometimes a thought will come like an angel to the pool; our souls are troubled, and the old dead axiom finds its place as a living working thing; light breaks from its eye; its heart begins a human beating, its tongue is loosed, and the dumb speaks oracles. It is only another instance that man may hold power in his hands and not know it, another proof of life and energy that is passing for death all around us, because we are so far from perfect that we cannot make use even of all our imperfections.

"Take up thy bed and walk;" the sick man heard;
One moment prostrate at the Saviour's feet,
And then obedient to the Master's word
Went praising Jesus up the Jewish street.

Speak to our souls which long have lain, O God,
Crushed with the palsy of our mortal sin;
O, bid us rise and lift our grievous load,
And we will labor up the toilsome road,
Till heaven's wide gates receive the wanderers in.

With how much clearness and precision we can often trace the steps by which a man has mounted to some leading principle, the mental ladder by which he has climbed to some great idea. The materials lie in everybody's hands; the only difficulty is in the ingenuity necessary for building them into shape, and the strength of head which is required to mount without dizziness from stage to stage. Every man must build his own ladder. We cannot use each other's. And it depends upon a man's own clearness and soundness of head whether, having reached the summit, he can cast off the steps by which he mounted, or needs them still to rest his eye on them for confidence and support.

Some leading, settled, authoritative truth is a treasure to a man. The mind probably does not know what it needs while it is without it, but it soon feels that it is stronger and firmer the moment that it is gained. A thought once fully examined and weighed and approved, whose soundness is acknowledged, whose value is unquestioned, whose place is fully established, becomes from that moment a standpoint for the soul; other thoughts come to its confessional for approval or advice; like a magnet it draws the scattered fragments of other thoughts around it, binding them to itself and to each other, giving them a part of its own life, its own power, its own truth. Under such a thought the soul's government is firm, energetic, full of life, for it has a prerogative and a preëstablished authority like a king's; and then if that kingly thought dies, with no other full grown and ready to succeed, an interregnum must ensue, and be, as always, vacillating, weak, and witless.

A stranger's thought is to no one like his own. He may adopt it and cherish it and call it his, but his blood is not in its veins nor the stamp of his likeness on its features. Not that we may not have the same thoughts for the beacon or the basis of our lives,

but it must be natural and home-bred for each. You must not borrow it from me, nor I from you. Because it serves your life it is no sign either that it will or will not serve mine. That we must try for ourselves; and if we find it will not serve, then away with it, not as useless, but as useless for us. I may grant the beauty in which your soul as well as your body is dressed, but that soul garment of yours would fit and would become me not a whit more than your body's clothing. Another lesson of independent thought. I must have and must demand not only beauty and sublimity and power, but fitness and adaptability as well.

When we admire the noble sentiments and high tone which pervade Homer and the old Tragedians and the other idols of classic learning, do we often ask ourselves, — How far we admire simply for its antiquity what we are meeting every day embalmed in modern commonplace and looking on with indifference; how far it is the rarity and strangeness of the treasure found in such an age and place that pleases us, and not its own beauty and worth which delight us; how far we are treasuring in the desert, because it is in the desert, that same water which to-morrow we shall pass unheeded in the swollen stream?

A spark of original thought, a gleam of an idea which is his own, which he does not know to have visited another being, strengthens a man's feeling of individuality, but weakens his sense of race. It is an inspiring, ennobling, elevating, but not a social thing. But what a kindly power, what a warm human family feeling, clusters around a thought which we find common to one mind, and to some old mind which was thinking away back in the twilight of time. The common idea binds us to that dead man with a friendship of the soul as warm and full and free as any which holds us to our living companions. So when we recognize a common impulse, or rule of life, or instinct of love and hate, we must feel humanity in its spirit bearing witness with our spirits that it is the offspring of a common divinity. When I find the great and poor, and wise and weak, of all ages, just such in some point as I am to-day, I cannot be an atheist. Hence the value of books. What a power is in them! What cosmopolites they are and make of us! Hence the beauty and the use of a perfect biography, the perfection of a perfect book. It consoles our weaknesses, for it casts them on humanity; it destroys our boasts and vanities, for it shares them with mankind. It makes us happier, purer, truer men by making us more human. To make a perfect biography a man's own self-knowledge ought to be

united to a stranger's calm, impartial, disinterested judgment, a thing not likely to be seen on earth.

Is it likely that there have been giants in any days, — giants, I mean, in the sense in which men are so fond of using the text in reference to their fathers, that is, intellectually? Do not successive discoveries and revelations of the weakness and wisdom, the institutions and writings and customs, of different ages teach us that the allotment and measurement of genius to mankind has been pretty fairly made? Dropping out of view all that regards the wholly undeveloped talent, the "mute inglorious Milton" part of the question (which has both the advantage and disadvantage of being utterly unsusceptible of proof either way, and whose force may consequently be turned both ways), making due allowance for the filial reverence of the young world delighting to vaunt and magnify the intellect of the old, do they make on the whole so unequal a show? While we disclaim alike the power of old simplicity or modern science to create mental strength, we must also deny alike their influence to destroy it. They may hide it, they may turn it out of nature's channel into others unprofitable for effect or for display, but all this power of circumstance will, like almost all long-continued powers, work itself at last to an average. We may recognize what it is, or what is something far more powerful than it, what is nature and what is art, what is man and what is dress, and then find that genius is no comet sent at startling epochs to frighten and perplex mankind, but the warm steady living glow of an incessant sunlight flowing forever down from God's own throne above, to the world which He loves and watches forever here below.

The general distrust of the long-undoubted opinions of our forefathers, which is one of the strongest characteristics of the habit of thought of the present day, is shown nowhere more distinctly than in the freedom with which the old verdicts of history which have long been held and reverenced as settled facts are criticised and examined. Bloody Mary has been the stereotyped phrase which has wrapped like a winding sheet the reputation of England's persecuting queen. "Obstinacy, bigotry, violence, cruelty, malignity, revenge, tyranny," such has been the long indictment which Hume has drawn against her, and which a whole Protestant world has been found ready to endorse. But what a life hers was! How much there is in that life if not to excuse, yet to explain it. The world was against her from her girlhood up, and it was not strange that her Tudor spirit, with its family obstinacy

and jealousy and spite, set her at last against the world. She had seen her mother, an humble Christian, a devoted wife and a good woman, insulted and divorced to make room for a long line of pretty favorites with half her sense and half her virtue. Her father had disowned her, her nation had disinherited her, her nobles had conspired against her. Forbidden the usual life of a young princess, she had been left to brood over her wrong, to feed on her own melancholy thoughts, and to make a new life out of that religion which she reverenced all the more as the religion of her persecuted mother. And what a deep true pathos there is in the sad story of her love, her marriage, and her wedded life. What a faith it gives us to believe that the coldest human heart is not too cold for love to live in, when we see the poor weak fondness, the womanly devotion, the complete self-sacrifice with which the stern Mary Tudor gave her whole life and soul and being up to the cold, haughty, selfish, despicable Philip. How she follows him with her doting eyes, gives up for him all hope of popularity, all dreams of personal advantage, all care for her nation's interest, cheats herself and makes herself ridiculous before the world in her vain desire to bind him more closely to her by an offspring. Private life may show more amiable, more rational, more pleasing pictures of love, but it can show none more devoted, more whole-souled, more true. And the cold king cast it all off and left her; drew through her heart the riches of her kingdom, and then when the stream was dry, broke the heart from which he drew it, and she died, disappointed, disconsolate, broken-souled, a poor wasted worn-out thing. Earth never saw a sadder sight. Who will dare to say that, if called to live her life, he would have made better work of it than she did?

I may learn from the general indifference with which I am apt to regard the private acts of other men outside of the narrow circle of a few friends, that my deeds and words are not matters of such interest to them as I am sometimes apt to dream, that they comment upon them for a moment and then forget what is of infinite importance to me forever. And so I may begin to ponder less upon how my conduct strikes them and more on how my duty urges me. And heeding them less in the present, I may also heed my own past less. "Let the dead past bury its dead." Good or bad, it is gone now, and I have only to read its lessons as far as I may learn to profit and grow by them; as we solemnly and sadly close the eyes and draw the veil over the face of some dear dead friend, and go out into the world, to live by his advice and his memory a better and purer life.

The realization of a fact, with whose terms we have long been familiar, is like meeting and knowing face to face a man whose portrait has been before us for years. We knew the features perfectly, we had perhaps even caught the general expression of the face, but there is a power in the man himself which no picture can have; there is life and human energy; and we feel that we are in the presence of a power that we had not known before.

Is it not almost time for some men to learn that their incessant railing at earthly riches and power and learning are doing far more harm than good, that men are really convinced on reasonable grounds that these things are good, worthy objects of ambition and endeavor, and that if they had higher and worthier advantages to offer, their way to recommend them must not be to decry and depreciate what little good man already possesses? Such men may thank merely the weakness of their cause and of themselves that their efforts are not productive of more serious effects. Once convince men that wealth, power, and learning are mean and despicable and wrong, and you have crowned inefficiency and ignorance, brutality and stupidity, as the monarch of our race forever.

The choice of a profession is to a great extent the choice of a life, for nothing can be more different than the habits, associations, relations of life into which the different professions cast us. By one single decisive act all these are to be settled for all the future. Up to the time of choice all have been general, common to us with all young learning men, but now the broad, clear, open road breaks and separates; its paths diverge in every direction and bear all manner of appearances at their starting. Which shall we take? And first one word as to the importance and the difficulty of the choice. Whatever be our selection we shall probably never know it if we are wrong. Our dissatisfaction in the pursuit which we have chosen will not prove that another would have suited better. And as to trying them all and so satisfying ourselves of the wisdom of our choice, it is impossible simply because we have only one short life and not three or four to live. And again men who have made the choice years ago are little more qualified to assist us than we are to help ourselves. Each has tried only his own pursuit, and is unqualified, except on the general grounds which we all possess, to speak of the pursuits of others. If he has wasted his life in trying to test them all, he is probably all the less qualified to speak of either. Again the conviction of the wisdom of my neighbor's choice will not assist me in making mine. I may be sure that he is wise and right in

going to the bar, and yet know all the while perfectly well that the most foolish thing I could do would be to stupidly follow him there, walking in his steps because they are his steps, not because they mark the pathway for which I was made. It is no place for fashion. A wise man may follow his neighbors in the cut of his coat, or the style of his manners; no one but the rankest fool will give up his life to be moulded and modelled by their hands. We must cast off then, once for all, all regard to the preferences or prejudices of our friends if our selection is to be at all a wise one. If I am to choose a life for *myself*, which I am to live and for which I am to answer, let the choice be *really mine*, let me say to my advisers: I receive your advice, but no dictation. Without presumption or vanity, humbly, earnestly, and firmly, I claim my own human and divine right to my own life. Likewise we must regard not at all those professional prejudices which, magnifying one pursuit, would make it the test of capability for success in all. I have heard an excellent schoolmaster say (or heard of his saying) that he never knew a man who failed in teaching to succeed in anything else. I humbly believe it was the schoolmaster and not the man who spoke. I have failed myself most signally in teaching school, but I am not yet quite ready to acknowledge myself wholly unequal to all this wide world's work.

"The professions" as the term is generally used are three: Law, Medicine, and Theology. The protection of a man's rights, of his body, and of his soul, the three great barriers which, while he is hedging and ditching and tilling in his busy, bustling fields, are keeping out the destroying waters that would waste him and all his together. Law, the pledge of man's social being, the common friend that takes man's hand and placing it in his neighbor's bids him trust in social honor, integrity, and justice, embodying at once the sternest workings of human vengeance and the purest and most merciful spirit of human love, drawing its charter from the holiest source, — God's eternal law, and making that charter the blessed agent for smoothing the world's rough roads alike for the clumsy feet of human governments and the humblest steps of common men who cannot but jostle each other in the rugged way, — Law, — so often made powerless by debased humanity, is almighty in the inherent diversity of its nature. And Medicine, man's humbler but his truer friend, more immediately visible in the good it gives, standing by the sick-bed where the poor man lies tossing with his fever, wiping his clammy brow, moistening his parched lips, soothing and calming the racking of his exhausted frame, man's first visitor and his last, the most direct, the

most efficient, the most apparent, of his benefactors all through his life. And Divinity, the most revered of professions or the most despised, which is either everything to man or worse, far worse than nothing, either the most solemn and the most Godlike of truths or the most fearful and devilish of lies, whose very perversions and disgraces and abuses show its native worth, the nearest, dearest, most familiar of messages from God to man, which men reverence while they sneer at, and honor and worship in its nature when they most shudder and shrink from the dresses, all soiled and stained and of the earth, with which it sometimes claims that it is clothed, — surely, looking at the three thus in their purest and whitest abstraction, this last is not unworthy.

"Poetry has been as serious a thing to me as life itself; and life has been a very serious thing; there has been no playing at skittles for me in either. I never mistook pleasure for the final cause of poetry; nor leisure for the hour of the poet. I have done my work, so far, as work, not as mere head and hand work apart from the personal being, but as the completest expression of that being to which I could attain, and, as work, I offer it to the public; feeling its faultiness more deeply than any of my readers because measured from the height of my own aspiration, — but feeling also that the reverence and sincerity with which the work was done should protect it in the thoughts of the reverent and sincere."

These words are taken from Mrs. Browning's preface to the first American edition of her poems. They contain the English poetess's own introduction of the fruit of her life's work to a strange nation to which she comes asking for sympathy and respect, for admiration not of herself, but of what she admires and of what the devotion of her own life has convinced her is worthy of devotion of the life of every living man. In these few lines we have the key to the spirit of every poem in the volumes which they introduce. We say of every poem, and say it consideringly. For there is no poet that we can recall through the whole range of our English poetry who has so distinctive a character, and who lives so constantly in that character, as Mrs. Browning. The great reality, sincerity, and significance of all life is what is always weighing on her heart and pressing at her lips, and when poetry for a moment unveils the heart or opens the lips, it is this which always breaks forth into verse. Knowing then thus much of the general aim and scope of Mrs. Browning's works we may settle one or two points at once. She will not be a popular, that is, a people's favorite. You will not find her books well worn and

read in the homes of common men, for common men, in spite of all that we may wish and hope and dream, are not yet ready for a spirit like this. They dimly catch faint glimpses of it at happy moments when the God that is in them breaks forth, and is hardly seen before it dies back again, and all is so dark that we begin to doubt again as before, whether it is there at all; but they do not, and we must own cannot, yet make a life of it and fill their existence with its power and energy; and till they can do this, and have been doing this for some time, they cannot relish the poetry in which this life is the all in all.

Again, this kind of poetry, we may judge, will not find great favor with those persons who object to seeing the poet in his works, who admire Shakespeare because there is not Shakespeare, but universal manhood in his poems. Now Mrs. Browning is herself in her poetry from the first line to the last. Devotion and sincerity like hers are personal, individual things, belonging to each man and each woman apart from all other men and women, coinciding, if they coincide at all, by accident and not by agreement. Individuality then, a distinct refined personal character, is stamped on all her works. The strength of her thoughts is strong because they are peculiarly her own, no less her own because others have thought the same.

The "Sonnets from the Portuguese," read consecutively and carefully, are most beautiful. They give us new, fresh, ever more intimate views of their author's character and experience. Then read in connection with them Mr. Browning's dedication of his "Men and Women" to his wife, and you have the other side of the picture. The whole is complete. We see the deep love of two souls as capable of the best and truest love as any two that breathe.

Shelley at the age of seventeen writing "Queen Mab" seems to me, whatever we may think of the religion, the politics, and the ethics of that poem, to be one of the most remarkable sights on which we can ponder. It is not merely a boy of genius, like Chatterton or Byron or Keats. It is a boy man with all a boy's fire and young strength and young zeal and all a man's earnestness of purpose and belief. I must say the blasphemy, for we must use the word, of that strange poem has done more to make me a Christian than many a wise homily. How he stands with his young face intent to seize all the great converse of God and Nature which is ever speaking between Earth and Heaven. And O, how sad to see him catching only Nature's half of the dialogue and thinking earnestly, indignantly, that he has heard the whole, and then with

all the martyr spirit of a Huss, madly crying to religion and government, and commerce and marriage and God, that they are utter lies. I do not envy the man who can read the poem and, through all his horror at the sacrilege, and disgust and disapproval of the false morality, false logic, false history, and false hopes that fill it, not feel a thrill of honor and pity and love for the poor, pure, world-wretched man who wrote it. How many men there are who have no truer light than he, but who can be content in darkness, which he could not, who want only his depth of feeling and height of genius to be what he was.

Thursday evening, August 14, 1856.

Of the "Revolt of Islam" it seems to me to be the purest conception and embodiment of his creed as conceived and embodied by the purest soul that ever believed in the power of mere human love and joy and virtue to regenerate the world. And the great answer to his theory seems to be just where he was too pure to find it, in his own purity. Laon and Laone hardly lived in the earth, or even the stuff of which Laon and Laone might be made, outside of the mind of Shelley. The creed then which they could make, and which should then guard, guide, and comfort them, was a creed for them, not for mankind. Not that Christianity is less pure than Shelley's love-and-joy religion. The purity that was in him I take to be precisely that which is in the religion of Christ; only, the great common sea of love and peace and joy for man he had heaped into two separate mountains for his own private disappointments, disgusts, and cruel persecutions to pass through. The soul then which Christianity has made strong enough to separate Shelley the pure, honest lover of truth and virtue may make this poem, I think, a most blessed purifying, elevating book. I know but two pieces in contemporary poetry so fine as the plague in the tenth canto. Shelley's error throughout seems to me too low an estimate of man's actual and too high a faith in man's (unaided) possible.

The last sentence to the "Prometheus Unbound" should surely forever entitle the aspirations and longings of that poem for a purer world to respect and reverence. We may mourn that his mind could look only to man's own help to work out man's perfection. We may wonder how he could find a reality in human goodness to which all his life, outside himself, was ever giving the lie, which he could not attribute to divine beneficence, which was always speaking to him in Nature as it spoke to no other living soul; but if purity of heart, and earnestness of purpose, and perfect poetry of life and hopes and universal being be things to

honor and revere, then we must give to Shelley full honor and esteem. How beautiful is the report which the spirit of the hour brings of the renewed world at the end of the third act, and all the chorus of fresh, natural joy that burst from glad-souled Earth and moon and sea and spirits in the noble melody of the fourth act. "The Cenci" seems less his than either of his four great works, though the Shelley in it needs more study to show itself in it than in either of them. Who would not give months of our common, stale, dead days for one of his fullest, happiest, richest, silver, spirit-crowded days? Of Mrs. Shelley I know nothing except from her notes to his poems. She seems a most disagreeable sort of body.

"If I were one whom the loud world held wise!"
So speak'st thou, Shelley, in thy bitter scorning,
And turn'st thy pale, strong face to watch the dawning
Of wisdom on that world's cold, dull, gray skies.
A cloud rose-fleecy o'er the horizon lies
With angel sounds from Bethlehem's blessed morning;
O could thy soul but hear the mystic warning
As thy rapt gaze sees its pure beauty rise!

O man alone claims not man's fullest growth;
As in their pledging, lovers break the token,
Each keeping half in witness of their oath,
Till each fulfil the word that each hath spoken.
So Heaven holds pledge of manhood's plighted troth;
O kneel and pray God take thy fragment broken.

Wednesday, August 20, 1856.

The laws, especially those of early nations, consist much less of commands than of prohibitions. Man is more ready to do the good which is in him than to leave undone the evil. I think it is more to his credit than if the reverse were the case; this shows a want of self-restraint; that would argue positive malignity, and predilection for the wrong.

The great analogies of nature are fossilized in the language of mankind. The clear stars give a name to the clearness of an eye; the ruddy roses to the blushing of a cheek; and even in more lofty moral things, the purity of the evening sky, the fresh nakedness of morning, the calm beauty of summer, and the stern majesty of winter give us terms and titles for the pureness, the energy, the calm devotion or majestic duty of men's lives. The fullest, richest, and yet the truest of figurative language is what the tongue,

untaught but capable of eloquence, learns among the woods and brooks and birds.

Humanity has no sterner judge than human nature; mankind no stricter master than man. The great difficulty of the contemporary historian is to judge rightly where the tidemark of time will run, how high the waves will rise, what must be covered and what points will stand out to tell future men where the firm ground of his age once stood. All that is to be remembered must group round these points; all that can make its mark on them will tell. The greatness of the memory of things often differs much from the greatness of their reality in kind. The great glaciers that went crushing and crashing and crumbling over our continent uncounted ages ago are known and remembered to-day by a few faint scratches on a few old rocks. No historian will be perfect till he shall have fully learnt the perspective of history. Then he will be an artist with his art complete.

We speak with enthusiasm of originality, but too seldom distinguish between its different kinds, between originality as a habit and originality as a life. One sparkles out here and there in a strangeness of thought or oddity of action, is often entertaining, sometimes awakening and so improving, but not generally very estimable. The other is a genuineness and self-reliance of the whole man. There may be no thought or act which has not been thought or done over and over again by men before. The peculiarity consists in its being home-bred and original over again, after all its triteness, with this new man; and in its new strength he is strong.

For the individual can only prove affinity to Godhead in that he bows to it and worships it. (Goethe, Aus meinem Leben,—Die Krönung Joseph II.)

"It is a noble sight to see an honest man cleave his own heart in twain and fling away the baser part of it." (Reade, Never too Late to Mend, vol. i. p. 51.)

Let us cultivate and reverently cherish the honest indignations of our nature, for they are the life and fire that is in us. God has given them, and the man is most happy who has them the warmest, the truest, the least wrenched by prejudice, the least dulled by sense and sin.

The mind that never consciously repeats itself, that finds fresh thoughts and feelings always prompt when fresh occasions rise, never having to go back and take old dresses and recut, refit, and make them over to suit new needs, is blessed of God. It is hard to have to look to old emergencies to meet the new exigencies of life, demanding of the past not only memories and teaching which it owes us, but also the present powers and present resources which the present ought to furnish.

With what care we should cherish each waking thought that bears a trace of nobleness or purity or strength, tend, foster, and watch it, "for by so doing many have entertained angels unawares." It may be our angel. We may soon see its bright wings unfold and the bright smile of heaven spread over its face, and it may take our hands and lead us over the rough, hard road, giving us hope and strength and purpose, when without it all would have been despondency and weakness.

In these youthful musings intended for no eye but his own, where he first betrays the evidence of some inward religious experience, it does not appear that he was confronted by speculative or intellectual difficulties, but mainly with a moral issue, where a great act takes the precedence, — the submission and consecration of the will. We may speak of this moment as the beginning of his conversion, for he liked the word and used it. It was said of Lacordaire, that "on the day of his conversion he was already at heart a priest." Phillips Brooks was struck by the passage when he read it, for of him also it was true, that from the beginning of his conversion, he was already at heart, however imperfectly he may have realized it, consecrated to the work of the Christian ministry. Beyond this statement of a vague purpose slowly maturing it is not possible to go, in seeking to determine the time and the motive of his choosing the ministry as a profession. It may be that the idea had flitted before him in childhood under his mother's influence, who, above all other things, desired that this should be his calling. The impressive picture upon the boy's fancy of Dr. Vinton in the pulpit may have led him in half-unconscious ways to feel that he would like to follow the same profession. There are possible allusions to this preference while he was still in the

Latin School. But when he entered Harvard, and his soul opened up to the richness and complexity of the problem of life, such a vision seems to have faded away, if indeed it had ever taken any deep hold of his imagination. Some of his classmates and friends in college were surprised when they learned of his choice of a profession, but others were not. There are traditions of talks with his fellow students, to whom it seemed like throwing one's self away to enter the Christian ministry. This fear he undoubtedly shared himself, and it left its influence upon him. It was a new and fresh surprise to him all his life long that the ministerial profession instead of reducing or limiting the range of full and diverse human interests was a perpetual enlargement of the scope of one's being. He never spoke to young men on this subject in later years without telling them how full and free, how inexpressibly rich, was the clerical calling. But all this was yet to come to him in the slow course of years. That the reverse might be true was the danger that haunted him in this first crisis of his religious experience.

There is the tradition of conversation with a classmate, as they took a long walk together one Sunday afternoon. His friend represented to him how the church and the clergy were holding aloof from the great humanitarian movement which called for the abolition of slavery. To represent to Phillips Brooks, in whose blood was the Puritan motive and the transcendent desire for reforms which should benefit humanity, that the church was no longer in sympathy with these reforms, or was lagging behind in the race, was a forcible appeal to throw in his life with the more direct humanitarian crusade against the evils of the time. But against this appeal, which made its impression, there was some inward protest; it could not be the whole truth; and despite his misgiving, he persisted, listening to other voices, to some inward call as yet dimly interpreted.

One other incident in this waiting period from February to October, in 1856, remains to be mentioned. He went at last to call upon Dr. Vinton, to ask what steps should be taken by one who proposed to study for the ministry. According

to his own report of the conversation at a much later time, Dr. Vinton said to him that it was customary to have received confirmation before becoming a candidate for orders, and also remarked that conversion was generally regarded as a prerequisite for confirmation. To this Phillips Brooks replied that he did not know what conversion meant. But Dr. Vinton was a wise man, of great experience in the cure of souls, a man also who could rise above the conventionalities of religion or translate into his own dialect the manifestations of the religious life, however diverse or inadequate their expression. He approved of the plan to study for the ministry, and recommended the seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Alexandria in Virginia as the place where the preparation should be made. Phillips Brooks seems to have left home suddenly for Virginia some weeks after the term had opened. Beyond his father and mother, he took no one into his counsels. To one who remonstrated with him for his want of confidence in not telling his friends of the step he contemplated, he wrote in reply: "Please let all that matter drop. I said scarcely anything to any one about it but Father and Mother. Consider me here at the seminary without debating how I got here." The only light thrown on this event is a short note by Dr. Vinton, without other importance than that of a contemporary voice in the silence: —

TEMPLE PLACE, October 31, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR, — Not hearing of Phillips's call on Monday I supposed that he might have postponed his departure till my return.

His note reached me at Pomfret, but too late for an answer by the time that he named. If he has gone will you forward to him the enclosed notes to Dr. Sparrow and Dr. May? I am glad to be once more at home with my family to resume regular duties.

Congratulating devoutly yourself and Mrs. Brooks on the answer to your prayers for your dear son, and praying with you that he may be a burning and shining light in the ministry to which he is called, I am very faithfully

Your friend and pastor, ALEX. H. VINTON.

WM. G. BROOKS, ESQ.

These are the words with which Phillips Brooks closed the brief record of his thoughts on the eve of his departure for Virginia: —

"*As we pass from some experience to some experiment, from a tried to an untried scene of life, it is as when we turn to a new page in a book we have never read before, but whose author we know and love and trust to give us on every page words of counsel and purity and strengthening virtue.*"

CHAPTER V

1856–1857

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY AT ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA. NATURE AND EXTENT OF HIS READING. EXTRACTS FROM HIS NOTE-BOOK

"It is the five years after college which are the most decisive in a man's career. Any event which happens then has its full influence. The years which come before are too fluid. The years which come after are too solid." This deliberate utterance of Phillips Brooks, in speaking of his friend Richardson, the eminent American architect,[1] imposes a certain obligation on his biographer. He could not have thus spoken of Richardson if he had not been aware of the importance of these years in the history of his own life. For this reason, the story of his experience in the Latin School has been given at some length, as well as what is known of the time which elapsed between his resignation as an usher there and his departure for Virginia. For this reason it seems necessary to trace with some minuteness the career of the theological student when he was laying the foundations of his future greatness. The materials for this portion of his life are most ample, as will appear in the course of the narrative.

For some reasons, not quite easy to explain, there is oftentimes embarrassment and even trial connected with the transition from college to the theological seminary. Into this trial there enters a sense of shame, the *mauvaise honte*, it might almost be called, which is peculiar to Christianity as compared with other religions. The Mohammedan or the Buddhist is not troubled in this way when making his

[1] Cf. *The Harvard Monthly*, for October, 1886, and *Essays and Addresses*, by Phillips Brooks, p. 485.

prayers, and indeed is quite willing to be seen of men; whereas Christianity, and Protestantism more particularly, cultivates the inwardness of religion, and even the concealment of professions or of acts of devotion, the shutting of the door to the secret prayer, whose influence, however, is to be seen openly.

The theological student seems to defy this sentiment. He is separating himself from other men for a religious purpose. It appears like ostentation, as though he proclaimed himself more religious than his fellows. To enter a theological school somewhat resembles the admission to a monastery in the Middle Ages, and something of the surprise and obloquy which attached to the one attaches to the other. Then there is the further difficulty that in this case the cultivation of religion is connected with one's future support, so that the question rises in the student's mind, and he is sure also in the minds of his quondam companions, whether he is sincere, or may not be thinking of the material gains of life. There is an artificial standard set up for behavior, till a young man becomes sensitive and self-conscious. How will this or that act or remark strike those without, and who are watching his career to see if there is any change. He has mingled freely with his college mates, as one of them, without distinction; has been popular with all alike, or has been at liberty to choose his companions; now he is to be shut up with a few with whom he is to be identified. He wonders what kind of men he shall encounter.

There are other difficulties also of a grave kind. The college world is more universal in its tone and aspiration; its teachers seek for truth and may address a wide, almost world-wide constituency. But the theological teacher is regarded, and too often it is true, as working in the interest of a sect; and if he speaks his voice is rarely heard outside his own communion. The student, who has hitherto been free, must now study and learn to defend, and, if need be, shout for the shibboleths of a party. Young men who have hitherto been united in a common aim become conscious of the sense of separation. There is a feeling that it is not natural, or

that a man may be lowering and reducing himself to a smaller man by the change. Then again, the call to the ministry is more apt to come to the sons of unworldly families, where the aim has not been social ambition or the amassing of riches. These may be lacking in the breeding of the man of the world, the *savoir-faire* upon which young men so often place too great a stress, as a canon of judgment. It is true that to-day, as of old and always, not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and weak things to confound the mighty, and base things and things which are despised God hath chosen to do his peculiar work.

For these and other reasons there are prejudices about theological seminaries against which a young man must contend who is called to the ministry. He may be looked down upon by his old associates; he may even be in danger of looking down upon himself. If he be greatly gifted he will be regarded by some as queer, or as throwing himself away where he will not be appreciated. His social standing may be affected. His future is uncertain. Intellectual endowments of the highest order, which would meet with success in the world of affairs, are not always sure of recognition in the world of religion. They may even prove a disadvantage. A good voice and a good appearance with agreeable manners sometimes constitute in the ministry a sort of stock in trade, so that he who is without them suffers in comparison. The race in the ministry is not always to the strongest.

These considerations are mentioned here because Phillips Brooks was alive to them when at last he made up his mind to go to a theological seminary. He had determined at least to give it a trial; it is doubtful if his determination at first went further than this. There had been among friends and acquaintances those who thought he was throwing himself away, and plainly told him so. He was more afraid for himself that he should deteriorate and become content with some lower standard, by restricting his field of vision or action. He was afraid that the reason which he gloried in as the

highest endowment of man must be abdicated at the call of authority, as the primary condition of theological study. But while his fears and uncertainties were great, he possessed already two supreme qualifications, — safeguards against all dangers. One was humility. He had discarded ambition and was willing to be no one; he only asked to be useful in some ordinary or even obscure way. There was also ripening within him the consciousness that he was called by God, and that in this conviction he could not be lessened or restricted, but must be enlarged to the uttermost. Let the reader turn to his Sermons for his own commentary on his inward mood as he left home to begin the study of his profession: —

> With regard to that time [the period of professional preparation], I think that all of us who have seen many men will bear witness that it is just there that many men grow narrow, and from being broad in sympathies, large, generous, humane, before, even in all the crudity of their boyhood, the moment of the choice of their profession seems to make them limited and special, shuts them up between narrow walls, makes them uninteresting to all the world outside their little work, and makes all the world outside their little work uninteresting to them. . . . Where shall the larger spirit come from? The spirit of an act comes from its motive. There must be a larger motive then. And the largest of all motives is the sending of God, the commission of Him who is the Father of us all. . . . The true salvation from the sordidness and narrowness of professional life comes only with a profound faith that God sent us to be the thing that we are, to do the work that we are doing.[1]

It must have been an exciting and busy moment in the Brooks family when Phillips left home for the first time. The short note of Dr. Vinton's indicates that he, too, was moved. This was the mother's first call to this peculiar experience. When it came a second time, in the case of her son George, she spoke in a letter to Phillips of the pain it gave her, and how it had reminded her of his departure from home. The love which ruled the household and bound it together was intensified by this event, so common, so

[1] Vol. viii. p. 12.

familiar, and yet ever new. We may speak of these things because no one could attach more importance to them than Phillips Brooks. From his childhood he recognized the "mysticity," as it has been called, which broods over meetings and partings. But he was young, not yet twenty-one; it was like going to a new world; he was to see on the way for the first time, with his own eyes, the places he had long heard of and had been eager to see, the larger cities of his own country. He had in him the making of a traveller, and this was his first experience. His face was set towards the future, and beneath it all was the conviction, weak indeed, and yet growing, that God was sending him.

From the time of his going to the theological seminary there dates a voluminous correspondence with the family at home. Every week, and sometimes oftener, he wrote to his father or mother, or to his older brother. This was regarded as in the nature of a fixed engagement. When the correspondence begins there was lamentable failure on all sides, except the father's, to date the letters. Perhaps the mother was the chief offender, to whom moments of space and time were subordinate to spiritual and eternal issues. Phillips himself was often careless, heading his letters, "Monday evening," or the day of the week, as the case might be. The evil consequences of this neglect soon began to be manifest; the father remonstrated, Phillips himself complained, and after the first year's correspondence this negligence was in a measure overcome. The handwriting of the son at this time, though closely resembling his father's, was not equal to it in grace or legibility. It was uneven in its character, sometimes open and full, sometimes crabbed and small. The letters which here follow describe without the necessity of comment the external incidents in his first year at the theological seminary. The first one was addressed to his brother William, and was written on the day of his arrival at Alexandria, November 7, 1856, giving his impressions of his new home: —

As the weary traveller paces the well-worn deck of the good steamer George Washington on its billowy course from Washington to Alexandria, he sees on a lofty hill which rises behind the latter beautiful town a large white brick building. Well, that 's just where I am to-night. If you go to the engraving which hangs beside your Shakespeare and look at the building with the cupola, in the third story, counting the basement, just to the left of the largest tree which intercepts the building, you will see a window. There 's where I am writing. Not that it 's my room. It belongs to one of about forty new-made friends who have taken me in for the evening. My lordly apartment is a garret in an old building called the Wilderness about fifty rods behind this. Its furniture at present consists of a bedstead and a washstand. I looked in for a moment, threw down my carpet bag, and ran. I suppose I 've got to sleep there to-night, but I 'm sure I don't know how. There seem to be some fine fellows here. They are very hospitable, and would kill me with kindness if I would stand it. They are about half from the North and half from the South. I 'm in a perfect wilderness of names, for they 've been introducing me all around and I shan't know half of them again. I have seen the head, Dr. Sparrow, who is a thin, tall gentleman, with not much to say. So Buchanan is our next President. The South is a mean and a wretched country at best, so far as I have seen it. The line seems marked most plainly where the blessing ceases and the curse begins, where men cease to own themselves and begin to own each other. Of course there is nothing of the brutality of slavery here, but the institution is degrading the country just as much. All the servants are slaves. Those in the seminary are let out by their masters for so much a year, paid of course to the master just as you 'd pay for a horse hired. Everything seems about half a century behind the age. There is no enterprise, no life. It takes forever to get a job done at all, and fifty forevers to get it done decently, even in the littlest things. They 've got a gong at the hotel at Alexandria, but they don't know how to ring it, and so they go about the house at meal times banging away at it like a drum, with a perfectly hideous noise. I had a stunning time in New York: saw most of the lions, and almost walked my feet off all over the city. Whom did father vote for? Baltimore disgusted me with Fillmore. I passed through there while the fight was raging, and heard the whole town in an uproar. Philadelphia I liked very much, so far as I saw it. Washington is a sort of a skeleton affair, splendidly laid out and about half grown. The public buildings strike me

as decidedly shabby. The Potomac is a splendid river; we can see it plainly from the seminary, as also the Capitol and monument, etc., at Washington. The seminary has about 100 acres of ground, mostly covered with oak and hickory. The cedar and locust trees are very plenty in this neighborhood. I had to get my watch put twenty minutes back in Washington, which convinced me that I was getting some way from home. It is about three miles to Alexandria, and a very pleasant walk. I am a stronger Fremont man than ever, since seeing Buchanan and Fillmore States, and know nothing that I would not do to change the result. The only hope now is that he will make things bad enough to call forth a louder and wider indignation at the next election. I really want to tell you all about the place, and so I do. I had a game of "base" this afternoon with my new friends, but they evidently didn't think much of my performances. Don't let mother worry too much. You may give her a kiss on one cheek for me and let George, if he is very anxious, on the other. Tell George not to wait for a special answer to his letter before writing again, for I have a crowd to write to while he has only one, and I mean each letter for so many of the crowd as care to read it. I went with Edward Dalton through all the horrors of his place when I was in New York, and saw some lovely operations. It is a splendid study. I am really ashamed to write more, although I should like to very much, and so say good-night, and am going over to the Wilderness, to lie awake and think of you all. Give my best love to Father and Mother, and believe me Ever your affectionate brother,

PHILLIPS.

Friday morning.

The mails don't go from here but once a day, and this won't start from Alexandria before to-morrow morning. I have slept over night in my cheerful hole, and am rejoicing this morning in a cold and a cramp. They have the least idea of New England comfort down here of any place I ever saw. I am in the room of a son of Bishop Potter, who seems to be a splendid fellow; at any rate he 's mighty handsome. 'T is an awkward thing this living in a garret. Please tell Father that since 1846 Alexandria has not been in the District of Columbia. It was then given to Virginia with all on the west of the Potomac, which is now called Alexandria County.

A week later, November 14, 1856, he gives his impressions in a letter to Mr. G. C. Sawyer: —

FAIRFAX COUNTY, VA., Friday, November 14, 1856.

I don't know whether or not you will be surprised to get a letter from me dated in this funny, out-of-the-way place. It depends upon whether or not you have heard of my having settled down into what I suppose is to be my life, theology. . . . It is just a week ago to-day that I reached here, and I have hardly yet got settled. I received your letter some weeks before I left Boston, and was so busy getting ready to be off that I really had not time to answer it then, but now I am looking for everybody whom I have any claim to write to, for an answer to a letter is a perfect boon in this remote place. You will find on consulting your map the dirty little city of Alexandria, about seven miles down the river Potomac from Washington, and about two miles back from the river behind Alexandria, on a high hill in the woods, stands this institution. It is a lonely, desolate sort of a place, with about forty students, of whom as yet I know two. It is beautifully situated, overlooks the river and Washington, to say nothing of that little mudhole, Alexandria. I am beginning to buck into Hebrew pretty slowly, and like it extremely. It is the queerest old language I ever saw. I live almost entirely by myself, see little or nothing of the other students, who seem to be an extremely good but not particularly interesting set of young men. I imagine they don't think much of me. The course here is three years. I suppose I shall stay that time. The country and weather here is glorious. I never saw such moonlight nights in all my life. But the people are wretched, shiftless, uninteresting, lazy, deceitful. I suppose it is one of the best places to see the sad effects of slavery on the white population, degrading and unmanning them. I don't feel much like saying anything of the election [of Buchanan]. The people around here are delighted with the result, and crowing and exulting as if they had saved the land. There are crowds of slaves about here; very many of them, however, are hired from other parts of the State, and from other States, of their masters. They are a jolly-looking set of people. . . . I have spent considerable time since I have been here over in Washington sight-seeing. There is ever so much to look at, and next month, when Congress is sitting, it will be very lively. At present it is dull enough so far as company is concerned. I have just been invited to join a students' party in a sailboat to-morrow, down the river to Mt. Vernon, and am going, but expect it will be mighty slow. It is as unlike college as anything can be. . . . And now having said all I can think of about myself, as usual, I can give you half a page. How goes Greek and Latin and the great profession? Are you settled to

it for life, or may you not some day find your way into a greater and better profession? Let me know what you are about. It takes so long for letters to go and come that I shall expect you to answer this posthaste as soon as you receive it, particularly when you consider my state of dreariness off here in the Virginia woods. I saw Sanborn shortly before I left Boston, and had a long walk with him one Sunday afternoon. He was still hopeful about election. I wonder how he feels now. He said that if Buchanan was elected he went in dead for a dissolution of the Union. Did you see the account of the riot in Baltimore on election day? I came through there on that day, and the whole city was in an uproar. I stayed there about an hour, and was earnestly importuned to vote, in spite of non-residence and everything else, many times. I shan't go near Mr. James Buchanan's inauguration, although it is so near.

A few words about the political situation in these years 1856–1859 may throw light upon the allusions in the letters which will follow. In 1856 the Republican party had held its first National Convention, when John C. Fremont had been its nominee for the presidency. Phillips Brooks was not yet old enough to vote, but he understood the issues, and was a strong partisan supporter of Fremont. Buchanan, the candidate of the Democratic party, was elected mainly by the Southern States, the only Northern States voting for him being Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Indiana, and Illinois. It was therefore upon the South that the new administration depended. In its first year, 1857, the famous Dred Scott decision had been made by the Supreme Court, to the effect that a negro, according to the Constitution of the United States, was not a citizen, but was property which might be carried as such to any part of the territories subject to Congress. This decision had created consternation in the North, for it made void the Missouri Compromise (1820), which had allowed Missouri to come into the Union as a slave State, but had made the line of the southern border of Missouri the limit, north of which slavery should be prohibited. South of that line slavery was to be allowed to extend as each new State might determine. In 1857–1858 the excitement ran high over the case of Kansas, whether it should become a free or a slave State. Each side poured its colonists into the Terri-

tory preliminary to the final vote which should determine its fate. In 1858 the free state constitution had been adopted by a large majority, constituting a great victory for Northern sentiment. John Brown of Kansas had taken part in this attempt to prevent the introduction of slavery, and carried out of himself by the fervor of his hatred for slavery, he had gone to Virginia with the object of creating an insurrection in order to the liberation of the slaves. On October 17, 1859, he seized the United States arsenal at Harper's Ferry. His purpose was defeated; he was arrested, and after a short trial condemned. His execution on the gallows took place December 2, 1859, where he died with great dignity. These years saw events rapidly moving towards civil war. Lincoln was beginning to be known; he had engaged in debate with Douglas, who represented some attempt at compromise of the issues of freedom and slavery, while Lincoln committed himself to the cause of freedom. In 1857 a severe financial depression began which caused great suffering. The Congress which Phillips Brooks looked in upon at Washington was engaged in lowering the tariff as a means to financial prosperity.

These events as they happened were prominent in his mind during the time that he was studying theology in Virginia. What was going on in the country at large was reproduced on a smaller scale among the students in the seminary at Alexandria, who were about equally divided in sentiment regarding the questions of the day.

During the first year of his residence at the seminary, judging from his letters, he was restless and discontented and chiefly anxious to get away. It was the familiar malady of homesickness. The change was too great for him from the home and centre of the Puritans to a country which held in no respect the Puritan traditions, where manners and customs were strange and repugnant. He felt keenly the difference also between the standards of Harvard College and the instruction offered by a small school poorly endowed, where he was also without books or periodical literature to enable him to feel in contact with the larger world. We may listen

to him now as he speaks confidentially his mind, in language often too strong, a defect surely calling for allowance under the circumstances. The letters tell us much, but are far from revealing the full situation, as will be seen before he closed his course of study. If he seems to speak too severely of the Alexandria seminary, yet he afterwards took it to his heart, as having furnished him with the most important experience of his life. If he makes fun of it, that was his way of admiring, also, for he applied the same rule all his life to whatever he came in contact with. And again, he was laid up twice with illness: once soon after he reached Virginia, by a lame foot, and then by trouble with his eyes, which for some weeks prevented his using them. All these things combined made the family at home anxious, and led his mother to propose a visit to Washington in order to see the real situation. With this introduction we return to the letters: —

Tuesday evening.

My dear Father, — I have this evening been blessed with a score of letters, receiving them at once, — one which ought to have got here last night, containing fifteen dollars, whose receipt I hereby acknowledge and thank you for very much. I have not told you more about things because I can't. It 's the most shiftless, slipshod place I ever saw. The only stated expense is $100 per annum for board in commons. We all dine together in a large low room down cellar. It seems cheap, but I assure you it 's quite as much as it 's worth. Besides that we have expenses for fuel, some articles of furniture, lights, washing, and sundries. I have as yet got half a cord of wood for $3.00. I think I shall have to get a new stove, and if I do shall burn coal. It 's cheaper. For washing I pay $2.00 a month. I have not yet bought a lamp, but burn candles at present. Have bought no furniture excepting a pair of curtains for $1.00. The instruction here is very poor. . . . All that we get in the lecture and recitation rooms I consider worth just nothing. . . . My last letters have been so long that I am really getting a little short for matter. Ask William if he considers my ten pages answered by his brief though excellent epistle of last week. I went to church four times on Sunday, besides twice to prayers. Was n't that pretty well? . . . Tell Mother I would send her a lock of my hair with pleasure, but the fact is I got it cut last Saturday in Wash-

ington, and besides that I can't spare any. I can't find a lock long enough to cut. . . .

From your PHILLIPS.

P. S. Tell Mother not to feel too bad that this is n't addressed to her. When she sends me fifteen dollars I 'll write her a stunning letter.

Monday evening, November 25, 1856.

DEAR BILL, — I must really beg your pardon for having neglected for so long to answer your letter, but I rather thought you 'd write again, and I thought I 'd lump them and answer them together, but I think now that I won't wait any longer, but write you a few lines to-night, just to let you know I have n't forgotten you. You seemed quite in the dumps when you wrote. Have you got over them? I wish you could get into my comfortable position for a few minutes and then see how you would feel. If that did n't teach you to be contented with your lot nothing would. When are you coming on here, — at Christmas time, or do you wait till inauguration? Why can't you come at Christmas, and we can have great times. I wrote to Mother this morning. Tell her not to worry about my sickness, for though not very cheerful work there 's nothing dangerous about it, and I am a good deal better to-night. I hope you 'll have a jolly Thanksgiving Day. I spent mine in Washington, and this sickness is to pay for it. . . . I thank you very much for the Tennyson which came in my box. If you did n't read the copy you sent me you 'd better get another and read it right away. I am ashamed to stop here, but my position is painful, all cramped up here, and it is so hard to write with my foot up in another chair that I must really break off to-night.

Tuesday morning.

I will add a few lines this morning to the shabby letter that I wrote last night. I feel a good deal better to-day, and if it was n't rainy, I might possibly get about a little. I tell you it takes down a man's spirit to be cooped up in this desolate sort of a way. . . . Of course you won't expect any *news* from this out-of-the-way hill; at any rate I 've none to give. I do nothing all day but study, and see no one from morning to night. I am rejoiced to hear in Mother's letters that Mrs. —— is coming to stay at Dr. May's this winter. I shall be glad to see anybody that I ever saw before. I don't think I have spoken to a lady since I left the Old Colony depot in Boston, and hardly expect to before I get back there again. Will you kindly lay all the defi-

ciencies of my letter to the circumstances of my situation, and as soon as I am well I will try to do a little more creditably. In the meanwhile let me hear from you, and believe me

Your affectionate brother,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Tell Mother that the doctor has just been here and says that all is going right. I shall be out to-morrow or next day. P. B.

Tuesday evening, November 26, 1856.

DEAR TOP, — I need hardly say that the piece of news of which I was made the confidant in your last letter took me almost completely by surprise. I did not expect it. None of those swift-footed rumors which will always get the start of facts in such matters had breathed a whisper of it in this far-off place. The truth stood before me in a flash with all its startling suddenness. Top Sawyer was engaged! If it had come from any other source I would n't have believed it, but I see no corner now for a doubt to crouch in, and I must yield to conviction that it must be true. But really it is something more than a mere duty matter to offer you my most sincere congratulations on this event. I do indeed rejoice in your prospects of a happy life, and most earnestly wish you joy in all the circumstances of your new connection. These are not mere form words. I do honestly congratulate you, and thank you for your confidence in trusting your secret to me. In general I am not good at secret-keeping, but yours shall be most religiously preserved till you give me leave to divulge. From present appearances it will be some time before I have a chance to reciprocate your confidence, but when the time comes you may depend on my doing so. I welcome you most heartily *into the family*. My genealogical knowledge is not sufficient to trace the connection of Miss Gorham's to our race. I have written inquiries home, and you shall have the result. My maternal grandmother, who died in May last in North Andover, Mass., was a daughter of Honorable Nathaniel Gorham of Charlestown, and that must be where the cousinship comes in. Will you present my respects to Miss Gorham as a relation?

I am laid up at present, and have been for the last week, with a lame foot, which makes things pretty cheerless in this strange place. I hope to be out now by day after to-morrow. I am working on pretty well in the Hebrew. We begin with Conant's edition of Gesenius's Grammar, and soon begin to read in Genesis. . . . The immense plans of labor and study which I find laid out in your letters are rather startling to one who has not yet wholly laid aside the habits of a not very active college course.

The impudence with which a man of your penmanship finds fault with anybody else's writing is merely contemptible. I hope I said nothing in my last to make you think that I dislike my station here. I do like the place, the studies, and the profession very much, and better every day. Our friends who were to have sailed in the Lyonnais had a narrow escape. Did Sanborn write you anything about my coming here? If so will you tell me what? I have my reason for wanting to know; that is, if there 's no harm in your telling me. . . . Write soon, and you shall have a speedy answer from Your friend,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

November 28, 1856.

DEAR WILLIAM, — . . . Last Friday evening Professor —— gave a party to our class, and I went as a sort of duty matter because he called at my room while I was laid up. There were twelve students and three ladies, the latter being apparently rather a scarce article in these parts. We stayed from 7.30 till twelve, and altogether it was not remarkably pleasant.

I have not got an armchair yet. I bought one and paid for it in Alexandria, but could not get a man to bring it out for two days, and so the storekeeper in true Virginia style sold it over again, and then seemed to think it a particular favor when he consented to refund the money. I am getting a new stove, which will be a saving in the end, for the little trap I found here burns an enormous quantity of wood with very little heat. . . . I am very sorry to hear from Mother that you think you cannot come on at Christmas. I wish you could, and hope still you can, for I think there would be much about here that you would enjoy seeing. . . .

There had been suspicions rife at Alexandria and in the seminary of a threatened insurrection among the negroes, which had led to some manifestations of ill feeling on the part of the Southern students against those who came from the North. The latter had probably been active in teaching the negroes to read and write, or had held religious services for them.

Thursday evening, December 18, 1856.

DEAR FATHER, — . . . The affair of which I spoke in that letter, although it seems pretty certain that it was all a groundless panic, is having a bad effect. It has excited much jealousy among the Southern students and the town people against the

Northerners. One Northern student, who has held a meeting once a week for the servants of the seminary and the neighbors, has received notice that it must be given up, or he will have to suffer. . . . Another, who has preached some in the neighborhood, has been informed that there was tar and feathers ready for him if he went far from the seminary. And in general they have been given to understand that their tongues were tied and they were anything but free. A pretty style of life, is n't it? . . .

Most truly and affectionately,

PHILL.

The late Rev. R. C. Matlack, who was at this time a member of the seminary, writes of this affair: —

The "dear old seminary" was not a very comfortable place then for anti-slavery men, such as a few of us were, especially if we exercised and claimed the right of free speech. When one of our fellow students was notified that he would be "tarred and feathered" if he did not leave, Phillips stood nobly by him, and declared that the men of the North must all leave together and publicly declare their reasons for withdrawing, unless they were assured of protection and the liberty of free speech. A petition was sent to the faculty, and what we asked was granted; and even public discussions were allowed in "Prayer Hall." Slavery was thoroughly reviewed in its political, moral, and religious aspects, and leading Southern men frankly acknowledged that they had known but little of the *animus* of the institution [slavery] until they heard these discussions; their views and feelings were greatly modified.

The Christmas holidays were spent in Virginia, but were enlivened by a visit from his mother and his brother William. Just before they were to start, however, he telegraphed them not to come, and in a letter following the telegram he explained what he fears they may have regarded as a strange proceeding on his part. The letter shows one striking personal peculiarity, his great susceptibility at this time to the influence of the weather. Nor does he seem to have outgrown it until several years later. Most of his letters contain allusions to the weather; there may have been something conventional in these, or inherited, for his father always notes the weather in his journal. But there was something more, — a very sensitive constitution responding

to every change in atmospheric conditions, made miserable, even, and incapable of work by a hopelessly rainy day. The next letter shows an abnormal sensitiveness to the cold for a boy who had lived in Boston: —

Monday evening, December 23, 1856.

Dear Father, — I am afraid a telegraphic dispatch which I sent you early this morning, advising Mother and William not to come, reached you too late to accomplish its purpose.

I will explain the reasons of what may seem to you a strange proceeding. In the first place we are having a spell of the coldest and most disagreeable weather imaginable. The river is frozen tight, and all communication between Alexandria and Washington is cut off by a very uncertain line of omnibuses which run only once or twice a day. The roads are rough and stiff with ice, so altogether you see it is not a time to think of coming here. Again, Congress adjourns on Wednesday till after the New Year, and as I suppose William's principal object was to be present at their sittings I did not wish him to be disappointed. I am in hopes he may have seen it in the papers, and so of himself determined not to come. And then the state of the river precludes all chance of a visit to Mt. Vernon, which I suppose was another of his principal inducements. The cold did not set in till yesterday, or I should have sent before. I hope they got the message, and will not think it wrong or strange that I sent. I have not engaged their rooms, but shall be on hand at the cars to-morrow night, if it is possible to get to Washington. If they do not come, then I shall stay one night at W., so as to be on hand Wednesday morning. Willard's and the National are the same price, and the former is slightly the better house. Mr. Wise, whom I asked about it, thinks he may get me some rooms, and will try to-morrow. You see, I consider it an equal chance that they do or do not come, and make arrangements for both chances, though *for their sake* I must say I hope they won't. I think I may have something from you at the telegraph office to-morrow morning. To-night is colder than ever. I think my last must have quieted any fears you had about insurrections, etc. There is now no danger at all, and it seems pretty sure that there has been none, though at one time it looked very much like it. I feel very anxious to know whether Mother and William are coming or not, and shall use every human effort to be at the cars to see. I am just going to make a call at Dr. May's.

Eleven P. M.

Mr. Wise has been here ever since seven o'clock, so I have not been able to make my call. A snowstorm has come up and the ground is white with snow. Yours, P. B.

The most memorable circumstance connected with the visit of his mother, which she undertook despite his warning, was that he made his first communion on Christmas Day, kneeling by his mother's side at St. John's Church in Washington. He had not been confirmed, but from this time it must be inferred that he was "ready and waiting."

Tuesday morning, January 27, 1857.

Dear Father, — Your letter of the 22d reached me in good season last night, and I write now to acknowledge and thank you for the $20 which it enclosed. It is quite sufficient for all my immediate wants. I have just had a chance, as one of the students is leaving the seminary, to buy a few of his things at something of a bargain, and so I thought it best to get them, although it will leave me immediately not quite so well in pocket as I should otherwise have been. I have got and paid for a stove and wood for the rest of the winter, a lamp and armchair, etc., so that I am now rather more comfortable. It has been stinging cold here. Thermometer as low as four degrees below zero and the snow piled in drifts about the building. It seems to have been a tremendous storm all over the country. . . . Did you ever eat tomato pies? They alternate with boiled rice, which is troubled with water on the brain, as our daily dessert. We have a good many novelties in diet. Last night a new dish made its appearance which looked like a flapjack that had tried to be a loaf of brown bread and failed in the attempt. Personal investigation was useless, and we had to apply to the menial, who answered our question with, "Them, sir! Yaw, sir, them 's flickers," and so they are still called, an awful mystery shrouding their nature and genealogy. . . .

He was now taking steps to become a candidate for orders, which seems to have been urged as a matter of importance by Dr. Vinton. There is apparently some reluctance still to take the decisive action committing him to the ministry as a profession. At least he sees no reason for immediate action.

February 2, 1857.

DEAR FATHER, — Yours of the 26th just received, and as you desire I shall mail this to-morrow, enclosing, if I can get it, the necessary certificate from Dr. Sparrow. I suppose you understood me to say, what at any rate I meant to say, in my former letter, that if it is not necessary that my name should be presented now, and if it will occasion no delay to postpone it, *I should much prefer* that it should be put off for a time. I should think that Dr. Vinton would really be able to tell. However, I leave the whole matter to you and him. I suppose you will have no difficulty in getting the certificate of my graduation from Dr. Walker, and shall be much obliged to you for taking the trouble. I don't understand your constant slurs which I receive from all quarters upon the quality of my writing paper. It is the very best I can get, and costs well. . . . The weather here is still cold and the travelling execrable. I have had to go to Alexandria to-day and had hard work to get back again, through ditches, puddles, and snow banks.

Inauguration time is getting pretty near now, and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to have you come on and see the Capitol steps desecrated. I wish you would come, for I think you would enjoy it, and find a great deal to see. If this sort of weather lasts, however, there is no great inducement for any one to come from the North to the South, for in all my Northern experience I never saw so much disagreeable winter weather as I have seen the last three weeks. Everything is wholly unprepared for it, poor houses, mean wood, wretched stoves, etc. I had to give up all idea of getting my room warm, till I found a new stove, which answers capitally, but has left me a little short in pocket. I am in hopes now soon to have a chance to engage a room in the new hall, though we shall see nothing of the furniture till the river opens in the spring. Love to all.

From your affectionate son,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Thursday noon.

Dr. Sparrow has been sick, and I have only just now been able to get the certificate. I enclose it in a hurry in this letter.

We have just had our first recitation to him.

February 8, 1857.

DEAR TOP, — . . . I have just been told that there 's a man in Exeter who sells books at miraculously low prices. I "heard tell" that he asked only 37½ cents per volume for Little &

Brown's English Poets. How is this? When is your independent school going to start, and where? If a reference to "a well-known and distinguished clergyman" will help your prospects, my name is at your service. If the customary allowance is made for ministers' sons you may count on the proper number of little Brookses in years hence. What a winter we have had! Rain, hail, and snow, snow, hail, and rain ever since Christmas. The sunny South is all a humbug. I like my situation here quite well — work pretty hard, read considerably, and live really quite a pleasant life. . . . I am egregiously unpopular, but try to bear it with proper meekness. I have been reading Herodotus, partly for the Greek and partly for the story. I have been much interested in him. Dalton writes by fits and starts; from all other college communication I am cut off. Dalton writes me on Channing's authority that —— is certainly engaged.

Eheu fugaces, Postume,
Postume, labuntur anni.

I read "Aurora Leigh" as soon as it was out, and need not say I was enthusiastic, as I have been over almost everything that Mrs. Browning ever wrote. It is a great book, the book of the year beyond all question, so far as poetry or light literature, if it be light, goes.

Your stories of plays at the Pudding come to me like memories of good dinners that I ate and digested long ago. I shall hope to see something of the kind next summer when I am on, till then Hebrew and moral philosophy must be my diet. Hebrew is a tough old tongue, as independent as these thirteen United States, so that no little previous knowledge of any other language helps one out at all in his dealings with it. Inauguration is now close at hand. Will you come and see the old wretch crowned? I can put a bed, and knife and fork, at your service, and bid you welcome. . . . Your friend,

Phillips Brooks.

As the months went by he does not seem to have become more reconciled to his situation. He now intimates a desire to leave the seminary at Alexandria, and try his fortunes elsewhere in the two years that remain of his preparation for the ministry. He also admits that if he were not twenty-one he should call himself homesick.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, Monday, March 16, 1857.

DEAR FATHER, — I have been meaning to write to you for a good while, but have kept putting it off for one reason or another. I want in the first place to thank you for the last money that you sent me, whose receipt I have already indirectly acknowledged through a letter to George. This is such an out-of-the-way place, where one has to buy all the books he wants, very different from Boston or any city where you can get at libraries or borrow books. The library here is really worth just nothing at all. It is pretty much like all the rest of the seminary, which seems poorer and poorer to me every day. I really begin to have serious doubts whether it will be worth while for me to come back here for two more years, whether it won't be better to study at home, if this is really the best seminary in the country. . . . Dr. Sparrow is so out of health that we seldom see him, and when we do he is too unwell to exert himself at all. However, there are three or four months still left of this year, and it will be time enough next summer to think whether to come back here or not. We are having all kinds of weather just now, three snowstorms within the last week, but the snow melts right away, only leaving its traces in the very muddy roads. I wrote William a very long letter the other day, whose length I was rather ashamed of after it was sent, but I thought as he had scolded so about the meagreness of my last one it was just good enough for him to get too much of this. The recitation bell will ring in a few moments, so I must break off here, remaining affectionately

Your son, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Monday evening, April 6, 1857.

DEAR WILLIAM, — Yours is just received, and now that I have two good long ones of yours on hand I don't know that I can do better than to give a piece of this evening to answering them, particularly as I feel a little blue; if I was n't twenty-one years old I believe I should say homesick, to-night. It is a bleak, chilly, windy night; we have been seeing snow again this afternoon with hail and sleet. I was in hopes that we were done with that sort of thing for this winter, but this Virginia is a wretched place. Have you seen how the Virginia papers are owning up to its decay and deadness, and trying to patch up all kinds of excuses and remedies for it? What a gay life you seem to be living. How came you to be invited to ——? Was n't I invited? How was the spread? I was very glad to see George's letter. Just to dream of forty-two barrels of maple sap in a week! How it goes to the heart! Why, I have my doubts whether the

whole annual produce of Fairfax County, Virginia, could fill anything like that number of barrels, including all branches of agriculture from turnips down to darkies. I wrote to him last week, and hope to get an answer with something of the Green Mountain smell about it before long. So you are still doing the gentleman. It rather drags, does n't it? You know I tried it for some six months about a year ago. I am glad you are improving the time by getting over your supercilious contempt for some of the great writers of the time. I refer of course to your successful attack upon Thackeray's "Shabby Genteel Story," which I believe everybody allows to be one of the poorest of his books. However, if you prefer to begin at that end, why, I have no objection, and hope that you will become reconciled to the "Newcomes" and "Vanity Fair" in time. I have n't been yet to any of our new President's levees, but mean to. Think some of going this week if he has one. In fact, I have hardly been in Washington since the inauguration. I am waxing rather lazy, that is for me, and get off of the hill very little. Alexandria is still there I believe, and bids fair to "dry rot at ease" till the next earthquake. I had no intention of raising so much comment about my forthcoming lecture. It is a very little affair, and if delivered at all will probably draw an audience of somewhere between twenty-four and twenty-five uninstructed Virginia farmers, but it is very doubtful now, several of its predecessors having been delayed, whether it will come off at all, as this term will probably be up before my turn arrives. My subject is still fluctuating between the immortal George and the everlasting Ben, to which have been lately added as candidates for the treatment of my oratory the notorious Captain J. Smith and the obscure N. Bonaparte of Paris, France. Any further counsel from you will be most acceptable in the premises. I have n't read Irving's "Washington" yet, as miscellaneous literature is not the most abundant thing in the world here in the seminary. No one having yet offered to lend or give it to me I must defer its perusal till next summer. Speaking of literature, we have been lately trying to get up a reading-room here, but it rather drags. We have succeeded, however, in getting some forty dollars subscribed, but men don't care much about it, and would n't miss it if they never saw a review or newspaper all the year. Still we have got a-going, have the English reviews, "Blackwood," "Putnam," "Household Words," etc., and a number of radical Southern newspapers. To counteract this all your Boston papers which you send me are regularly filed and hung up conspicuously in the face of the fire-eating brethren. So you must consider each two cents expended

as a direct attack upon the "peculiar institution" in its own stronghold, and act accordingly. The future of our country hangs upon your action (p'r'aps). In this connection I would state that I have received, and am, I hope, duly grateful for, your "Evening Gazette," which came some time since, as also for a "Transcript," received last night. This being their final destiny, however, it is perhaps as well not to mark the passages referring to the notorious Decline and Fall of the Old Dominion in ink; pencil will do. To our Southern, and particularly our Virginia friends, it may seem a trifle too much like "twitting upon facts." Chase sent me an "Advertiser" some time ago with a capital article upon "Our Retiring President," using poor Frank up deliciously. Did you see it? I regretted being obliged to return it with nothing better than the Catalogue of the Theological Seminary of Virginia.

Your sympathetic condolences on the fast-depreciating condition of my wardrobe are most gratefully acknowledged. I assure you that all the supports which I can draw from moral sources, from philosophy or ethics, promise to be necessary to sustain me under my present and impending shabbiness. Not the least evil is a growing indifference to personal appearance, which I have been obliged to guard against by withdrawing from circulation some of the most desperate articles, and bestowing them upon greasy and grateful children of Africa, who are here the common recipients of everything, from kicks to coats, that white people won't put up with. . . . From your brother,

PHILL.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, Friday evening, May 8, 1857.

DEAR FATHER, — I really cannot help feeling every day, as I told you a good while ago, that this seminary is not what it ought to be or what I want. The whole style of instruction and scholarship is so very different in thoroughness and accuracy of detail from what I have been used to in other subjects that I can't but feel it disagreeably every day. . . .

Now in these circumstances I can't look forward very cheerfully to two more years here. I must feel every day that I might do more and better than I am doing; that either study in Boston or at some other seminary would be far preferable. New York, from what I can learn, is not far in advance of this. I am thinking strongly of Andover. It is the most full of life, and is in reality the place from which almost all the theology of this seminary comes at second-hand. Please let me know what you think of it, for I must confess I am strongly drawn to it.

Of course you will do what you please about showing this. I am urged very strongly to go down next week to the Virginia convention at Petersburg, and if my funds will allow, may perhaps do it. I am told it is just the place to see Virginia and Virginia society under the best advantages. Much love to all.

Your affectionate son, PHILLIPS.

The theological seminary at Andover was then famous among the schools for the prophets. Professor Edwards A. Park was the eloquent teacher of theology; the late Dr. G. T. Shedd, a man of deep and wide culture, and a profound thinker, held the chair of Church History; and the late Dr. Austin Phelps charmed the students with his stimulating lectures on sacred rhetoric and pastoral care. When such things could be had, Phillips Brooks was restless to be without them. An appeal was made to Andover, but instead of a courteous welcome there came for weeks nothing but silence. There is an allusion to the work which he is driven to do for himself in order to keep up his habits as a student. What this work was, how important and how thorough, will be shown. At present we follow him in his complaints: —

Monday, June 1, 1857.

DEAR FATHER, — I will try to write some this morning, though it is getting on to recitation and I have n't much time. We have now got to work again after a week's vacation while some of the men were gone to Petersburg to convention. I did not go, but spent the week very quietly and pleasantly here. I received some time ago your letter telling me what Dr. Vinton said about leaving here. I have not decided anything more yet. Have pretty nearly given it up. One of my friends here (I have n't got but two) wrote to Andover, as he was thinking somewhat of going there, to make inquiries, about six weeks ago, and —— in a very gentlemanly way has never answered his letter. If I could see my way clearly to use the third year profitably, I think I should come back here and crowd the next two years into one, which could be done without the least difficulty by a little study. As for this year, if it had not been for something done outside our regular course, I should not have known what study was. I shall pack my books and other things in boxes and leave them here, so that they can be sent to me in case I should determine not to return myself. I am sorry to say that they have

lengthened the term here to the 10th or thereabouts of July. But I do not think I shall stay to see it through. I shall be very glad to get rid of the public examination, for I have had about enough of that sort of thing heretofore. I think now that I shall start about the 1st of July, and probably see Boston by Saturday, the evening of the Fourth. But it 's a good way ahead yet. We have not yet had any weather warm enough to trouble us seriously, but I suppose we must expect such very soon now. The country is looking gloriously, and it being the first spring that I ever really spent in the country I have enjoyed it very much. There are rumors of strawberries around, but I have not yet so much as laid my eyes on any of them. With much love to all,

From your affectionate son, P. B.

Friday, June 5, 1857.

Dear Father, — I received your letter the other day just after I had sent off one to you. Of course I was half in fun about what I said in Arthur's letter about not going to Petersburg because I was poor. I merely meant that I thought the money would be better spent in books, etc.

There is nothing of strict importance to communicate since Monday. They have been having a pretty little riot in Washington, but we have heard nothing of it over here. A stormy day to-day, and fires, — I hope the last of the season.

As to your other inquiry about how much more money I should need, — I have got in all bills great and small, and as near as I can tell it will be (including the $70 for board) about $110. This leaves a liberal allowance for travelling expenses, and if I go straight through, and nothing happens, I may bring some of it home again. . . . When you send, I suppose a draft on Alexandria would be the safest way. I still expect to start from here the first week in July.

Excuse the hastiness of this note. The dinner bell has rung and the potatoes are limited. Love to all.

Your affectionate son, P. B.

Friday evening, June 19, 1857.

Dear Father, — I received yours of the 18th enclosing the check for $112, which I acknowledge and thank you for by the earliest opportunity. This makes, I believe, $285 received in various ways from you since I left Boston. Unless some unexpected emergency arises I shall need no more till I am in Boston again. When that will be remains quite doubtful. Probably not quite so soon as I thought at first. I shall certainly

spend three weeks from to-day with you, but probably not two weeks, though I should like to, as it is the first Sunday in the month. I shall come right through when I start, making it as near twenty-four hours from Washington to Boston as possible.

We are having some pretty warm weather, though not a great deal of it. There is almost always a thunderstorm towards night, by the help of which and not a great deal of exertion we manage to keep tolerably comfortable. I have not been off the hill for the last six weeks, but shall get down to the little old city to-morrow after my money. Tell Mother I allow the whole force of her wardrobe argument against arriving in Chauncy Street on Saturday night, but probably can't get home early enough in the week, without spending Sunday on the road, to make much difference. . . .

Dr. —— at length answered my friend Dr. Richards's letter the other day in a very short, and very stuffy, and to my ideas very ungentlemanly note. He didn't encourage our going to Andover at all, said we should be obliged to attend the college chapel, etc. Bishop Potter's son wrote a letter here the other day about a new seminary that his father is going to start in the fall in Philadelphia. I think from all I can hear that it is going to be much better than this. It can't be worse. . . . It will of course be somewhat more expensive living in a large city, but I have an idea that by some kind of teaching that might be made up, — private pupils or something of that sort. If I find that I can learn anything about it in Philadelphia I may stop there some little time as I go on. When I spoke of putting these two years here into one, I had no idea of studying less than three years. My idea was that the last year might be spent to better advantage somewhere else than in doing here what might have been all done the year before.

Your affectionate son, P. B.

June 28, 1857.

Dear Top, —. . . I believe that I must own that you did "write last" as I see stated in the Catalogue of your seminary which I received the other day, and for which please accept my thanks. I had some little hesitation in recognizing in the "Professor of Ancient Languages" my former modest and unassuming classmate, but the pencil marks against the name convinced me, and I was obliged to acknowledge his title, merely wondering whether he had been born to his new greatness, or achieved it, or perhaps had it thrust upon him. I am still studying theology, — that is to say, I am still in the theological school, and have been

studying, but at present I can do nothing but sit and look at the backs of the books on my shelves and try in that way to imbibe whatever theology the heat may cause to soak through their extremely stupid-looking bindings.

It is most melancholy hot here. My impression is that the State of Virginia is rather thin-skinned, and the central fire that keeps up an incessant bubbling and boiling under our feet comes some hundreds of miles nearer here than anywhere else. . . . I am in doubt whether I shall come back here next year, but rather think that I shall conclude to. Of course you will keep on at Exeter.

I expect to leave here for Massachusetts in about ten days. When does your vacation come? Of course you will be at Commencement. I suppose we shall see a good many of the dear old faces there. If you are in Boston any time after the 10th of July I shall be at home (41 Chauncy). . . . I have been trying to see if there was any particular point in your last letter that required especial answer, but it is such egregiously bad writing that I find it next to impossible to decipher. All I can discover is some satirical allusion to "Calvinists" and "Churchmen" in connection with Sylvester Judd. The last charge I am willing and ready to stand, with all the consequences and deductions that you can logically deduce from it, but the first, the Calvinist part, I emphatically reject as not only not implied in the second, but entirely inconsistent with it.

What are you up to this summer? I expect a quiet three months in or near Boston, reading a little theology and a good deal of other things. I heard from Dalton not very long ago. He is fast ripening into a genuine Medical. I have some little hopes of seeing the mountains in August.

And so, dear Top, till I see your face again I am as ever,

Your friend and classmate, P.

These letters of Phillips Brooks show the difficulty he encountered in being transplanted from one social climate to another. The roots of his life struck deep into the soil, and to remove them from the familiar ground whence they had drawn their nourishment caused serious discomfiture. The depth of his affections, strength, and intensity of the feeling of home, reverence for his own past, the power of Harvard College over his imagination, his exacting intellectual standard, the moral sense which rebelled against human slavery,— these were so many distinct forces which combined to make

this transition most hard to endure. But by the close of his first year away from home, he had begun to take root in the new soil; the process of wilting had been survived; though he did not fully realize it, the sap of a new life was circulating in his veins. He writes, as we have seen, to his friend Sawyer that the probability is that he will return to the Alexandria seminary to complete his preparation for the ministry. He had made friends in his new home, who were a strong counter-attraction to the forces of his college life. Among these were two who may be mentioned here, Richards[1] and Strong,[2] who stood by his side to the end, in the intimacy and devotion of a sacred friendship. These friends visited him in Boston in the summer of 1857, where they were welcomed by his parents and became household names in the family. Mr. Richards had received a medical diploma, and in his capacity as a physician was peculiarly grateful to the mother, who felt a sense of relief that Phillips would be looked after if he were ill. She had an anxious heart, quickly alarmed at the rumor of any insult to the body.

We have seen how Phillips Brooks commented upon the new situation in Virginia. From these and other friends we may learn what Virginia thought of him, what impression he made upon the students with whom he came in contact in the theological seminary. The Rev. George Augustus Strong writes: —

> My recollections of Phillips Brooks date back to the theological seminary in Alexandria, Virginia, where we first met as students in the autumn of 1856, nearly thirty-seven years ago. He came later than the rest of us, two weeks after term-opening, and, as all the good rooms were taken, was forced to make the most of poor chances and the least of his inches in a cramped room in the attic. He received callers in a posture one fancied at first glance must be peculiar to Boston. The absurdity of putting an innocent stranger in a cell he could n't stand up in worked promptly in his favor, and better quarters were soon found for him. . . .

[1] Rev. Charles A. L. Richards, now rector of St. John's Church, Providence.

[2] Rev. George Augustus Strong, for some time Professor of English Literature in Kenyon College afterwards rector of Grace Church, New Bedford, Mass.

We were classmates, and were together much of the time from start to finish. He never took very kindly to Hebrew, but as a classical scholar none matched him. . . . The Greek of the New Testament Epistles as he dealt with it "rejoiced like Enoch in being translated." His rare gifts as a writer told their story in his earliest essays. The style had the grace of the after sermons, a nameless quality that made some of us feel we must retire and begin over again. There was much of the same trouble with the thought; it never seemed like yours or what might come in time to be yours. The only cheering thing about it was that it surprised the professors. There was some dull comfort in hearing Dr. Sparrow say, "Mr. Brooks is very remarkable;" and when the time came for writing tentative sermons, the last year of the three, the sense of not being cut out ourselves for his kind of work, precisely, grew almost encouraging. One sometimes wonders how those "parsonet" sermons would strike one now. They were a kind of revelation to us, then, and our judgments were as crude as our styles. We called them thoughtful, earnest, strangely suggestive, and as perfect in structure as if shaped by an art instinct, obeying a hidden law.[1]

The Rev. Charles A. L. Richards writes, in a tribute paid to Phillips Brooks after his death: —

It was in October, or perhaps November, of the year 1856 that I first met Phillips Brooks. The term had already begun at the Alexandria seminary. That first introduction was in the dark passageway of a building which, I believe, is no longer standing, the main building of the seminary group. It was a very plain, brick structure, three stories high, with three entries, having a front and rear room on both sides of each. The front rooms looked off over two or three miles of broken country, to the Potomac. Ten miles away to the left lay the city of Washington. The front rooms in one entry were occupied at this time by students whose names it may be interesting to mention. Among them was Henry Wise, the son of the fiery cross-roads orator, then Governor of Virginia. After a brief career in Philadelphia and in Richmond he died of consumption early in the war. Winslow Seaver, after some years in our ministry, went over to the Methodists, hoping for a warmer climate, but upon a prolonged experiment, finding the temperature about the same, and the quality of the air inferior, returned whence he had set out. The Appleton brothers of Philadelphia, whose external

[1] *Remembrances of Phillips Brooks by Two of his Friends.* Boston. Printed for the Members of the Clericus Club, 1893.

resemblance covered much distinctness of character, confronted Lucius Bancroft of Providence, and Christ Church, Brooklyn; a man from whom the greatest things were expected, so devout was his character and mature his attainments. The name of one other occupant of the rooms escapes me. There was one, however, somewhat more a man of the world than any of us, who presently accepted the charge of the obscurest parish in western Pennsylvania, to pass from there to Troy, to Boston, and after a few years more to New York, where he is now favorably known of all men as the Bishop. My brother, George Augustus Strong, and I had opposite back rooms in the third story, and Brooks, coming late, and finding the best places taken, was billeted in an attic room above us, where he could not stand at his full height. It was already as great, perhaps, as afterwards, but his frame was spare and did not fill out to its full proportions for some years.

There were no very recent Harvard men then in the seminary, and Phillips Brooks came to us unheralded. I do not know that there had been much to say of him. He had stood well in his class, but had made no exceptional mark. He had taught school for a few months, not altogether successfully. He made no immediate impression on us. He was modest, quiet, reserved, with rather more of the Massachusetts frostiness than he exhibited in later years, after contact with various men. He was in the class of which my brother was a member. It was through my brother that presently I came to know him well. A little later a new hall was built, some distance back of the main building; those who chose drew lots for the occupancy of one of its dozen rooms. Brooks, Thomas Yocum, now of Staten Island, my brother, and I were among the fortunate ones, and were henceforth thrown a good deal together by our mutual neighborhood and our slight isolation from the other students.

The seminary life was simple and primitive. Many of us sawed our own wood, made our own fires, and did nearly all of our own chores. The driver of the mail wagon did our few errands and made our few purchases at Alexandria, some four miles distant. Our clothes were not always of the latest cut, nor in the freshest condition. We took our meals, abundant but not luxurious, in a basement, half under ground. There were coveted seats by the stove door, where one could turn around from the table and toast bread, giving the breakfast or the tea a relish. Adjoining the dining-room was Prayer Hall, a large uncarpeted room, with a desk and long wooden benches for its only furniture. The ceiling was low, the walls were whitewashed; I think no picture of any sort relieved their blank surfaces. Here some of the recita-

tions were said; here we met for prayers and for a weekly gathering known as faculty meeting, when a professor made a few remarks bearing on the cultivation of spiritual life, and the other professors — there were but three — took up their parable in turn and emphasized the lesson. The talk was devout, earnest, tending to be pietistic, but mainly useful and simple. Another evening in the week a debating society met in the same place, when papers were read, topics discussed, and criticism offered. Those criticisms were always frank, not always palatable. A student with limited intelligence, but a rich voice and showy delivery, once became conscious of something lacking, and asked a classmate to tell him frankly why, with his effective presence and striking elocution, he made no more impression as a speaker. The reply was overwhelming and convincing. "Why, So and So, you don't know enough. You don't study enough. You are too noisy. Perhaps if you 'd take more load on your cart it would not rattle so."

I do not remember that Phillips Brooks took any part in our debates, made any cutting comments, or displayed any of the extemporaneous power which afterwards distinguished him. But from the first his writing stamped him as no common man. It had the ease and charm of a master. The words were choice and simple, the phrases idiomatic, the sentences brief and lucid, the cadences musical, the thought fresh and ripe, the feeling real. Some of us had fancied we knew how to write tolerable English, but we learned our error, and took at once a lower room. We recognized an art which had become nature, or a nature which anticipated the gains of art. We saw that what we achieved by care and painstaking, he far surpassed without conscious effort. There may have lingered something still of the overluxuriance of springtime, but it was a graceful luxuriance, not a wasteful and ridiculous excess. Harvard severity of taste had already nipped some straggling shoots and repressed some exuberances. Brooks loved to tell how Professor Child had damped his pristine ardor. He had begun a college composition by an elaborate flourish of trumpets, and had carefully inserted a purple patch of which he was not a little proud. What was his consternation, when the paper came back, to find at the close of his labored introduction the pencilled comment, "Begin here." "I might have been a tolerable writer," Brooks used to add, "if I had not been so cruelly disheartened at the outset."

It was an uninspiring life for the most part which we led at the seminary, something very unlike the eager throbbing life of our great theological schools to-day. Dr. Sparrow was a broad, open-minded man: an essentially great man he appeared to some

of us. To Brooks I know he seemed such. But feeble health and a certain sluggish atmosphere around him had tamed his energies. Virginia was fifty years behind the outside world. "I know it and am glad of it," said one of her sons in those days. A few men, who were ready for the awakening touch, Dr. Sparrow set thinking for themselves, but a good many of the students slumbered on in spite of him. Dr. May was a saintly man, whose conscience did not extend into the sphere of scholarship; it did not invade the province of church history. His sense of fidelity as a teacher was not disturbed by his cutting the leaves of a new text-book in the very presence of the class who were reciting from it. It was to be presumed that he was too familiar with the theme to need special acquaintance with any new presentation of it. Dr. Packard, who still survives at a great age, was an old-fashioned scholar, who knew what had been said upon the knotty points of his Greek and his Hebrew, but reserved his own opinion, holding it in such delicate equipoise as to avoid biassing the minds of his students by any definite hint of it, unless a question involving orthodoxy came before him, when the scales gently descended on the accepted side. There were no lectures to supplement the text-books. The recitations were hardly calculated to impart knowledge; they seemed designed rather to betray how little we had acquired. There was much fervor and piety among us, less enthusiasm for scholarship. Good men were not sensitive to failures in the classroom. There was little serious thinking, little outside reading, either in theology or literature. The library was small, merely, I think, a dumping-place for the collections of departed Virginia ministers. . . .

Still, with whatever imperfect apparatus and unstimulating atmosphere, those who had a mind to work worked on in their own lines with neither encouragement nor opposition. There was a vast deal of idleness, much frivolous bustle, some party strife and windy disputation. But it was a free and secluded life, full of precious leisure to those who knew how to get the sweets of it. Thoughtful men, whose springs were in themselves, enjoyed the judicious neglect, found time to meditate, to browse on the offshoots of their own mind, and put out roots after their own fashion. Brooks employed his opportunity. I do not think that he was then characterized by the wonderful industry that utilized in some way every moment of his later years, but he had already his rare facility, and was a faithful student in and out of the required course. He had brought from college a sound knowledge of Greek and Latin, and used it in a very considerable amount of reading in the Church Fathers, of whom by some unexplained

accident there chanced to be in the library the Abbé Migne's edition. . . .

I do not think that Brooks in any way took our hearts by storm or extorted an immediate admiration except for his ability as a writer. He was liked, as others were. There was no special brilliancy in his talk, there was no visible superiority in his character to that of others about him. His piety was real, but not demonstrative. When he offered prayer at any of our meetings you could not but feel that God was very near and living to him. In his most serious moments there was no appalling gravity about him. He was not perpetually prying into his own soul or ours. He was alive and growing and took it for granted his fellows were, without stopping to pull up their roots or his own to see. He was very human then and always. I do not remember that he told good stories in those days. Certainly he enjoyed them. A quiet humor bubbled up through all his talk. Some of our happiest moments were after the midday meal, when he would often stray into another student's room for a cup of digestive coffee. His notion of that beverage implied a cup filled with lumps of sugar to the brim, the strong decoction being poured into unoccupied cracks or spaces. Or it might be tea made in a large mug covered with a red tomato-shaped pincushion. . . . It is still affirmed by survivors of that potent brew that tea cannot be made without a pincushion on top to flavor it. As it was immediately after a meal, we were naturally hungry, and Maryland biscuit, a much kneaded or beaten bread, was in demand. As we were all poor and living on very modest allowances, such debauches were not things of every day. There were those who insisted that Brooks, with his reckless consumption of sugar, permanently impoverished us.

That such trifles come to the front in my memory shows how eventless were our days. It was understood that we were always welcome at the houses of the professors. Once or twice a year, perhaps, we used our privilege. It was our chief dissipation. As the chairs were pushed back from the tea-table, we sat in our places, family prayers followed, and the discreet did not linger too long after the benediction. The roads were dark, the mud deep, the dogs loud-mouthed, the neighbors were scattered and we saw little of them. It was pure cloistral life for the most part. In one of Brooks's letters in the year that he outstayed me at the seminary, he writes of "another winter's mental and moral bleakness on that poor hill," and in another occurs a revealing sentence, "When are you coming to see us? Leave your intellect behind; you won't need it here."

The churchmanship of the time and place was not advanced. It was a bold step when some of us ventured to secure the election of Dr. Coxe as preacher before the students on some annual occasion. It was doubted if the professors would confirm this choice, and it was undoubted that they looked a little askance upon the promoters of it. The ritual was simple to barrenness. The music was a repeated martyrdom of St. Cecilia. A sometime chorister may be permitted to say so. It was not uncommon for the professors to appear in the chancel in their overcoats, and lay down gloves and muffler in the font or on the communion table. The architect of a new chapel of a nondescript form of Gothic had ventured to relieve the dead level of the pews by a modest trefoil or poppy-head rising at the end of each, a little above the rest. A lively imagination might see a foliated cross in them. Bishop Meade had such an imagination. Bishop Johns had winked at them, but the elder Bishop would not trifle with his convictions. He arrived to dedicate the building. He inspected it the night before. A carpenter was summoned and every poppy-head was laid low before the opening service. The erring excrescences were treasured *in memoriam* in the rooms of wailing students. Yet the number of extreme ritualists proceeding from the Virginia seminary, strange to say, is small.

I am trying to give the atmosphere, the local color, of the life in which Phillips Brooks, with some slight impatiences, yet with substantial happiness, passed nearly three years. It grieves me that of our close companionship through two of those years so few direct details come back to me. I recall occasional walks with him, his laugh at my exhilaration in one brisk winter tramp when the keen air went to my head like wine, and he was glad he had been with me all the morning, and was therefore sure I was not tipsy. He cared very little for exercise at any time, and being in rugged health felt no need of it. Some of us made a business of a game of ball daily, to which the seminary bell rang out a summons, but I do not think he joined us. In the summers among the mountains he would do a little tramping, but he never scorned a saddle nor a seat in a wagon if it came his way.[1]

The Rt. Rev. A. M. Randolph, Bishop of Southern Virginia, was in his middle year in the seminary when Phillips Brooks entered it. A warm friendship sprang up between them, which continued to exist despite the alienations of the civil war, growing stronger to the end. Bishop Randolph

[1] *Remembrances of Phillips Brooks by Two of his Friends*, pp. 1–14.

furnishes other reminiscences of their days together in the seminary: —

I recall his first appearance a few weeks after the opening of the session in the literary society, composed of all the students. He rose to read his essay, which occupied about twenty minutes. The essay was a description of the character of the Greek in Roman times as the soil upon which the seed of Christianity fell, his intellectual cleverness that made him the admiration of his Roman masters, and his fickleness and his lack of moral seriousness which made him an object of their scorn. And yet Christianity redeemed the Greek, gave him a religion of seriousness, of profound convictions, of moral and spiritual strength and victorious faith, which anchored him, and made a man out of him, and saved him and all that was good in civilization from extinction. This was the line of thought in the essay. When he sat down we all felt that a beautiful mind was among us, and, better than that, a modest gentleman of singular purity and strength and sympathy. Whenever he read an essay in any public gatherings or in the classroom, the first impression was deepened, and before the year was over he was without a rival among us as a writer of beautiful English and a poetical thinker. We felt the charm of originality in his thought and the sympathy in his voice, which, notwithstanding the rapidity of his utterance, — a defect he always recognized, — seemed the best vehicle for the expression of his ideas and his feelings. It was a helpful lesson to us in making the distinction between genuine originality and paltry imitations of it.

It fills out the picture of Phillips Brooks at the seminary to get the impression of one of his teachers, the venerable Joseph Packard, who was then Professor of Biblical Interpretations. The following extract is from an article entitled "The Recollections of a Long Life," in the "Protestant Episcopal Review," April, 1897: —

Phillips Brooks came here as a communicant from Dr. Vinton's church, and I first saw him as he got out of a carriage at the seminary gate. He handed me a letter from Bishop Eastburn, who, knowing my brother very well, wrote to me instead of to Dr. Sparrow, the dean, as was the proper thing. He was ordained deacon in our seminary chapel by Bishop Meade in June, 1859. He was taller than any of these three great men, and, not being so stout, looked even taller than later on. I remember bringing him out once in my carriage, and he could not

comfortably sit up in it, and it leant very much to his side. He asked me for the post of assistant librarian, which was, however, given to some one else, but he was afterwards made teacher of the Preparatory Department at a salary of four hundred ($400) a year. . . . He was always very courteous and docile, though then a profound thinker; never captious or critical in class or in questions or discussions, as some smart, half-trained young men are apt to be. He did not believe in demoniacal possession, I remember, but he never said anything against it. He wrote an essay for me on St. John, 6th chapter, strongly combating Wiseman, who maintained the Roman Catholic view.

The letters of Phillips Brooks during his first year in the seminary give us one aspect of his character. But neither these nor the reminiscences of his friends give us the whole man. There is fortunately a third source, to which we may turn for information, where he reveals himself in self-communings, as he had begun to do in those waiting months of anxiety and depression, before he made up his mind to study theology as a possible opening in life.

From the moment that he reached Virginia, he began the practice of keeping note-books. They can hardly be called journals, in the ordinary sense; they are not exactly commonplace books, although occasionally he jots down items of information which strike his mind as valuable. As he gives these books no name, we may call them note-books. They are his "notes of the mind" or rather "notes of the soul," for they contain the evidence of intellectual and religious growth. But this is a religious life of no ordinary kind. It does not assume the familiar aspect of religious meditation or self-examination. Sentiment and feeling do not predominate, but rather an intellectual and ethical tone. It is a record of thoughts that came to him by the free grace of the divine, and not the result of any effort of his own. So he seems to regard them, as if floating down to him from the open heavens, the gift of God to his soul.

When he went to the theological seminary he seems to have made a determination to do hard and thorough work. He had a misgiving that his years in Harvard had not been improved to the utmost. It was therefore a sore experience

when he found that the instruction offered in the seminary was not such as he had been used to, or thought it did not offer direction or valuable result. He underrated its value: the routine, the teaching which seemed spiritless and second-hand, was, after all, an essential condition of his growth, even with its inaccuracy or limitations of insight. He came to see this clearly enough at a later time. His mood of dissatisfaction was real, deep, and slow to yield, yet there was in it an advantage or blessing in disguise. It forced him to work for himself, to take his theological education in a measure into his own hand. He was free to inquire for himself; he had leisure to read and ponder, above all to study himself. If a theological seminary offers that opportunity, it is, for those who can appreciate it, accomplishing one of the highest purposes of education.

The first thing which impresses one in turning over these note-books is the capacity shown for high scholarship. If that had not been so evident in his college years it is evident now. In his classical proficiency, he had attained a source of power for the enlargement of his life. The moment had come when Greek and Latin were no longer dead languages, but were at his disposal, as means of entering into other worlds of human experience. It was a thrilling moment in his life when this revelation flashed over him, turning what had before been labor and drudgery into keenest pleasure, into the consciousness, as it were, of new faculties. Thus in the first few months after he reached the seminary, we find him reading Herodotus and Æschylus, and among Latin writers, Plautus, Lucretius, and Lucan; of ecclesiastical writers, Augustine, Tertullian, and the Venerable Bede. Tertullian attracted him with a singular charm, as though he found in that vehement, passionate soul something akin to his own moods. From all these writers he was making extracts, sometimes in the original, or translating as an exercise for the mastery of the language. Schiller's "Wallenstein" also attracted him, and he was tempted to try his hand in translation. He kept up his French by reading Saint Pierre's "Études de la Nature." So great is the interest he

shows in this line of linguistic study that one might imagine he had not wholly resigned his original purpose to make himself a scholar. He had special qualifications for such a work in his gift for language, in the pleasure which it gave him to study the origin of words and the minuter shades of their meaning, or to make forcible translations, to turn the Greek or Latin idiom into strong and racy English.

Next to the study of the classics and early ecclesiastical writers comes his devotion to English literature. He was reading so many books during his first year in the seminary that one marvels at first how he found time for the required tasks of daily recitations. Coleridge (his poetry and Biographia), Wordsworth and Shelley, Shakespeare, Milton, Robert Browning and Mrs. Browning, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Cowley, Waller, Henry Taylor, Landor, Keats, Southey, Johnson, Piers Plowman, Chaucer, Barry Cornwall, Whittier, Sir Thomas Overbury, Ossian, Pope, Swift, Charlotte Brontë, Kingsley, Holmes, Dryden, Chatterton, Lowell, Carlyle, Cowper, Shaftesbury, Ruskin, Jones Very, — the Salem mystic, — these are the authors into whom he is dipping at will, from whom also he is making extracts in his notebooks. The quotations he copies reveal the character of his mind, becoming his own mental furniture. There is disclosed here a veritable hunger to know the best thought of the world.

There is another decided taste revealed in his reading, — his love of books descriptive of ancient peoples and their customs. In this list are found Layard's "Nineveh and its Remains," Heeren's "Nations of Antiquity," Becker's "Gallus" and "Charicles," Wines's "Lectures on the Ancient Hebrews," Kane's "Arctic Explorations," Josephus' "Jewish Wars," Prideaux's "Connections," — a book then much in vogue, but now forgotten. In one country in particular was he then interested, — India, which he had long dreamed of visiting. When at last, in 1883, he stood upon its shores, he felt, as he said, that he had reached home. The sources of his present information were "Asiatic Researches" by Sir William Jones. He mentions also in his reading Stirling's

"Cloister Life of Charles V.," Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella," and Coxe's "House of Austria."

There are traces of English theological reading, as in Bishop Butler's "Sermons," Milman's "History of the Jews," Heylin's and Fuller's histories of the English Church, Hengstenberg's "Christology," Olshausen's Commentary, which yielded many suggestive hints; and for religious and devotional reading, Kingsley's "Sermons for the Times" and Huntington's "Sermons for the People." This is indeed meagre compared with his other lines of reading, but must be supplemented by his study of the Church Fathers and by the work of the classroom with its familiar and antiquated text-books, his study of the Old Testament in Hebrew and of the New Testament in Greek, and another work now hardly known, Knapp's "Systematic Divinity." Now and then, but rarely, he jots down in his note-book some item gained from his teachers.

The note-books indicate that in his reading he kept his eye upon one incidental object, the accumulation of ideas, of pithy phrases, or epigrammatic statements, and above all of similes and comparisons. These he put down in condensed form, as so much material for future use. The rich and graceful style, the literary wealth and suggestiveness, the abounding metaphors, — these features which marked his writings came by the hard effort of years of preparation. He had indeed a native gift in this direction, but it had been cultivated to the utmost of his ability. There are many hundreds of similes collected here, which afterwards reappeared in his preaching. In this study of the simile as an art, we may see a philosophical method, as well as the practical bent of one who had wished to be preëminently a teacher. He quotes from Olshausen's "Commentary on Romans" a passage that met his own approval: —

> Men are wont to say that parables prove nothing. Nevertheless comparisons often teach by depth of meaning infinitely more and better than all abstract arguments, seeing they are devised from nature, the mirror of the glory of the unseen God, living demonstrations, as it were, of the Most High God himself.

The picture given in this outline of Phillips Brooks's reading, during his first year in Virginia, indicates but faintly the wealth of its result, as embodied in the quotations in his note-book. Everything that he quoted seems to be richer and deeper in its suggestiveness because an expression of his own personality, or takes on a new and larger meaning. We are watching here in the springtime of a great genius, admitted to gaze into the secret process of the making of a rare soul. But of this process, the books that he browsed over do not form the largest part. They were the conditions under which his spirit was taking wings for its independent flight. He was becoming conscious of the possession of creative power. His soul grew stronger within him, and despite the depression shown in his correspondence he had moods of inward joy and triumph. The most suggestive fact in this connection is that he constantly sought expression for the exhilaration or the tumultuous excitement of his spirit by writing verse. The first impression made by reading the note-books is that poetry, and not preaching, might have been his vocation. He was awakening to the beauty of outward nature; his soul thrilled at some exquisite landscape; there was a perpetual consciousness of the glory of sunrise or sunset; he watched the brooks, and meditated on the meaning of flowers and fields, of all that met his vision. Wordsworth was doing his part in this dawning revelation of the spiritual significance of the natural world, and Shelley also, of whom he was a constant reader. But they brought their message to a soul preordained for its reception. From his childhood, and through all his years, the simple, elementary consciousness of being alive and on this earth, the open eye for the special revelation given in the coming of each new day, the delight in observing the power of the sun to beautify and glorify the creation, — these simplest of the natural sensations never lost the novelty of their charm, as if each new day was a fresh miracle, as if each day he saw the wondrous phenomenon for the first time. In his sermons will be found the ever-recurring allusion to the sun as the symbol of the spiritual life, in all the varieties of its manifestation.

The amount of verse that he wrote while at the seminary is enough to fill a considerable volume. He might have done something as a poet had he given himself to it, making it his highest consecrated task. But as it is, it must be regarded as a secondary or subordinate gift, — the manifestation indeed of a poet's soul and creative capacity, but never utilized to the utmost. If it had been his vocation, he would have been compelled to pursue it with jealous care, studying, as he did not, the form it must assume in order to perfection. His verses seem to have taken shape in his mind, then to have been rapidly written without much effort at correction, or when he did correct rarely improving upon his first utterance. He did not study the laws of metre or of rhyme. He was writing for his inward satisfaction, under some compulsion to give form and restraint to his emotion. He was fond of producing couplets in order to the epigrammatic expression of an idea, or for the cultivation of a forcible style.

In his last year in the seminary (1859), he delivered an address upon poetry to the Howard School, near Alexandria, from which we may learn how he regarded his own productions. The expanded title of this address was "Poetry — the Power and the Purity of the Young Man's Life." He falls back upon the word ποιητής as constituting the essence of poetry, — the poet is the man who makes something. He treats in the first place of what he calls verse-writing, conscious as he was of the large amount he had produced: —

> But first, in brackets, let me say one word about this same much-abused verse-writing. I am going to venture the broad assertion that all men may be, and ought to be, poets all the time. Evidently I do not mean by this that we ought individually to be raving with that rhyme-madness of which we have so much already. But yet it seems to me there are times when it is good for any man to perpetuate a page or two with lines ending similarly. There are moods of mind and circumstances of condition when utterance, and utterance in that particular form which we call verses, is eminently healthy. But note the distinction between general and special poetry. There is a good deal of poetry that is perfectly justifiable to write, but utterly inexcusable to show when written, — verses, like the papers in lost pocket-

books, of no possible value except to the owner, yet of real genuine use to him. They help him to establish his identity, to prove his right to old hopes and thoughts and fancies, to his whole past self. But found in a stranger's hand they are simply proof positive that he has no right to them. Up to this mark, then, of poetry for private use, it does seem to me well that every man once in his life at least should come. There are dumb hands feeling around us that, like the mesmerizer's fingers, must now and then find us impressible, and charm us into a dream. There are times when the dullest souls among us fledge unguessed-of wings and turn to sudden poets. There are brooks whose singing is contagious, and sunrises which turn all live men into Memnon statues. We find poems written in the world that we cannot help reading and singing. Out of as prosaic a car window as your road can boast, I saw God write a gorgeous poem this very morning. With a fresh sunbeam for a pencil, on a broad sheet of level snow, the diamond letters were spelled out one by one till the whole was aflame with poetry. I could have defied the deadest soul in that hot car to have looked out of that window and not heard that song of the Almighty sing itself within his brain.

So much for our parenthesis. If any one of you has written poetry by stealth and is ashamed of it, don't show it; but if it came from the heart, thank God, who put it in your heart to write it. Keep it so long as it can sing itself to you. Only don't show it, least of all publish it. You break the spell as soon as any one but yourself sees it.[1]

The poet, he calls the "widest man on earth." "Poetry is the sense of beauty." "This poet poem, this creator power of making a world of beauty in the soul out of the beauty of the earth outside of us, is what makes one young man stronger and purer than his fellows." This power to make something which otherwise would not have been "comes the nearest to being superhuman, to getting outside the chafing humanities, the weaknesses, the limitations, the hard harness of routine." Others can alter, only the poet can create. "The true poet should live before he dares to write." The words of Milton are quoted: "He who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem: that is, a composition of the best and honorablest things."

[1] *Essays and Addresses*, p. 237.

One of the most important features of the note-books is the intimations they contain of a profound conception of the scheme of things, wrought out by an isolated student in much inward perturbation with no assistance from his teachers. When Phillips Brooks left home for the theological seminary, he provided himself in advance with these books, in anticipation of the service they would render. When he reached his new abode, and found himself among strangers, in an inconvenient room, with a bed too short for him, with no "armchair" or any of the comforts and conveniences of life, with only the light afforded by a tallow candle, he sat down at the earliest moment to his self-imposed task and continued the work of registering his thoughts. He had become conscious of the power of thought as shown in the reflections he had recorded before leaving home, while he was still suffering from disappointment. He divided his note-book in two equal parts, the first for the purpose of holding remarks of others worth copying, hints and suggestions from his reading, stray bits of information, all the items in short for a miscellaneous commonplace book. In the second half he wrote down the thoughts which were his own. It is worth mentioning that he filled out the second half of the book long before the first, and went back to encroach upon the empty pages with the ideas that were coming thick and fast. At first he set over against each thought the day when he recorded it. But after a few months the thoughts were so many that he ceased to give the date, content if he could catch the images that floated through his mind.

The first of these thoughts is dated November 14, 1856, one week after reaching Virginia: —

> For our virtue should not be a deed or a work, but a growth, — a growth like a tree's, always rising higher from its own inner strength and sap; not a work like a building patched upon by foreign hands, with foreign substance, and so when done unreal, foreign itself, and not our own. Or it should be like a statue worked slowly out of the hard old grain of the native stone; not like a painting, a cheat of foreign color with all its artificial beauties of perspective, foreshortening, and shadow.

Then comes a stanza in which he gives the impression made upon him by his first introduction to theological learning: —

> How vain is our knowing unless we can feel
> How little mere study alone can reveal.
> How the slow waves of learning creep page after page,
> Like the wearing of torrents, an inch in an age.

Two weeks elapse before he makes his second entry: —

December 1, 1856. To many minds a ceremony or a form comes with all the force of a principle or a fact. Not "what man has done man may do," but what man has done man must do is their creed, which cramps their limbs and chills their blood and makes them fail of the little good they are seeking. For no man by sheer imitation has yet reached his pattern. Even if in native power he is more than equal to the task, and so in outward deeds even excels his example, the flush and glow of original achievement, which made the model a living, warm, breathing thing, is wanting to the copy which is cold and stiff and dead.

December 2, 1856. For a noble principle or thought, like the widow's barrel and cruse, is never dry. We draw on it for our daily life, we drink of its power in our weakness, and taste its power in our despair; but God's blessing is on it and the fulness of his truth is filling it, and so it never fails. We come back to it in our next weakness or our next despondency, and find it thoughtful and hopeful as ever, till the famine is over, and, kept alive and nurtured by its strength, we come forth to gather new harvests of great thoughts.

The following verses were written December 3, 1856, and seem to have been the result of two depressing influences: the coming of winter with the falling of the leaves, which affects his susceptible constitution, and this combined with the circumstance that in theological study he is mainly concerned with dead authors, and not in communion with the voices of the living present: —

> How earth's dead leaves are crumbling wherever we walk,
> How dead voices answer our voice when we talk,
> How cold hands are clasping our hands while we tread,
> And the footsteps beside us are steps of the dead.

The life we are living has been other men's breath,
The death we are dying reëchoes their death,
Our old earth wheels in cycles from death into life,
And weds dead unto dying as husband to wife.

From this mood he rallies, at the voice of duty, in two lines which are vigorous and in contrast with his depression. He can turn again to the dead text-books: —

And the cold grasp of duty embraces delight,
Like the rough rocky bay where the waters lie bright.

The same day closes with what comes as near the conventionality of religious self-examination as he ever allowed himself to approach. He is putting himself to the supremest test of character which can be conceived. The idea embodied here may have some other original suggestion than from his own mind, but with him it is new: —

December 3, 1856. Suppose a single day of perfect sincerity, a day with no falsehood, no sham, but only purest truth, when a lie should be an impossibility and a cheat unheard of from the rising to the setting of the sun. How earth's eyes would open before that day was done! What golden shrines it would pull down and show the hideous gibbering idol that grins within! What Esau-skins it would tear off, what good men it would turn to knaves and knaves to very devils! How long before the noon of that day men would go crying for the rocks and hills to fall on them and hide them from a sincere world and themselves! But oh, it is cheering to think that there are characters which would show brighter for that day, characters that would stand like unruined ruins, hung over with moss and ivy, and heaped in rubbish of old dead forms and dry ceremonies, which would shake off all this defilement, to stand out in their simple, honest, beautiful, native beauty, in the clear light of the world's truest day.[1]

This next series of extracts might be made the subject for theological comment. They show a departure from the prevailing Evangelical methods of dealing with sin and the conscience. The stress is here laid upon the freedom of the will, and God's grace is conceived as lying within the soul.

[1] This thought reappears in one of his most powerful sermons entitled the "Law of Liberty," *Sermons*, vol. ii. pp. 189, 190.

There is aspiration after the highest ethical result, but it is more than aspiration, for the will is concerned as the direct fountain of man's being, and to bring truth and reason to bear upon the will is conceived as the greatest problem. Not a problem so much for theology, though that is implied, but the issue of life. Carlyle had seen the issue, but he refrained from dealing with the practical question, — how truth is to be brought to bear upon the will in order to moral transformation. Phillips Brooks here appears as taking up the subject where Carlyle has left it. These extracts also reveal to some extent the process of his conversion. He has realized that the primary, fundamental preparation for the ministry is that a man must have himself first become what he will strive to help others to be. There is something unique in these confessions of a soul.

December 5, 1856. Wholly deprecating any morbid weakness over the past, I still say that we are too much afraid to look the lives we have been living in the face. We are ashamed and shrink from owning and claiming our past selves. They have been weak and wicked, and we, whose their wickedness and weakness really are, have not the manliness to bear the shame. We turn with a shudder from the poor offspring of our lives, and say with Hagar, Let me not see the death of the child. Oh, if we can only hear God's angel calling, "Fear not, for I have heard the voice of the lad where he is," "Arise, lift up the lad, for I will make him a great nation," and we do arise and take our old poor weak lives in our hands and go forth to train them by God's strength into richness and power.

December 6, 1856. The old Persians thought that their sacred fire must be always kept, but only the purest wood in its purest state was good enough to keep it alive. Let us imitate their care. Any great thought or great fervor that is in us let us reverence and preserve, but let not base word or thought or act come near it, though it be to preserve its life. Better cease to think nobly than cease to think purely. Better that the ark should fall than that profane hands should hold it in its place.

December 7, 1856. The danger with a cherished idea is simply the same as with a graven image, that it will cease to become a symbol and become a god, that our minds, long bent down to

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the thought however great, will become stiff and strong in its bending and no longer spring up to the Father of thoughts. . . . The purest reason, which is the purest religion, turns to rationalism, which is idolatry. For reverence is the eyelash that lets us endure the sun, which lost, we must make up our minds to darkness for the rest of our lives, and give up forever all thoughts of the vigor and health and pure richness of life which sunlight only gives.

December 8, 1856. Practically are we not too apt to forget that Theology and Law are professions, but Religion and Justice are universal duties and lives? — precisely as Medicine is a profession, but health is not, for it is a universal care. For a profession is only the organized head of a great interest; not the embodiment or absorption of that interest at all, only the symbol of its greatest purity, not itself in any sense.

December 9, 1856. If a sense of duty were made the measuring requisite of mental strength, if just in proportion as a man earnestly recognized the work there was to do on earth his share was measured out to him, and mind and strength was given him to do it, how with a will and a stir earth's labor would go on. *This is what we need, to bring the will to meet the power.* There is enough of both, but they lie in different hands, and oh, how often the men who hold the power stand like savages on some newfound golden coast, holding out their priceless treasures, and proud and eager to barter them for some childish trinket or poor worthless toy.

December 10, 1856. For local heresies are little things and the mind is weakly empty that fills itself with care for them. They look like fearful things as they hiss and spit their little venom at our feet, but wait till some true prophet come, and his very rod cast upon earth shall breed great issues that shall swallow them all up.

December 14, 1856. To walk through evil into good is one of those hard trials which are never worth the risk. The chance is that we shall stop short in the evil. True we gain wondrous strength if we succeed, and if men's path lay always in that way we might be sure of strong men, as the Indians are of braves. But only an overstrong man now and then struggles through, and comes out glowing from the struggle purer and stronger for the work, like John Rogers, who, Fox tells us in his "Book of Mar-

tyrs," "with no cry of pain washed his hands in the flames as if they had been cold water."

December 20, 1856. If a thought comes and offers its service question it like a man. What can you do? Are you a worker? Can you sow and dig and build? Are you a schemer? Can you scheme, divine, invent? Are you a teacher? Can you show us better ways to live and better ways to die? Are you an artist? Can you clothe our lives with more beauty, making them know more of holiness and purity and love and God? Ask these questions, and let no thought enter your service that cannot answer them freely and well, and the mysticism of thought is gone and the thinker is the most practical of men.

This next paragraph is very personal. He was conscious of some inward difference from his teachers or his fellows in his way of interpreting theology and life, as they too were beginning to be aware that a man of different mould had appeared among them. And yet he would fain have been regarded as entirely one with them. The world, as he afterwards wrote, resents anything mysterious or exceptional.

December 21, 1856. Yes, Originality is a fine thing, but first have you the head to bear it? Can you walk under it without reeling and staggering about the world, catching at every weak support to keep you steady, with a whole pack of little minds hooting and jeering and pelting you with mire all the way? And have you the heart for it? Can you wear it within as well as without, be warmed to the core with the fire of its life? It is so easy to be a John the Baptist as far as the wilderness and goat's hair and leathern girdle and the locusts and wild honey go, but the glowing heart to speak from and the holy words to speak are a different thing. It is with new forms and styles as with new-found gold. We may strike a nugget and be rich men at once in our California, but the average chance is that it will be better in the long run for you and me to stay at home and work as our fathers work, counting that very work a fortune in itself. Besides, it is dangerous, this trifling with novelties. It requires hazardous experiments before we can be at all sure that they will answer our purpose. We have been told to strike the blood upon the lintels and two side posts, that the angel of death may see it and pass by. Is it quite safe to try if wine and water will not do as well?

January 1, 1857. How we grow more and more to see that it is the will and the feelings, far more than any thought, upon which almost all our life and loved opinions rest. How much of our faith is obstinacy, how much of our devotion sentiment, how much of our religion pride; how much working strength there is in a blind determination and how little in a clear-eyed thought. How our will comes out at once, full-fledged and strong, shaking its baby defiance at argument in its cradle, while our thoughts are poor callow, frightened things, weak and fluttering before anything that dares to show a trace of manly power. Mohammed knew all this and built Mohammedism upon sentiment and will, and stamped the marks of shrewd sense upon it when he forbade the Islamite to dispute on his religion. And how even a fresh thought will fossilize into a mere dead will, how it will be crushed by great creeds till its life and essence are gone out of it, as the bloom and smell of a flower pressed in some heavy book. We must change and air our ideas if we would keep them pure and strong.

January 11, 1857. A noble cause cannot of itself make a man noble. We must despair of growing great, unless we can feel that we are given to the cause to work for it, and not it to work for us. In the old torch races of Pan, the rule was that each runner should hold his torch as long as it kept its light, but when he flagged he must hand it to another who stood ready girded to follow up the race. And so it must be with us. We must recognize the great end of all this panting and running and toiling, not that you or I should reach the goal, and be rich or honored in men's mouths, but that the torch of truth that was put into our hands when we started should reach the people at the end all alight with truth as when we took it. Let it be our hands, if we can, that bring it there, and then the honor shall be ours; but that must not be our end, and when we see it sinking and going out, let no petty conceit or unfledged pride keep us from giving it to a fresher and stronger man, with a hearty Godspeed to run the next stage of the same great journey. Thus we win a broadness and deepness and fulness of character that sinks all little human ventures like the sea.

February 6, 1857. What has become of all that blessing of Christ which He left with his people on earth on that "first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, and Jesus came and stood in the midst, and said unto them, Peace be unto you"? Has it with-

ered in the scorching heat of the world's fiery hopes and more fiery fears, and rage and scorn and ignorance and pride? Or is it still bright with the everlasting freshness of its miraculous youth, making humble hearts more holy, and holy lives more happy wherever there is a clear eye, or better still a clear heart, to see its beauty and great power of making blessed? When He sent it on earth in a few weak men's hands and it floated down on weak men's breath, as centuries before the hope of Israel had drifted in a bulrush cradle down the Nile, till some unthinking and unknowing hand could take it up and nurture it and make it strong and noble in the high places of the land, He sent it with a power to insure its life, the everlasting power of comfort to the wretched and riches to the poor, and his own holy power to the weak, so long as there should be poor, weak, and wretched men and women on his earth.

February, 1857. In spite of all the mischief that over-credulous delusion has always done, I still say we need more faith upon earth. We have not the trust that we ought to have in God and nature, in human hopes and dreams and bright stray thoughts that have wandered from their homes in heaven, with its light and glory and unproven truth still glorifying them, and come and ask us to take them in from the cold world where they feel strange, and shelter and cherish them while they shall lighten our hearts and homes. We turn them away, for we do not believe in them. We do not trust to poetry or art, to our neighbors or ourselves. "Lord, increase our faith." For faith is strengthening and invigorating in its simple exercise. It is better to have trusted and been cheated than never to have trusted at all, better, that is, for our souls, if we have their welfare at all in care. I would trust in human goodness and purity and truth as I do in the yearly return of May, a day or two later perhaps, one or two more cold storms or dead dull frozen days in one year than another, but sure to come at last, unable in any event to fail of coming as long as this world is this world and nature what it has always been.

It is not for us to make our lives artistic, we can only make them true. If we give ourselves to a weak attempt to build them for effect, to place ourselves where some critical observer might stand and fashion them to suit his point of view, we shall surely make them wretched failures. It is not thus that nature works. There is no studied symmetry, no measured perspective, no conscious foreshortening in her great original. All this is left to the observer's eye, and nature declines to be accountable for the pow-

ers, or infirmities, or refinement, or clumsiness of his vision. All she does is to grow to perfect truth and ripeness in each separate part, to give each flower its perfect hue, each hill its perfect slope, each tree its perfect development of graceful form, each living thing its perfect healthfulness of animal life, its perfect power of speech, or song, or speed, or it may be rich simple existence. Just this then is our duty by our lives. Give them room to grow to truth, and they will grow to symmetry; give them leave to ripen, and they will richen too. Let each day's commonest act be an act that has an aim and does it, and it shall make us wonder to see us dignified by that aim and cured of all its commonness, taking its place of its own true instinct in the true, fresh, glowing pictures of our life.

It is hard to feel with what a force the philosophy of Lucretius must have come home to the educated Roman of his time. The perfection of a theory, in the symmetry of its parts, its perfect self-consistency, its broad pretence of freedom from prejudice and the old superstition whose claims pressed heavier and heavier every day upon the enlightened mind, it stood and challenged admission to the heart of every thinker and scholar and patriot of Rome. The mind of the intelligent Roman of the Christian era was like the poor man's house in the Scripture. The unclean spirit, stained with the growing foulness of the mythology, was at length gone out, and he walked through dry places seeking rest. And finding none, he returned to the house where his old gods had stood, and found it empty and garnished. But his heart craved the sympathy and company of some thoughts, great or mean, and so when he found materialism and atheism and the soul's mortality made beautiful in the sweet singing of Lucretius, he took to himself this new spirit, more wicked because more faithless than his old self, and it entered in and dwelt there. It was not long before it had done its work, and the last state of that man was worse, because it had less faith, less hope, less manly trust in Heaven than the first.

In the great temple where the singers of old are sleeping their quiet sleep, where Homer's gray tranquillity, and Shakespeare's still, calm forehead, and Milton's peaceful, sightless face lie, undisturbed, as if they looked on inner sights and listened to some inner voice, while the noisy, heedless world is wrangling and chattering and fighting without, above each minstrel's tomb hangs the harp to which he sang, still strung and tuned for singing. But well may men tremble, as they walk through the temple and

stand and look and think upon the dead, to take down their harps and draw presumptuous hands across their strings. Yet let us look with indulgence and hope when, in the strength of young poetry, some hand is timidly reached to touch those old chords and try if perhaps the old music that lies in them may answer to another than its master's call, and creep forth once more to make the world happier and better again, as it did of old.

We must learn the infinite capacity of truth to speak to every human mind, and of every human mind to hear, and more or less completely understand, the truth that speaks. It may come like a poor and shambling thing, and impart in its stammering Galilean tongue the great message that it has to give, but all the multitude will catch the words, and whatever may be their tribe, Romans, Medes, Parthians, and Jews, shall hear in their own tongue, like that Whitsunday congregation, the wonderful works of God. Let us then reverence our neighbor's way of finding truth. If by his life and faith we can clearly see that he is finding it indeed, let us not turn away because he hears it in another tongue than ours. The speaker is the same. If he can read in a stormy sky, or a sunny landscape, lessons for which we must go to books and sermons, so much the better for him.

When we gain a victory moral or mental, when we subdue a passion or achieve a thought, let the conquest be decisive. Let the question be settled, the idea mastered, the doubt decided forever. Let there be no fear of future difficulty. If the serpent lie across our path and we must kill it to pass, let the blow be struck straight and strong; let us lift the body and see that it be really dead, lest when we pass this way again to-morrow it may lift its foul head and hiss and frighten us from the pathway out among thorns and briers, wandering from our way, torn and tired with our struggles, ashamed of the wretched shiftlessness which is only a specimen of our moral and mental lives.

There lies in earth a secret note to which her harmony should be and was at first attuned, but from which her degenerate discord wanders. Her slow ear has forgotten that old first note, and she chants her daily song unconscious of the wandering of her voice, till, once in an age, some great soul comes and reaching forth a master's finger touches life's keynote, and all earth trembles when she hears the harmony, and knows at one sudden shock how far her mortal song has strayed from the old angel's anthem from which she learned it first.

It is the marvellous profusion of suggested poetry that impresses us most in the old classic poets. All around in the wonderful perfections of symmetry and grace that they have given us, we can see the rough or half-shaped materials of new beauty as beautiful as theirs, as we may still walk through the old, deserted workshop of the Acropolis, and count the blocks halfway wrought centuries ago, which might have found a place in the great citadel.

Until we have learned the universal language of human sympathy, how can we hope to speak so that all may hear us, and be drawn to us by what they hear? While we speak thus, each in the selfish tongue of our own interest or passions, our words will come sealed to the ears of our fellows, and all the consciousness that we are heard and understood by others, or the sweeter feeling that the world is better for our words, will all be lost.

The world claims of us, as Nebuchadnezzar did of the Chaldeans, not only to solve, but first of all to discover her problems. The man who has learnt thoroughly what it is that is wonderful and inexplicable, where the hard questions lie, in the constitution and habit of the world and of his fellow men, even if his steps have been very few towards the explanation of those wonders, has reached not a little knowledge of men and things.

Indulgence to well-meaning error we may allow to a right degree in the heart; our care must be that it does not climb thence into the head. The passage lies in the will; here we must keep our guard, lest from enduring evil as intending well we come to choose it as itself good.

To these passages written at the age of twenty-one, when he was in the throes of the regenerating process, may be subjoined a passage from his book, "The Influence of Jesus," where, after many years had gone by, he could calmly note the way by which he had been led: —

Who of us has not bowed his will to some supreme law, accepted some obedience as the atmosphere in which his life must live, and found at once that his mind's darkness turned to light and that many a hard question found its answer? Who has not sometimes seemed to see it all as clear as daylight, that not by the sharpening of the intellect to supernatural acuteness, but by the submission of the nature to its true authority, man was at last to conquer truth; that not by agonizing struggles over contradictory

evidence, but by the harmony with Him in whom the answers to all our doubts are folded, a harmony with Him brought by obedience to Him, our doubts must be enlightened?[1]

The summer of 1857 was passed with his family in the home on Chauncy Street, Boston. As the first home-coming after so long an absence, we can imagine what it must have been to the family, and especially to the mother. His father met him at the railway station and bore him home in triumph. Almost immediately upon his arrival, he hastened to take the long-deferred step, in the language of the Church, of ratifying his baptismal vows. He was presented by Rev. Edward L. Drown, and confirmed by the Rt. Rev. Manton Eastburn at St. Mary's Church, Dorchester, Sunday, July 12, 1857. The place may have been chosen partly for convenience, partly because of relations, his uncle, Mr. John Phillips, residing there. At this time six months had elapsed since his twenty-first birthday. Among his mother's papers found after her death was this memorandum: —

Sunday, July 12, 1857.

This has been a most happy day in which I have witnessed the Confirmation of my dear son Phillips, aged twenty-one, at Dorchester.

I will thank God forever that He has answered my lifelong prayers in making him a Christian and His servant in the ministry.

Oh, how happy this makes me! May God continue to bless my dear boy and make him a burning and shining light in His service.

[1] *The Influence of Jesus*, p. 231.

CHAPTER VI

1857–1858

SECOND YEAR AT THE ALEXANDRIA SEMINARY. EXPERIENCE OF LIFE IN VIRGINIA. HOME LETTERS

In the family at home during the summer were his older brother William, engaged in business in Boston, and the three younger children, Frederick, Arthur, and John. George, the third son, was away, living on a farm for the purpose of a scientific as well as practical study of agriculture. Frederick, who was the fourth son, was now fifteen, studying in the Latin School, and preparing for Harvard College. Between him and Phillips a romantic affection now began to exist. Phillips interested himself in the Latin School work again, giving to his brother the benefit of his own experience, almost assuming the responsibility of a teacher, as is shown in the many and minute directions he offers and the enthusiasm he manifests over any victory gained. Arthur and John were known in the family as the "little boys;" they too were at work over their books, with the example to incite them of the older brother. The summer was not an idle one. To do work of some kind was the law of the family. It was the custom of the father when he came home in the evening to ask the boys what they had been doing through the day. Phillips had known what it was to have idle days, when he had nothing to report. On these occasions, as he confesses, he sought to keep out of his father's way.

But the love of study for its own sake, and for the pleasure it gave, had now been established. He began another note-book in August, which contains many extracts from his reading. Very interesting these notes are to read, as well as significant of his mental tastes and of his development. The works of Lord Bacon attracted him, seen in the quota-

tions he makes, some in Latin and some translated, from the "Novum Organum," the "Nova Atlantis," the "De Sapientis Veterum." This latter work was peculiarly suggestive, as falling in with his own tendency to see in the Greek mythology an allegorical presentation of philosophical truth. He kept up his German by reading Schiller. To his favorite authors, Tennyson and Carlyle, were added Browning and Matthew Arnold, whose poetry he was now reading for the first time and with whom he was greatly captivated. He read Montaigne's "Apology for Raimond de Sabonde," which left an enduring impression, though he did not accept its principle. Among other books were Charles Kingsley's "The Saint's Tragedy," Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Shakespeare's Women," Colton's "Lacon," then a work much in vogue, and throughout the summer he was browsing over Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture," impressed by Ruskin's larger generalizations. He quotes this sentence from Ruskin, as one which had given him food for thought: "Landscape seems hardly to have exercised any strong influence as such on any pagan nation or artist." We can trace the influence on his later thought of lines like these from Matthew Arnold's "Obermann:" —

> Neither made man too much a God,
> Nor God too much a man;

or a verse from Tennyson: —

> Oh, the deep mind of dauntless infancy.

From Bulwer, whom he took for his lighter reading, he made suggestive extracts, finding in his occasional remarks a keen observation of life.

In everything that he read he found some material for his note-book. As he sat in the accustomed family pew at St. Paul's, listening again to Dr. Vinton, who could hardly have been aware of the thoughts that were stirring in the mind of his youthful auditor, he heard with a deeper appreciation than when in college. Under date of September 20, 1857, he gives him credit for this comparison, "As a cord is always steadiest when it is stretched to its fullest tension;" and again, "A truth strikes his mind as a bullet strikes the

rock, with no effect but just to flatten and bruise and dull itself."

Two things are apparent as we review his line of reading, that he kept in view old and standard authors, as having a close relation to a true development, while on the other hand he read the books that every one else was reading, and so kept himself in sympathy and contact with his own time. He does not seem to be reading anything at random or because it lay near his hand, but he knew what was valuable or what it was important that he should possess himself of, as by some subtle instinct of an awakening soul. Whatever he read he appropriated, and made his own by this habit of writing it down for himself. In many of these quotations it almost seems as if he were speaking and not the author, while in other extracts we may trace the formative hints which ultimated in their fulness in his preaching. There is visible also a moral purpose, showing that the conscience was touched by his reading no less than the mind. A few of the extracts will illustrate these remarks: —

When a man moralizes, it is a sign that he has known error. Ends which make the poetry of deeds. (Bulwer.)

You remember, too, the famous Nativity by some Neapolitan painter, who had placed Mt. Vesuvius and the Bay of Naples in the background. In these and a hundred other instances, no one seems to feel that the apparent absurdity involves the highest truth, and that the sacred beings thus represented, if once allowed as objects of faith and worship, are eternal under every aspect and independent of all time and locality. (Ruskin.)

All things that are worth doing in art are interesting and instructive when they are done. There is no law of art that consecrates dulness. The proof of a thing's being right is that it has power to obey the heart, that it excites us, wins us, or helps us. (Ruskin.)

And striving to live that our sons and our sons' sons for ages to come might still lead their children reverently to the doors out of which we had been carried to the grave, saying, "Look: this was his house; this was his chamber." (Ruskin.)

Towards the end of the summer, when preparations were in order for returning to the theological seminary, he made some effort to find another place of study. He had given up the

Philadelphia Divinity School as among the possibilities, but had heard of the Berkeley Divinity School in Middletown, Conn., and wished to know what it was like. He wrote to his friend George Strong, who was somewhere in Connecticut, to meet him at the hotel, or if there were none, at the town pump, in Middletown, for the purpose of reconnoitring the opportunities the school afforded. The project came to nothing. He had already struck root in Virginia, and had formed friendships too valuable to be sacrificed. So in the fall of 1857 to Virginia he returned. His summer at home had given him a deeper appreciation of its sacred ties. He continued to write regularly as before, and sometimes several letters a week, to father or mother, or to his brother William, — letters which indicate the strength of the home-consciousness and its prominence in his mind. The year 1857 was one of financial depression and distress, the most severe trial to business interests the country had known. His father felt the strain, as is shown by his frequent allusions to the subject in his letters to his son.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, Wednesday evening, October, 1857.

DEAR FATHER, — I will write a few lines to-night just to say that I am well, for there really is n't anything else to say. We are away out of the world here, and only accidentally now and then get hold of a newspaper to let us know that everybody is failing all around. I have n't seen Charles Brooks & Co. announced yet. Please let me know when you go, for it would be a little startling to see the first announcement of it in the "Independent's" list. I see the Boston banks have suspended. I got a letter from William last night, but he was most wonderfully chary of all news of the crisis. But it was a very interesting letter, and please tell him he shall hear from me as soon as I feel equal to writing him an answer worthy of it. I wrote a long letter to George the other day. When do you expect him home? We have just been having a quiet private tea, four of us, up in Dr. Richards's room. I imagine Mother would have laughed some, and perhaps been shocked a little, at the primitiveness of some of our arrangements.

I assure you, Father, that when I began this letter I had no mercenary views. But Dr. Richards has just been in in great doubt how in the present state of things to send on the subscription price

for the new "Atlantic Monthly" for our reading room. May I ask you to subscribe (or get William to) for it at Phillips & Sampson's, and consider the amount remitted to me. I went this afternoon to call on Miss ——, though I hesitated a little, as her father, of the house of —— & Co., has just failed for between $200,000 and $300,000. I understand that he has n't really lost much though, having handed over the greater part of his property to —— some time before. Shabby! It is snapping cold here to-day. Winter is right on us. Tell William the raglan makes a decided sensation on King Street, Alexandria. . . . Much love to all.

Your affectionate son, PHILLIPS.

You can hardly imagine how disagreeable it is to get back again among Southern men after New England. Shopkeepers, railroad men, omnibus drivers, everybody, is above his business and takes your ticket or sells you your goods as a personal favor.

Friday, November 20, 1857.

DEAR WILLIAM, —. . . I took the liberty of addressing to you a few words in father's letter the other day on a subject which I thought might possess a melancholy interest, the engagement of Miss ——. I fear it is an overtrue tale. Read a little Tennyson and get over it the best you can. We have had snow here. What do you think of that for us, the balmy? To-day it is clear, bright, and cold as one could wish. Night before last Thalberg, Vieuxtemps, and Max Strakosch astonished the people of Alexandria with a concert. We had the "Carnival of Venice" and "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town" and "Coming thro' the Rye" in the old style, in a little garret-looking hall on Cameron Street, where all the fashion and intelligence . . . of the dead little town were assembled. I walked six miles, three there and three back, and was fully repaid. "The season" in Virginia is in full blast now. I have been to one big party and two little ones; each only equalled in stupidity by the other. What should you think of the prettiest young lady in Fairfax Co. congratulating you upon your name and telling you that P. S. Brooks, the unjustifiable homicide, was her ideal of a man? A little tough perhaps! . . . Tell our brother G. that if I ever owed him a debt of gratitude which it would be presumptuous to hope ever to pay it was when he forgot (?) to fulfil his promise, and let me know of our magnificent cousin's presence in Washington. It saved me an expenditure of care and cash which it makes me shudder to contemplate. . . . I went to see Miss ——, but she was out.

By the way, she is quite the belle this winter, and has cultivated ringlets during the summer which make her look prettier than ever. They give a reception there every Thursday night with "babble and revel and wine" (so to speak), which is attended by all the (Alex.) world, including of course your most obedient. . . . I am happy to infer from sundry allusions of our brothers that the Tennyson fever still continues, with some symptoms also of the Browning distemper. I quite pride myself on my convert. Suppose you proceed and try your hand on George. Have you read the first number of Thackeray's new novel, "The Virginians"? It opens well, but I am sorry he has put it a hundred years ago, and sorrier still that he has located it in this corner of the world. He seems to have been studying up on Virginia, and has all the old families, the Washingtons and Randolphs and Fairfaxes, in the first number. How capital Lowell's verses are in the "Atlantic." I am still in doubt whether to go to Cincinnati at Christmas. Dr. Richards's eyes have cut him off from work, and I should n't wonder if he went home within a week. So that if I go I shall go on with Strong. But I don't believe I shall go at all. I have a sort of half invitation, which I suppose I could easily ripen into a whole one, to spend the vacation at the gubernatorial mansion in Richmond.

Monday, December 7, 1857.

Dear Father, — I received a line from you in William's letter of Saturday and also a few words from Mother. Much obliged for William's letter. Tell him I will answer it one of these days. I had given up before I got yours all thoughts of spending Christmas anywhere except just here, and shall pick a quiet bone very contentedly with Mrs. Bland. Dr. Richards has gone home, and Strong is going in about two weeks, but I have definitely declined his invitation. As to Governor Wise, I don't think it is hardly safe to trust myself much farther into the State of Virginia after the last article in the last number of the "Atlantic." But really I don't feel as if I could spare the time to be away even if nothing else prevented. So here I stick. Everything here goes on quietly. Congress meets, I believe, to-day, though considering that it is only eight miles off, I feel quite ashamed of knowing so little of what is going on in Washington. I have n't been up there for six weeks. I am sorry that you have given up your idea of a visit there this winter, but suppose I must submit with the best grace I can to what is making everybody submit just now. Has Mr. —— really swindled? Alexandria stuck-upiness has had to give in to the times, and they take one dollar bills (when they can

get them) without regard to the law. They have also issued ones, twos, and threes, and also sixes, sevens, eights, etc., dating them ten years back to avoid the laws which have been passed within that time. . . .

Your affectionate son, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

December 17, 1857.

DEAR FATHER, — I received your letter last night, and you will no doubt be inclined to lay it to some selfish motives on my part that I answer it so punctually. Well, perhaps you are right, for I must own that I am in want of a little money and should be obliged greatly if you could send me a few dollars. I know that at twenty-two I ought to be earning it myself, but it is n't my fault that I am twenty-two, however much the other part may be. I am getting very economical. You see I have given up expensive paper, and I wear patched shoes and old clothes in a style most admirably befitting my income. Just now I am rather on the sick list, having been laid up a day or two with a sort of neuralgia that has tied my face up in a hard knot and tucked the ends in in a most vexatious style. I am getting much better, however, and except for a good deal of weakness and general good-for-nothingness, am pretty near myself again. Vacation begins next week, and then I shall have time enough to recruit. . . . The "Atlantic," with its belligerent article, reached here without being intercepted, and I put it into the Reading-Room with a good deal of curiosity as to what would come of it. In a day or two it was missing, removed, no doubt, by some of our liberal-minded Southern friends. I had the satisfaction of inquiring for it in public, but so far it has not been heard from. It was a good article, and it seems to me it was well to publish it, for as matters are now, everybody has got to take his place on one side or the other of the great question, and it is all nonsense to pretend to be neutral about it. It is amusing to see how the Southern weathercock has turned on Douglas. Miss —— told me, "What a pity that he has joined the Black Republicans." Evidently her views were not very clear as to what the B. R. were or what Mr. Douglas had done. I have not been to Washington yet, and shall have to wait now for your money before I have a look at the wise body.

Your affectionate son, P. B.

Friday, December 18, 1857.

DEAR WILLIAM, — As I still continue to be laid up more or less, and my eyes hinder me from reading, I don't know that I can employ a half an hour better than by writing a little to you, but

you must excuse the looks, for I shall have to write the greater part without looking on. I have had a good deal of trouble with my eyes this term, and have feared now and then that they would fail me altogether. Just now I am shut off from them almost entirely, and you can imagine how stupid it is. Otherwise everything here is just as it has always been. Virginia gets no more prosperous and if possible a little more wretched every day. Just now they have patrols out to look after unruly slaves, which it seems is an annual custom about Christmas time, — a pleasant little way of keeping up the festival. I think if you had lived here for one year you would approve as heartily as I do of the capital anti-slavery article in the last "Atlantic." I wonder who wrote it. Our fire-eating friends here apparently find it a hard morsel to digest. Much obliged to you for Douglas's speech; there is no knowing but there may be some little good in him yet. I got last night a paper of December 2. I am not particular to keep very close up with the times, but I like just to be within a week or so. . . .

A few glimpses into the family circle where these letters were eagerly welcomed will show more clearly than we have yet seen those formative influences in the life of Phillips Brooks which were more potent than any others. The father and the mother appear in the numerous letters written to Phillips in Virginia to be deeply concerned that the older boys, who are now making their start in life, should be governed by high principle, by sincere devotion to the highest ideals of conduct. This parental anxiety and sense of responsibility followed Phillips in every letter he received from home. It was not taken for granted that because he was studying for the ministry he had outgrown the necessity of a father's care or the saving influence of a mother's love. He was still a child, to be watched over and warned and stimulated to greater exertion. At this time William, the older son, was, as has been said, engaged in business, and the three younger children were doing well at school, diligent in study and ambitious to excel. The chief anxiety was felt regarding George, the third son. He had just returned from a summer experiment at farming, intending to pass the winter at home. Both father and mother were very fond of George, as were all his brothers. He was a manly fellow,

singularly attractive, good company at home, but there was in his case, as in Phillips's, some hitch in his inner experience. He had not yet gone forward for confirmation and manifested no interest in religion. Phillips is appealed to to exert his influence upon him, and to write to him, in hopes that George will be moved by his appeals. Here are a few extracts from his mother's letters during those autumn months of 1857: —

October 20, 1857.

My dear Philly, — I am thinking of you continually and we cannot be done missing you, and it is so cheering to get news of you. I wish I could look into your room and see if you look comfortable, and how you have arranged your clothes. . . . I hope you will find some pleasant friends among the new students. Also I hope you will improve this pleasant weather to walk a good deal and enjoy this beautiful weather. . . . Have you written to Georgey since you left us? . . . I have the good news to tell you that he is intending to come home soon. . . . The thought of having him at home is delightful, and he seems very happy at the thought of seeing us again. Father seems very glad to get him home again so soon. . . . Write again soon, and tell us all about yourself, and what you are doing this year in your studies. You *don't know how much* we think and talk of you, and desire your well-doing in every respect. Keep *very near* to your *Saviour*, dear Philly, and remember the sacred vows that are upon you, and you will surely prosper. Good-night, my dear Philly, and pleasant dreams. Whether waking or sleeping, never forget

Your ever loving Mother.

The father writes these two letters: —

October 27, 1857.

My dear Son, — . . . A letter from George to-day mentions receiving one from you which he seems very thankful for. I hope you have not forgotten my request about writing to him and your example and influence upon him. . . . Your request about the magazine I have cheerfully complied with. [The reference is to the first issue of the "Atlantic Monthly," which was an important event in the Brooks household.] It is beautifully printed. . . . Let me know your opinion of it. . . . You ask about the "times." Bad enough, no improvement, I am sorry to say, and I cannot see a prospect of any before spring. . . . Will has been edified to-day listening to Caleb Cushing at Faneuil Hall expounding Democracy and upholding the administration and Southern principles

and doctrines. Election comes off next Tuesday, and did I not consider it the indispensable duty of every citizen to vote, I should dodge the question. . . . Write often, and remember you are never for a moment forgotten in the family circle. Improve your time faithfully in your noble calling, and that you may improve is the constant prayer of your

Affectionate father.

Boston, Wednesday, November 4, 1857.

Dear Phillips, — At my desk in Dock Square I will remind you by a letter of home, and just let you know what we are about and what I know you will be glad to hear. I shall let William tell you of the election yesterday. It was Banks all over, all through, and all round. . . . I was much inclined to throw away my vote, but like a good citizen I went to the polls and voted for the unsuccessful candidate, which was in fact throwing away my vote. So much for politics, poor business in the most successful times.

Mother has been at her good deeds for you to-day, making up a sweet package to send by George Sampson. . . . He offered to take anything for you, and Mother has taken up with it. You have a good Mother, Phillips; value her while you have her, and God grant you may never feel the want of one.

It is evident from the following passage of the same letter that the father did not encourage Phillips in his dissatisfaction with the Virginia seminary. He was more contented there in his second year, but the father thinks it necessary to give him some advice upon the point.

I also hope you are enjoying your studies and your situation and your advantages. Although perhaps you would change them somewhat, still they are great, and I want you to feel that you ought to make the most of them. I am glad you find some more agreeable companions, and that you still enjoy the companionship of Richards and Strong.

Presume you received the magazine [the "Atlantic Monthly"] from here. It is variously criticised, as you see in the papers. For myself I am disappointed with it; it was not up to the mark.

The package of sweet things was not sent after all. The mother took it to Joy Street, but George Sampson had not room for it in his trunk. Her labor of love was lost, and she writes, "You could not have felt half so disappointed as

I did." The mother, also, it will be seen, sympathized more deeply with her son in his dissatisfaction at the seminary than did his father.

November 12, 1857.

My dearest Phillips, — . . . I would give a good deal that you were here with Georgey. We are indeed glad to welcome him home again, and he is somewhat petted, I confess, and if you were here you should be petted too. He has altered very little and is as clever as ever. . . . The boys are doing very well in their school. Fred stands at the head of his division, Arthur second, and William is faithful in drilling Master John, who gets along nicely.

How much I would give to look in upon you, Philly! We feel very sorry that you do not find things improved upon last year. I am sure I don't see what can be done to mend matters. I don't see what the professors can mean by allowing things to be in such a dronish state. . . . I wish you would think, Philly, to *date* your letters; mine had no date whatever. . . . Oh, I am so sorry you did not get *that box*. . . . Do write soon, for we are always longing to hear from you. Good-by, dear Philly; take good care of yourself, get along as well as you can, and never forget that your very best friend is

Your devoted Mother.

These next extracts from the father's letters refer to his son's twenty-second birthday, and also touch upon practical points, — the son's sensitiveness in asking for money and the critical situation in the South, of which Phillips had given a hint in his account of the reception accorded to the new "Atlantic Monthly" in the Virginia seminary: —

Boston, December 12, 1857.

. . . Without recurring to my family genealogy I think that I may assume that to-morrow is your birthday. How fast they come; and the older you grow, my dear son, the faster they will flee along. The best present that we can give you is the wish that every succeeding one may be happier than its predecessors. Improve them all, that they may be looked back upon as milestones in your journey that you have passed *safely* and pleasantly. You will soon be taking your station, and God grant that station may be one of eminence and to be well filled, be it ever so high. Our hopes and good wishes are with you, my son, and let them all be more than realized. I know you will strive to gratify us.

To-morrow is the Sabbath, and we shall think much of you. Your birthday was Sunday, I well recollect.

BOSTON, December 21, 1857.

. . . Your request for money was very reasonable, and I wish you would not feel so bad about asking when you want. I should feel better pleased if you would tell how much, for I never know how much to send. I think you have grown very economical, not that I think you were ever extravagant. . . . I note your remarks on politics, etc. All very well to keep posted on such matters, but I want you to be aware (for I am afraid you are not) of the importance of acting discreetly on all matters between the North and the South, remembering it is a delicate subject on both sides. I do not think it was wise or discreet in the "Atlantic Monthly" to publish such an article in such a magazine, but they must abide by the result. Standing here on Northern soil, it is all well enough, but I can see how the South would view it, and I wish to impress it earnestly upon you not to enter into the discussion there. It can do you no good, and may do you much harm, if not positive evil. You know I have expressed this before, but the tenor of your letter impresses me with the idea that you are too regardless of consequences. . . . It was a very small and despicable act to remove the magazine from the room, and shows the weakness of their cause; but after the fact was well known, there I should leave it in a Christian spirit, and I believe it would do them more harm than good. *I shall depend on your acting discreetly and cautiously in the matter.*

A great tide of love was sweeping through the mother's soul as she wrote the letter that follows. Her power of loving, deep and strong and enduring, constituted one element of her greatness, and this characteristic descended to her son, to be manifest when the time had come.

BOSTON, December 19, Saturday evening.

MY VERY DEAR CHILD, — I have stolen away from the parlor, and the girls and the boys, and the closing Saturday night cares, into the nursery to write to you; to send you my wishes for a happy Christmas, and the enclosed ten dollars for a Christmas present, and I sincerely wish it was in my power to *double it.* You must take it as a gift of love from your mother, who loves you ten thousand times more than she can ever tell you, or than you can ever know. As Christmas Day returns again I shall think very much of the pleasant one I spent with you last year, and

especially of the happiness and gratitude I felt on first taking communion with you. Oh, it was a *happy* day, and my heart was *full* of gratitude that I had lived to see my child confess his Saviour before men. God grant that *as long as life shall last*, he may be his faithful disciple and devoted servant. And although we shall not be with you this year, Philly, I want you to *enjoy* the day, and think of us, and therefore I want you for my sake to go into Washington to church, and, oh, when you take communion, remember your mother. And after church I want you to go to *Willard's* or *somewhere*, and get a *good Christmas dinner*, with some of *my present*, and then when the children are enjoying their *roast turkey*, they can think that Philly *has some too*. Now, Philly, won't you do all this *for me?* — and I shall think of you on that day as doing it, and enjoying a part of my present. We shall think and talk much of you on that day, and miss you, and long to have you with us, and I *know* you will think of us.

I thank you a thousand times for the letter I received from you this week, and how can you say there is nothing in it, when it is full of *kind words* to me?

I have just written as far as *this*, and William has brought in a letter from you to your father, saying you have been sick, and are in need of money. So I am *very glad* to send you *my gift*, and father will send you some more; and I want you to use my sum for any little thing you may need if you are not well; and I would get some *apples* to keep in your room. I don't want you to feel so *badly* as you seem to feel about *asking* for money when you need it; for we know you are very prudent, and grow *more so*, and that you of course *must have* it; and we should feel very anxious if we thought you were without any so far away from us. So *do always* let us know, without feeling bad, whenever you need it, won't you? And it troubles me very much to think you have been sick, and perhaps are so now, and you have not had anybody to take care of you. Oh, if I could have been there. Was it from a bad tooth? if so I would have it taken out. Haven't you suffered dreadfully? Do take care of yourself, as you say, in the vacation, and recruit. I hope you have not had rheumatism. I think you had better put on your thick winter underwaists and socks, and all your thick things. Do take care of yourself, and depend on it I think a great deal about you. . . . Philly, I *will say* how much you have improved in your character and in your letters the last year. We both notice it, and I believe you will be a blessing and honor to us in our future years. May you be a faithful laborer in Christ's vineyard, and then we shall feel that all the money you have ever had has been *well invested*.

George says you must write to him in your vacation. Does it begin on Monday, and how long? And now, Philly, be sure and do as I request on Christmas Day, and I hope you 'll enjoy your church and your dinner, and we shall think of you. And write soon and tell us if you get this *safely*, and *how you do*, and all about your Christmas. And now, my *dear* child, good-night, with *many* kind wishes for a *happy one*, from your dear, devoted

MOTHER.

To this, and to the letter from his father, Phillips wrote in reply, deeply moved, and for once yielding his profound and almost invincible reserve. He explains why it is he has not yet spoken the words his parents must have long yearned to hear, but he can write when he cannot speak. His explanation throws light upon a feature of his character which to the last baffled his friends: —

Christmas Eve, 1857.

DEAR FATHER (and Mother, too, for the mail to-night has brought so much to thank you both for that this note must be a joint affair), — First there is the composite letter of Saturday, enclosing your Christmas presents, which the post office seems to have delayed so as to reach me just in time. I shan't begin to thank you both for your kindness, for in my utter inability to say how much I feel it I should never know where to stop. It is only a piece of the long series of goodnesses that I have been grateful or ungrateful for, for the last twenty-two years. If I ever can do anything to give pleasure or credit to you, a big part of the gratification to myself will be in feeling that you are gratified, and are so adding to your other kindnesses that of taking my own efforts to help and improve myself as payment for your long labor to help and improve me. You may have thought it a little strange now and then that I have n't said this by word of mouth, but the truth is I can write what I feel deeply much easier and better than I can say it; but the feeling, I at least know, is none the less deep for that. Let this explain a great deal of what you may have fancied is coldness in all my life, and more particularly in my new profession. In truth I do thank you sincerely for your holiday remembrances, and they will certainly make Christmas a great deal merrier to me.

Then next, there is another letter from Mother with a great deal of anxiety about my eyes. They have troubled me a great deal and do so still, though not quite so much. I don't know just what to lay it to, perhaps hard work, perhaps not, but you

may depend on my being very careful of them, and doing and sparing them all that I can see to be necessary. I would like much to follow your suggestion about Christmas in Washington, but before I got your letter I had accepted the kind invitation of a lady here to see a real old-fashioned Virginia Christmas at her house, and shall have to keep my engagement. I am rather doubtful how I shall enjoy it, but it will do no harm to try. You shall have the result. My face trouble is all gone, and I am as chipper as a bird. Vacation works off slowly and pleasantly. There is hardly anybody here, and I see nothing of those that are, keeping clear of Alexandria and pretty close to my room. So you need n't worry about my state, mentally or bodily. Of course pecuniarily now I am rolling in luxury. It is rather late for "Merry Christmas," but the happiest of Happy New Years to all. Tell George the way he gets off from writing letters in directing other people's is shabby. Once more, with many thanks for your kind and welcome gifts, I am

Your affectionate son, PHILLIPS.

This letter has been endorsed in his mother's handwriting, "A dear letter. Mother." His father at once replied: —

December 30, 1857.

DEAR PHILLIPS, —. . . I will say a few words in acknowledgment of your very acceptable letter of this week, written on Christmas Eve. We were much pleased with it. . . . You were not forgotten on Christmas Day, I assure you, and we truly wished you had been amongst us. . . . Dr. Vinton gave an excellent discourse, and the day being pleasant but cold, we had a very large audience, not a vacant seat to be seen. We wanted you at the Communion Table with us. . . . Your Mother has gone this afternoon to the exhibition of the Chauncy Hall School to please John. I looked in there as I came along, and found the Tremont Temple crowded, and there was Jack on the front settee with his feet on the front bar, as contentedly listening to the speaking as you can imagine. It has been a great time for him, and he put in it heart and soul, as much as some Latin School boys I have seen when Socrates was the theme.[1] . . .

I have scratched this in haste after the labors of the day, but if it serves to remind you of the love and affection of your Father, the end is accomplished.

[1] A reference to his graduation from the Latin School, when he took Socrates as the subject of his oration.

All at home send love, and I wish you could have seen how delighted your Mother was with your last letter.

Yours affectionately, W. G. B.

How his mother felt on reading the letter of Phillips which broke the long reserve is seen in her reply: —

January 11, 1858.

My dear Philly, — I thank you for that letter; it is a treasure to me, it is so full of love and kindness. It tells us all we want to know, that you realize your parents' deep interest in you, and that you promise us the richest reward you can give us, — that of bringing us honor in after life. And also you have convinced us that you have a warm and kind heart, and that your heart is in your profession. Not that I have ever doubted it, for I have always felt that you are too sincere and true-hearted to dare undertake so holy a calling except with your whole heart; but I 've sometimes wished you would make it doubly sure to me by assuring me of it yourself, and I 've felt you owed it to yourself to do so. But, my dear Philly, this letter satisfies me entirely on that point, and I cannot tell you the delight it gives us. Father almost shed tears as he read it.

The last half of the second year at the seminary presents no incidents, and the letters which have been preserved are few. Complaints about the situation are not so strenuous as at first. He was working hard, determined that the time should be fruitful in some result. Washington had begun to lose its charm, though he visits it occasionally and was present to hear Douglas make his famous speech in Congress. Hon. Edward Everett, his kinsman, was at this time lecturing through the country, everywhere making an impression by his oratory, but Phillips failed to hear him when he came to Washington. Mr. Everett was not in sympathy with the New England abolitionists, a reason for the warm welcome given him in the South, as for the coldness which it bred towards him in his native State. The letters from home are at this time more interesting than those which Phillips sends in return. His father's in particular are characterized by the concrete interest with which all life, secular and religious, was invested in his eyes, while his mother's are full of the inexpressible love and yearning, repeating and reiterating

the one great burden of her soul. The spring of 1858 witnessed all over the country a mysterious religious awakening, only to be compared in depth and extent with the Great Awakening of the eighteenth century. It did not originate with the working of any machinery which revivalists use, but rather with the Spirit, like the wind that bloweth, coming and going at its pleasure. Every church felt the effect of the deep religious interest spreading as by a silent contagion. It was felt at Alexandria in the seminary, as it was at St. Paul's Church in Boston. There had been some strain in the relations between Dr. Vinton and his parish, but it was overcome by the prevailing religious mood of the hour, and he had never been so powerful in the pulpit. Every afternoon during Lent the church was filled with attentive listeners. But George Brooks was not yet among those who felt the religious impression. Both the father and the mother lament his indifference, while they admire his manliness and succumb to his attractions. For the rest, his mother enumerates with pride how the younger boys are winning honors in their respective positions at school. "You must not think I 'm proud, Philly, but it is only the gladness of a mother's heart to see her children promising as they grow into men." The father writes January 8, 1858, and his advice about the seminary was admirable: —

> Remember what I have often told you about the seminary that after all, dull as it is, the most depends on your individual exertions, and these I know never will be allowed to rust with you. I wish other things were equal, and that you found it more pleasant and congenial.
>
> The lecture season has not been so successful as usual, I am told; it has been overdone; as an instance, the Lowell lectures do not draw for tickets now. If Mr. Everett should be in your vicinity, you had better go and see and hear him. We have begun to read Livingstone's Travels in Africa *at the evening table.* . . . Do you go to Washington much? a rowdy place I should not advise visiting much! What a disgraceful drunken scrape that was last week among them!

One incident which his father records may be mentioned for the interest it roused in the family, in which Phillips

shared. "I have been upon some business to-day that I thought you would be glad to avail yourself of when you returned, — this is purchasing a share in the Boston Athenæum. I have long wanted one for myself and all you children as you grow up, and hope you will enjoy it."

The letters from home meant much to the absent student, more perhaps than he fully realized at the time. They riveted more strongly the ties which bound him to it; they kept his heart young and fresh, and open to all good influences. Take these words from a letter of his mother's, written in the early part of the year 1858, which might be paralleled in almost any letter she wrote: —

> My dearest Philly, — I perfectly long to see you, and I must write you a line to tell you so. Sometimes I get to thinking so much of you it seems as if I could not wait till next June before I lay eyes on you again. But the time will soon pass, and we shall soon begin to count the weeks instead of the months. In the meantime be sure you are not forgotten. We talk about you, and remember you at table and in the evenings, and especially whenever we go into your chamber, which has all your pictures and fixings just as you left it. I never enter it without thinking of you.

And again, the father regrets that Phillips could not have been with the family on the last Sunday evening when the boys recited hymns. This was a beautiful custom, which called from each one of the children the learning of a new hymn every Sunday, and its recital before the assembled family. In a little book carefully kept by the father, there was a record of the hymns each child had learned, beginning with William, who had the advantage of age, and had learned the greatest number, followed by Phillips, who came next, and the record tapering down with the diminishing years, until John is reached, with a comparatively small number at his disposal. Most of them were from the old edition of the Prayer Book, then bound up with a metrical selection of Psalms and a collection of two hundred and twelve hymns. These hymns Phillips carried in his mind as so much mental and spiritual furniture, or as germs of thought; they often

reappeared in his sermons, as he became aware of some deeper meaning in the old familiar lines.

The political situation in the spring of 1858 was full of excitement, indicating that the trend of sentiment in the country was against Buchanan's administration. The question was before Congress whether Kansas should be admitted as a state into the Union under the Lecompton Constitution, so called from the place where it had been drawn up, — a constitution which recognized slavery, and had never been submitted to the people of the Territory. It was a great event when Mr. Douglas, the rival of Mr. Lincoln, committed himself by a speech against the proposal to adopt this constitution: —

Tuesday morning, March 23, 1858.

My dear Father, — I have just returned from Washington, where I spent the greater part of last night, from seven till eleven, standing on a very little bench in a very large crowd, listening to Douglas's anti-Lecompton speech in the Senate. You have seen it, I suppose, in the papers. It was n't a very great speech, but as I had never heard him I was glad to have the opportunity. I never saw such a crowd before. It was almost impossible to get in, and once in, it was utterly out of the question to get out again. Toombs replied in a fiery speech.

Mr. Everett was lecturing in Alexandria last week, and everybody is admiring him. I did not hear him.

We have been having spring and summer weather, but to-day winter is back again, with snow and cold. The flowers are out in the woods.

The following letter to Mr. George C. Sawyer reverts to the failure in the Latin School, but no longer with the sense of soreness. It is a satisfaction to get this clear statement of his own in regard to the ideal of a teacher: —

March 28, 1858.

Dear Top, — It was a pleasant surprise for me a day or two ago to see your once familiar handwriting on a letter again, of which (the handwriting, not the letter) excuse my saying that I can't see that it improves much with accumulating years and honors. So you are to be the Cato of New York Utica, and come the *ipse dixit* to Boys 80, Girls 40, to say nothing of subdued ushers and meek-eyed female assistants cowering at the eye of the

Principal. I wish you success with all my heart. My own failures in teaching school gave me at least some idea of what kind of work it was, and while I left it with a firm conviction that it was just the wrong thing for me, I had a feeling that somewhere in space there must be an ideal schoolmaster, cut out to the pattern of the teacher's chair, who would like teaching and whom teaching would like, my own difficulty having been rather in this very last. If you are the happy man who has thus found his place, then go ahead, and I wish you all good luck. If perchance there be a good parish in Utica, with intelligent people, and plenty of work to do, and a present need of a young clergyman who can live on nothing-a-year-and-find-himself, prithee let me know.

Meanwhile another year is quietly slipping through my fingers here, and I am just now dolefully trying to catch the end and tie a knot in it, so that it shall not slip away entirely. I get up every morning and read theology all day, and go to bed *to* get up and read, and so on again the next day. It is a good place to *pass* time, and a pretty good place to *spend* it, getting a fair though not exorbitant amount for your money. . . . What a great success the "Atlantic" is! New books are scarce. Plenty to hear, such as it is, in Washington, but a night or two in the crowded Senate Chamber have quenched my longing for that sort of thing, and I stay at home pretty commendably now. We have had an easy winter of it; one or two days as cold as human charity, but mostly mild and pleasant. Excuse this rambling scrawl; say the proper thing to anybody who cares for me, and now you have found the way, do write soon again.

CHAPTER VII

1857–1858

THE INTELLECTUAL PREPARATION, THE MORAL IDEAL, CONVERSION. EXTRACTS FROM HIS NOTE-BOOK

FROM this sketch of Brooks's life during his second year in the seminary we turn to his intellectual activity. The materials for forming a judgment are so abundant as to defy any effort to make the picture complete. Out of all the years of his life, this second year at Alexandria stands forth supreme. In no other year did he receive so much from the world, from books, from life, or from himself; in no other year did he leave so marvellous a record of his genius. The stamp of maturity and finality is on his work. It was work that he was doing for himself with no other guide than his divinely inspired instinct. He had come to the full possession of himself in the greatness of his power. He was still destined to grow and expand, but every germ and principle of the later expansion is here revealed.

Before trying to give some conception of his intellectual activity, if we may call it intellectual purely when heart and will were intensely alive and in organic fusion with the reason, it is important and necessary to premise that he did the required work of the classroom in a conscientious spirit, so as to win the approbation of his teachers. It is difficult to see how he accomplished it, when he was living at the same time in another world of his own, where his genius was ranging far and wide beyond the imagination of his associates. But he did accomplish it, reading with his class selected parts of the Old Testament in Hebrew, though never with any enthusiasm for the language, the Greek New Testament, Ecclesiastical History, and Systematic Theology. This was the

routine of study which constituted a background for the picture of his development, most important surely, as he well understood; but it was also that which he received in common with others, and calls for no further comment.

It may serve to give some conception of the extensiveness of his original work if we furnish a list of the books he was reading, with extracts from which he enriched his journal. In later years, when he carried the heavy pressure of professional life, there was no opportunity to record his reading or its results. This constitutes another reason for giving with some detail the nature of the work he was doing now. Among the Greek books which he not only read, but studied, were: Plato's Phædo; Plutarch's De Oraculorum Defectu; Xenophon's Memorabilia; the tragedies of Sophocles, — Antigone, Œdipus Tyrannus, Œdipus at Colonus; and of Æschylus, — the Agamemnon, the Choëphori, and Eumenides; and the Encheiridion of Epictetus. He read Clement of Alexandria, Origen, Philo with special interest and attention, Eusebius, and Chrysostom. His list of Latin works includes: Cicero's De Senectute and the Tusculanæ; Lucan's Pharsalia; Tertullian's De Præscriptione Hæreticorum, Apologeticus, De Corona Militis, De Fuga in Persecutione, De Idolatria, and De Carne Christi; Cyprian's Epistles; Augustine's De Vera Religione; Boëthius' De Consolatione Philosophiæ, on which he mused in deep sympathy; Paulinus Nolanus' Ennodii Carmina; Petrarch's De Remediis utriusque Fortunæ; and Claudian's De Raptu Proserpinæ. He also read Horace, Seneca, and Tacitus, Lactantius, Ambrose, and Jerome. Of works in English, the list is a long one: Bacon, Milton, Beaumont and Fletcher, Bolingbroke, Lord Shaftesbury, George Herbert, Carlyle, Bulwer, Kingsley, Holmes, Robert Browning, Mrs. Browning, Ruskin, Tennyson, Henry Taylor, Landor, Coleridge, Matthew Arnold, Mrs. Jameson, Emerson, Whittier, Boyle, Aubrey de Vere, Keats, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Hooker, Butler, Isaac Taylor, and James Russell Lowell. Other books were: South's Sermons, Pope's Eloisa, Walton's Complete Angler, Gibbon's Decline and Fall, Bunsen's Hippolytus and his Age, Bledsoe

on Social Progress, Warburton's Divine Legation, Henry Ward Beecher's Life Thoughts, Cambridge Essays, Ryle on Prayer, Thorndale on the Conflict of Opinions, Thornwell's Discourses on Truth, Francis Newman's Theism, F. W. Faber's Guide to Holiness, and the English reviews, notably the Quarterly and Blackwood. The reading of Lewes's Life of Goethe led him to take up Goethe's writings; he studied Faust, and continued to read Schiller and to exercise himself in translation of the striking passages of both writers. In French, he read Rochefoucauld's Maxims, Rousseau, Cousin, and the Essays of Montaigne.

One distinctive characteristic of Phillips Brooks now becomes apparent, although traces of it may be seen in earlier years, — his capacity of being quickly roused into a glowing enthusiasm, of blazing up into a consuming fire, under the contact of ideas or truths presented to his mind. For truth with him did not rest with an appeal to the intellect, but stirred his whole being, his emotional nature, and ended in the will, where it buried itself deeply, calling for action or for deeper consecration. He did not have at this time any outlet for the force within, such as afterwards came through the pulpit, where he poured forth his aroused, excited soul. One resource he had which deserves mention, — he found relief in poetry. It was his custom at this time, whenever he had been deeply moved, to attempt expression in the sonnet. We may take these sonnets, of which there is a large number, as criterions of judgment, enabling us to determine the books or the authors who contributed chiefly to the expansion of his being. They were not intended for publication, they were written rapidly, and as with his other verse, if he did not succeed in attaining just the expression he wished when they first took shape, he did not better them when he attempted any polish or revision. To some of these sonnets he attached importance, as reminders of great and rare experiences. Such were those written after reading the tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles. He repeated them before the students at Alexandria, with an introduction to each, giving a brief sketch of the movement in each tragedy. Once

again, and not long before his death, he turned back to these sonnets of his youth, finding, it may have been, some inward pleasure in the visions and experiences of life they recalled. He read them again, before a club in Boston, where he was called upon to furnish the subject for discussion. They are here given with the preface to them as he reviewed them in his last days: —

Reading once, many years ago, the three great Tragedies of Æschylus, which together make a magnificent Trilogy, I was led at the end of each to express in verse the total impression which it made. I hope these verses may not seem altogether too serious and too solemn for the club.

The first play is the Agamemnon, full of the prophecies of the Trojan captive Cassandra, foretelling the woes that were to fall on the great captain of the Greeks. I finished it on a bright summer day, and these verses were written at the close: —

The story 's ended: Fling the window wide;
  Let the June sunlight leap across the room.
  How like a spirit it comes through the gloom,
And draws the old black tragic veil aside!
  All day the passion of the Argive queen,
All day Cassandra's fate-words, half unsung,
Like a dark storm-cloud o'er my soul have hung,
  With choral thunders breaking through between.
We 've heard the tale a human life can tell;
  Come, hear the stories Nature's heart can speak,
Hear June's rich rhythms die adown the dell,
  And each tree's chorus grander than the Greek!
Cassandra-thoughts, with more than Loxian spell,
  Come singing to us from the mountain's peak!

The second play, the Choëphori, has the story of Orestes avenging the death of Agamemnon. It is heavy with the thought of yet greater tragedy to come. The feeling as one ends it is of suspense and dread, as if it were good to pause awhile before the next curtain should be raised: —

As one that travels through the mountain's gloom,
  And sees the peaks above him stern and stark,
  And midnight's myriad eyes adown the dark,
And all earth listening as for voice of doom,

Arrived at length beneath some friendly roof,
  Turns his tired footsteps to the cheerful light,
  Yet, pausing, gazes once more down the night,
And sees the slow storm darkening all aloof;
So pause we here and gaze a moment back
  Where we came journeying this sad summer's day
Hear the low thunder roar along its track,
  See tempest clouds that stoop above our way.
The night is deepening. Rest we here a space
The dark fate-journey of old Pelops' race!

The last play is the Eumenides, taking its name from the Furies, who pursue Orestes. It ends with the departure from Athens of the Furies, who have been disappointed of their victim. As they go, they seem to leave the air and earth clear for better things: —

So Fate hath fallen and the virgin fled:
  The slow procession fadeth out of sight,
  The Athenian chorus in their stoles of white,
The Furies, solemn-faced, with bended head,
Now a dim line across the distance goes,
  Like faint wave-margin on some far-off shore,
  One moment trembles and is seen no more,
And earth lies smiling in a sweet repose.
But up the darkness where they vanished, came
    The sunrise angels of a holier day —
  Up all the horizon steps of kneeling Flame.
    Hark! Peace and Mercy singing on their way!
  Faith, Hope, and Charity, new steps like these
  In those old footprints of the Eumenides.

So the Trilogy ends; the last of its Tragedies being the greatest.[1]

Another of these sonnets, inspired by the study of Greek tragedy, is on the Antigone of Sophocles: —

[1] "I am quite sure," writes the Rev. W. Dewees Roberts, assistant minister at Trinity from 1888, "that Mr. Brooks copied those sonnets as late as when I was at Trinity. I was not surprised to find the book upon his desk after his death. He told me at one time that if he were to find himself in charge of a school he should insist upon the writing of verse as one of the school exercises. He took me to task upon making fun of young men who thought they could write verse, and said he knew of nothing which would give a man a better command of English than to practice himself in the writing of verse."

Unwept, unwedded, on my destined way —
So sang Antigone, and passed in tears;
So sings she still as down the listening years
Goes the fair victim of proud Creon's sway,
And now this dreary morning while I read,
And hear her tear-drops through the tender Greek,
My heart goes back along her path to seek
How nature triumphed e'en while Fate decreed.
Still lies the brother's corpse beyond the gate,
Still comes the virgin with the scattered dust,
And these dark hours grow queenly with the state
Of beauty throned amid the hapless just.
Page turns on page, and still my soul can see
New Truth in Life, taught by Antigone.

The influence upon him of the Greek tragedies at so impressible a moment of his life may be detected in his preaching. Among the passages of Scripture selected at this time for future sermons is this: "For I was alive without the law once; but when the commandment came, sin revived and I died," with the reference to Sophocles' Œdipus Colonus, 393: *ὅτ' οὐκέτ' εἰμὶ, τηνικαῦτ' ἄρ' εἶμ' ἀνήρ.*

Taking the sonnets as an index of his mind or of the power exerted on him by the authors he studied, a foremost place must be given to the Greek and Latin fathers whom he read with diligence. In doing this, he was in a sphere alone by himself, with no patristic guides or glosses, with no discussion in the classroom, or with those conversant with the subject. To a certain extent he found companionship in Isaac Taylor's "Ancient Christianity," or with Bunsen in his genial and profound study of "Hippolytus and his Age." It is evident that he read the Fathers for the exercise of his linguistic power, and for the pleasure they afforded in coming into contact with their thought at first hand. But the sonnets which he wrote on Tertullian, Origen, and Jerome show him to have experienced a deeper attraction for the men in themselves as he came to know their spirit. Thus of Origen he writes: —

O Adamantine Scholar, dreamer, sage,
And Christian, nobler name than all the rest,

What sadness is there in thy lifelong quest
Of sense mysterious in the sacred page!
Thy life was like the morning when the day,
With wealth of beauty crowding into birth,
Breathes her warm heart upon the sleeping earth,
And dawns in mists that noon will melt away.

Nothing shows better the generous quality of his nature than his ability to sympathize even with Jerome, of whom it has been said that, in his anxiety to fulfil his duty toward God, he failed signally in his duty toward man: —

Stout monk of Bethlehem, this life of thine
Proves some strange power beneath thy dreamy creed,
As signs of secret springs our eyes may read
On the bleak sand-plain in the lonely pine.
Those foes of thine, the feeble and the strong,
Jovinian, Rufin, John, and all the rest,
Who stirred such anger in thy saintly breast,
Perhaps were right, who knows? perhaps were wrong.
But right or wrong, in faithless times like these
'T is well to see how faith could give thee power
To bind earth's chances with thy will's decree,
And grasp the reins of every wayward hour;
Till Cyril stood beside thy dying bed,
And saw bright angels bear the blessed dead.

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He had begun reading Tertullian in his Junior year at the seminary. That among the Fathers this was his favorite is shown in several ways. He not only read his more important treatises, and made many extracts, but he made out Latin analyses of his De Anima and De Præscriptione Hæreticorum. Two sonnets upon Tertullian are evidence that he sympathized with the humanity of that noble but erratic man, whose spirit was always beating in inward tumult, and torn with contradictions. He took him as he was, saint and heretic commingled, whose fire was always alive whether by wood or straw as fuel.

There is evidence of an underlying philosophical system which at this early age Phillips Brooks was beginning to create for himself. He was seeking for some principle which should give unity to his thought and life. For abstract ideas

as such, for purely speculative conclusions in themselves, he felt no attraction, nor had he use for them unless he saw in them some practical relation to real life in the world. His mind had an introversive tendency, as shown by his musings upon life, however manifested — whether in nature, in himself, or in a common humanity; but through his musings runs a practical aim. He was a voracious devourer of ideas, searching everywhere for thoughts, but always asking himself the question, — What should be done with them, how were they related to life? Yet of what are called philosophical systems he was not a student, nor are there traces in his notebooks of any desire to get at the history of philosophy. He studied Plato's Phædo, translating into his best English its finest thoughts. But he seemed to have fastened on this particular dialogue because of its close connection with the mystery of life. It was to Socrates the man he was most powerfully attracted, rather than to the speculations of Plato. From his boyhood it had been Socrates who moved his admiration. Two of his sonnets are devoted to Socrates, — evidence that his spirit was stirred within him, as he discerned more clearly the meaning of his life.

It looks as if he felt instinctively, as Goethe had felt, that too close a study of speculative philosophy would turn him in a direction alien to his genius, or impede his true development. He was wrestling with the same eternal issues that underlie the philosophy of Kant or Hegel, but he does not turn to them for guidance. The problem was his own, and must be met in his own way. Although in his isolation his opportunity for books was limited, yet if he had inclined to the study of speculative philosophy, German or other, he would have managed to get the books that he wanted and must have. But life appealed to him in its concrete or historical manifestations rather than in the condensed algebraic formulas of speculative thought. It was then by no accident that he turned to Lord Bacon; and in passages, sometimes copied, sometimes translated, which give the motives of the Baconian philosophy, we may also see the motives and the aspirations of his own soul: —

For that is true philosophy which renders most faithfully the voices of the world, and is written, as it were, at the world's dictation; and is nothing else but its image and reflection, and adds nothing of its own, but only repeats and resounds. (De Sapientia Veterum.)

Again he quotes from Bacon a saying which must have been to him a rule of guidance: "Interpretation is the natural and genuine work of the mind after obstacles are removed." In this direction lay in part the original power of Phillips Brooks. As Bacon came to the interpretation of the world and of life in the freshness of a great and rare opportunity, when the obstacles of the scholastic philosophy had been swept away, so too was he coming to it in the same way, with an overpowering impulse to interpret the world he lived in. In some manner he had freed himself from shackles, the world was open to him, the learning he had acquired called for interpretation. His own life, his experience, the results of his incessant observation, the lessons also of his childhood, the teaching of the church, the word of Scripture, — all these were open before him, thoughts were crowding in upon him, and through the note-book sounds the perpetual comment which the reality demands: —

But to one who thinks rightly on this matter, natural philosophy is, after the word of God, the surest cure of superstition and likewise the most excellent nourishment of faith. And so it is well given to religion for her trustiest handmaid: since the one shows the will of God, the other shows his power. (Bacon, Nov. Org., i. 89.)

Empiricists, like the ants, only heap up and use; rationalists, like spiders, spin webs out of themselves; but the bee is between the two, she draws material from the flowers of the garden and field, but yet turns and digests it by her own ability (*propria facultate*). (Nov. Org., i. 95.)

The *first* qualities of things (*qualitates elementales*) we cannot know, and in most matters it is waste of time for us to seek them; the *second* qualities of things, their evident virtues and effects and operations in this world of ours, these are what the true philosophy of daily life seeks out.

The way does not lie in a plain, but has its ascending and descending, its ascending to axioms, its descending to operations. (Nov. Org., i. 103.)

But there was something more gained from Bacon which harmonized with his own boundless enthusiasm, and for which also the study of Philo had prepared him, — the conviction that even material pursuits, such as commerce and trade, may have spiritual ends, existing for the children of God, and the agencies of a divine light. The world was becoming to his imagination a vast storehouse filled with an infinite wealth. Rightly used, these agencies would uplift humanity, gradually restoring to mankind the original Eden from which it had been driven.

Sic itaque videbis, commercium nos instituisse, non pro auro, argento et gemmis, non pro sericis aut aromatibus, neque pro aliis quibus vis rebus crassis, sed tantum pro creatura Dei prima, luce scilicet: luce, inquam, in quacunque tandem tensæ regione prorumpente et germinante. (Bacon, Nova Atlantis.)

Itaque sperandum omnino est esse adhuc in naturæ sinu multa excellentis usus recondita, quæ nullam cum jam inventis cognationem habent aut parallelismum; sed omnino sita sunt extra vias phantasiæ; quæ tamen adhuc inventa non sunt; quæ proculdubio per multos seculorum circuitus et ambages et ipsa quandoque prodibunt, sicut illa superiora prodierunt; sed per viam quam nunc tractamus, propere et subito et simul repræsentari et anticipari possunt. (Nov. Org., i. 109.)

But the great and radical difference of mind so far as concerns philosophy and the sciences is this: that some minds are strong and ready to note the differences of things, others to note the similitudes of things. For minds that are persistent and quick to fasten their thoughts can both pause and delay in all the nicety of distinctions; but lofty and discursive minds both recognize and compose even the slightest and most general resemblances; but both minds easily fall into excess by seizing on either the grades or shadows of things. (Nov. Org., i. 55.)

For the old age and maturity of the world ought surely to be taken for antiquity, and these belong to our time and not to that younger age of the world in which the ancients lived. For that age is in respect to us ancient and elder, but in respect to the world itself new and younger. (Nov. Org., i. 55.)

A syllogism is made of propositions, a proposition of words, and words are the counters (*tessera*) of ideas; and so if the ideas themselves (which is the basis of the whole matter) be confused and rashly deduced from fact, there is no firmness in the structures

which are built on them. The only hope then is in a true induction. (Nov. Org., i. 14.)

This error is peculiar and perpetual in the human intellect, that it is moved more by affirmations than by negations, while it ought to bestow itself fairly and in turn on each; nay, on the contrary, in establishing every true axiom, the force of a negative instance is greater. (Nov. Org., i. 46.)

The human understanding is like a mirror unevenly inclined to the rays of objects, which mixes its own nature with the nature of what it reflects, and distorts and spoils it. (Nov. Org., i. 46.)

For there is in man a certain ambition of intellect, no less than of will, especially in high and lofty minds. (Nov. Org., i. 65.)

When the human mind has once despaired of finding truth, all things become altogether weak. (Nov. Org., i. 67.)

Sunt res quæ nomine carent, ita sunt et nomina quæ carent rebus. (Nov. Org., i. 6.)

Pessima enim res est errorum apotheosis.

There are deserts and wastes no less of times than regions. (Nov. Org., i. 78.)

From another ancient writer once widely read (Mori, Dissert. Theol.) he borrows a sentence, which shows how his mind was burrowing beneath the surface of things: —

Uno verbo, historiam, quæ illis occasionem monendi et philosophandi præbere poterat, metaverunt *in ipsam admonitionem et philosophiam.*

Coleridge was prominent among the writers with a philosophical purpose who most influenced Phillips Brooks. He read the Aids to Reflection, the Biographia Literaria, and the Friend; he lingered over Coleridge's poetry. What Coleridge had done for others he was doing now for him, emancipating from the false or worn-out logic of customary system, revealing the deeper meaning of the articles of the Christian faith, enlarging the conception of religion, restoring to reason its true place in the broken harmony between faith and knowledge. His first question as to the more difficult or recondite doctrines of the church had been not whether they were true, but what did they mean; what convictions or aspirations were they originally meant to express, or how did they reveal the spiritual psychology of man.

With this question in view, Coleridge had travelled over the field of Christian theology, — the Incarnation, the Trinity, Original Sin, and Atonement. The greatness of Coleridge has been obscured by many deficiencies and much weakness, but his influence has been vast; he has had great pupils, who have sat at his feet and never wearied of singing his praise. Archdeacon Hare called him a "true sovereign of English thought," and in this encomium Bushnell joined, whose influence in this country and in England has been greater than any other American since Jonathan Edwards. What he did for Bushnell he did for Tulloch, in Scotland, and for F. D. Maurice. It was one great gift of Coleridge to his students, said Maurice, that he showed "how one may enter into the spirit of a living or departed author, without assuming to be his judge." Into this teaching Phillips Brooks was entering, and throughout his career rejoiced in the manifold riches it brought him.

The combination in Coleridge of poetry and theology with the pure reason was at once a fascination and a thraldom bringing with it a large liberty. Part of the charm of Coleridge was due to his Neoplatonic teachers, and this charm was felt by Phillips Brooks, who came with a foreordained fitness to appreciate it, — the charm of Spenser and Raleigh and Shakespeare, of the age of the Renaissance before the Reformation. But Phillips Brooks was drinking at the fountain head whence proceeded this vast stream of infinite and perpetual joy, when he had turned — who can tell why? — to the writings of Philo, who first brought together Jewish theology and Greek philosophy, studying Moses under the influence of Plato. Philo became a teacher to him, as he had been to the early Christian church at Alexandria, or to later heathen teachers, or still later to St. Augustine in the process of his conversion. Over none of his favorite authors had Phillips Brooks bent in more rapt contemplation than Philo. The influence of this ancient thinker, who stands at the dividing of the worlds, is at once apparent, and continued to be felt in later years. To his excited mood he gave expression in this sonnet: —

PHILO JUDÆUS, DE MUNDI OPIFICIO.

A great Jew's mind with Genesis to read,
Searching Creation for the mighty cause,
Seeking deep meanings in the old Hebrew laws
Sounding dry cisterns with his thirsty need.
What though we call him Mystic? Such as he
Must live while life's deep mystery shall last,
The voiceless future and the half-learned past,
Strange sounds we hear and wandering sights we see.
Yet even while he dreamed, the Jewish throng
Was dragging Stephen to his cruel death,
And Saul's wild energy was waxing strong
With Paul's new confidence of Christian Faith.
The sun had risen, but his blinded sight
Still searched the darkness, longing for the light.

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The same influence is apparent at this moment of awakening in the question which haunts him continually, — What is the origin of the thoughts now coming to him thick and fast, in almost bewildering confusion and light? He cannot believe that they have their source in his own mind; they seem rather like angelic visitants. There is a tinge of Neoplatonism in the verses he writes, as he seeks the answer to his perturbed inquiry.

Among the more modern theological books which he was reading, apart from the greater masters in English theology, Hooker and Butler, these two may be mentioned as having contributed to his development, — Bushnell's "Sermons for the New Life" and Maurice's "Theological Essays." These books, as they now stand in his library, show the marks of hard usage. To Bushnell he was moved to indite a sonnet. But it would be impossible here adequately to represent the variety of the sources from which he was drawing, without reproducing the entire contents of his note-books. They give the impression of some great tree, some monarch of the forest with many roots extending deep and wide beneath the ground, each root with many minute ramifications pushing in every direction in the search for life. Somehow he gives the impression of being greater in his totality than the sources

from which he draws; he has the wider outlook of a later age, yet a man to whom the great spirits of the world are contributing of their best in order to his equipment. Whatever he quotes becomes his own, assuming a new significance because he quotes it. These hundreds of quotations, so carefully written out, each credited to its author, with volume and book and page, constitute a rich "adagia" whose principle of unity and affiliation is the awakening life of a rare and great soul.

We turn from the manifestation of his activity in learning from others to the native working of his own mind. His thoughts are jotted down, with no reference to any system or principle, but one can discern running through them certain strong lines of direction or tendency. And in the first place he is rejoicing with an intense self-consciousness in this strange gift of thought, which is to him a novel experience, his own newly gained power; his own, and yet he is haunted with the feeling that it is not his own. His attitude is that of one receiving a divine revelation, — the word of God coming to his soul in diverse ways, through the imagination, through feeling, and above all through the conscience. Are not these thoughts visitors to his soul, angelic messengers of God? He recalls the old Montanist analogy used by Tertullian, — the lyre whose strings are played upon by the Holy Spirit. This comparison recurs to his mind as he reads the divine revelation which is witnessed by outward nature, by the history of humanity, by the consciousness of the life of God within the soul. His sensitiveness to spiritual impressions is everywhere apparent. Because of some inward endowment there is a certain unity running through them, and he transmutes these impressions into an appeal to the will. So it was that the myriad voices which speak of God were in his soul tuned to harmony, a vast and infinite orchestra, God and angels and men and the life of nature blended in spiritual melody, and while he listens he seems to be filled with a holy joy; but it alternates with moments of depression, as though he were at times overcome with the unspeakable wealth, the magnitude, the majesty, of the vision. Yet it is to him a

vision, something revealed, and not his own creation. These verses where he speaks of thoughts as something apart, and not generated by his own intellect, betray a Neoplatonic coloring, as if they were links in the chain of mediation between earth and heaven.

Upon the brow God lays his hand
Of angel thoughts descending,
To lead our steps through mortal land
Their holy influence lending.

"Go forth," he saith, "and guide anew
My children's weak endeavor;
Make them more pure and strong and true,
More calm and constant ever."

And may we know these thoughts that come
And bring our Father's blessing,
Descending from our father's home
Our Father's peace possessing.

There is a light upon their face
That tells of that they dwelt in,
A perfect light of holy grace
With holy fervor melting.

And memories of the heavenly hymn
Around their lips are playing;
We hear its echoes faint and dim,
Its praising and its praying.

And deepest yearnings evermore
For joys they left behind them,
Are tempting God-ward till we soar
And rise to heaven and find them.

Thoughts come and fold their wings
Above us for a space;
Then seek their heavenly place
Ere we can feel the grace
Of half the holy message that they bring,
Of half the heavenly anthem that they sing.

There is a tendency to personify nature also, to think of

the earth as alive and conscious and sympathetic with the life of man, who walks its surface. Thus the earth as it rolls on its course is watching the career of humanity, noting success or failure in the great scheme of things of which it is a part. Thus he can sympathize with the earth in its task, its faithfulness, its weariness, the sad monotony of its career. He would fain converse with it as with a gigantic animal, some faithful beast of burden, closely connected with man as the horse with its rider. In the long journey the earth is counting the weary years as it yearns for its final destiny and repose: —

Smile on, Old Earth, and dream that now
As then thy God beside thee
Has laid his hand upon thy brow,
And holds thy hand to guide thee.

Sleep on, Old Earth, dream on to-night,
Sleep blessed till the morrow,
Man's strife will wake with morning light,
Man's sinning and man's sorrow.

But happy dreams like thine, Old Earth,
Like God's own sunlight o'er thee,
Shall light thy way along the path
That lies so rough before thee.

He is also given to personifying time in its passing years, as though it, too, were a living entity, growing old and weighted with infirmity, the conviction of failure and of sin. His study of the classic Greek language and literature had given him an insight into the ancient mythology, — a sympathy so living and deep that at times it seemed a vehicle for his own emotions. He entered into the religion of nature, whose elementary essence is habitual and permanent admiration, the reverence for the mystery of things. Tender emotion mingled with fear marks his outlook upon the phenomena of day and night, the rising and the setting sun, the coming and going of the seasons. Each new day is an ever-recurring miracle, each sunrise as fresh and novel a scene as when viewed by the first man for the first time. Each

morning God is calling upon the slumbering earth to rise and do his will. "Morning still chases morning and evening flies from evening round the world." "Each new science is only a new chord in the harp of earth's harmony, each new thought only a new strain in earth's everlasting song of praise." Prayer and prophecy are the uplifted hands of earth, yearning for the heaven that is to come.

Every sunrise and sunset gives us a new insight into the old belief that the East and the West were blessed lands, with golden rivers and bright hills and warm clear skies and everlasting verdure. How our souls go out into those magic lands, and meet there the old Greek souls who wandered there for beauty, led by a depth of feeling for its worth such as no souls but Greek have ever known.

How some morning comes to us with a sense of the marvellous beauty of our earth, such as morning after morning all the days of our life have failed to give us. How sometimes a June day will seem to have hoarded all the warmth and light and loveliness of the six thousand Junes since first the seasons were losing no ray of sunlight, no glow of the old warm noons, keeping them close from winter's cold, and now at last pouring them down upon our happy life as we cannot think that any life has felt them in the years gone by. And how sometimes a thought seems to have hoarded all the wealth and worth of all our thoughts since thinking first began. How we recognize the moment for which all the moments that went before were made.

The fearful powers of nature! Why have not you and I, poor human worms, some weak power over fire and water, and air and cold and heat, enough to make us fear and tremble at ourselves each hour?

The still blue sky that has looked in sorrow and in care these six thousand years on sinning, anxious earth.

Who did not know by long experience the certainty and richness of God's daily power and love could have imagined that the faint gray hue that we saw this morning dimly dividing between the blackness of heaven and the blackness of earth could have widened and deepened and brightened in these few short hours into perfect day, opening all the great depths of heaven's room, painting all the landscape of earth's loveliness, warming and waking and cheering the cold, dead, dreary hearts of men?

Nature is man's best teacher of modesty and of humble doubt as well as trust of his powers. This is her lesson for him every hour. So long as each day's wisdom and study is perplexed and put to shame by each night's sleep and dreams, let us cease to wonder at what we know, let us stand in silent awe at what we feel, at what we are, and what we dimly discern around us.

"Though we now read the hymn to Demeter," says Grote, "as pleasing poetry, to the Eleusinians, for whom it was composed, it was genuine and sacred history." So pass the deep beliefs and earnest realities of antiquity into modern tastes and pleasures. But truly it was a noble groundwork of a faith. The great Mater Dolorosa of the gods and her long anguish and final exaltation, all bound to daily human life, which recognized her as the giver of ripe corn-fields for their hunger, and in the solemn mysteries as the sower of deep seed thought for earnest life. How the hymn opens with that sweet scene of nymphs gathering the crocus and lily on the plain; then Pluto rising from his realm, and the frightened Proserpina borne off with only thin-veiled Hecate and King Helios to see. Then the divine mother made human by her woe in her weary search for her lost daughter, till she comes and sits there, "in the cool shade above her, where grew the deep darkness of olives." Then the beautiful daughters of Celeus coming, in the pure homeliness of the old life, to fill their pitchers at the spring, — "Four, such as goddesses are, yet having the bloom of the maiden;" their hurried bringing of the old nurse home to their good mother Melaneia. The simple Iambe, cheating a smile from the sad face with her drollery of rustic mirth, the little Demophoön given to the stranger's care, her gracious acts discovered by the mother's anxious watchfulness. Then as the goddess stands discovered, the interest brought home and made an heirloom to Eleusis by the commanded temple and the promised grace. Then the change from the household to the skies, the long sad year of fruitless fields, afflicting men and gods. "Many a well-bent plough the steers dragged in vain through the corn-lands. Many the seed of white barley on the earth that was fruitlessly scattered." The late restoral of Persephone; the happy bringing back of Ceres to the sky; the kindly lesson of husbandry and worship that made Eleusis thence a blessed place forever. How the old story must have twined around the city's life, while processions and ceremonies and creeds thenceforth made the old myth forever new, the wonderful cadence of the old hymn beating the measure of Eleusinian life all through the years. Truly humanity yearns for the divine, is drawn by its beauty to the beautiful, catches, while it dreams of

the grand, holy, righteous powers of nature, something of their grandeur and holiness and truth.

A score of other passages might be quoted to illustrate how closely allied his spirit was with the life of organic nature. He was quick to see any analogy between the life of the spirit in man and the phenomena of the outer world. He makes an extract from the De Resurrectione of Tertullian, which for this reason must have impressed him, that it connects the resurrection of the body with the process of nature: —

> The whole, therefore, of this revolving order of things bears witness to the resurrection of the dead. In his works did God write it before He wrote it in the Scriptures; He proclaimed it in his mighty deeds earlier than in his inspired words. He first sent Nature to you as a teacher, meaning to send Prophecy also as a supplemental instructor, that, being Nature's disciple, you may more easily believe Prophecy, and without hesitation accept it when you come to hear what you have already discovered on every side; nor doubt that God, whom you have discovered to be the restorer of all things, is likewise the reviver of the flesh. (De Res., xii.)

> Truly there was a clearness and a power in those old eyes and ears that have died out of ours. We hear no voices on the summer wind; no merry faces laugh up their beauty tones from the sunny sea; no Dryads flit away before us down their forest paths. To us the black cloud is a black cloud, and not a power; the clear sky only a clear sky, and not a smile; our sun is not a god, our stars no happy choirs of singing graces, making night day with the sweet chorus of their perfect loveliness. We have learnt a moral beauty of ethics and of faith, found cheer in sorrow and gladness in despair, but we have lost the daily beauty that fills earth now just as it filled it then. No Aurora, rosy-fingered, brightens our daily morning, no Vesper, pensive-faced, draws calmly on our night. Yet beauty is no foe to faith nor merry-hearted fancy to the soberness of sterling thought. The boy is very weak that dares outgrow his boyhood fully as he grows a man. It will be a happy day for man when he once more has eyes to see the wondrous beauty and perennial youth of earth, that is his mother and sister in the love of God.

It was inevitable that in one of his Puritan descent, whose

blood was filled with moral purpose, there should be closely related to this love of nature an ethical ideal, taking the precedence, and bending even the beauty and glory as well as the order of the natural world to the illustration of a rigid unbending moral aim: —

We believe in the same power of Nature to join a broken life as to unite the pieces of a broken bone. Error, ignorance, care, pride, or prejudice has struck our life and it has yielded to the shock, but bring the jagged ends together and leave them to the quiet influence of time, and Nature's moral laws will do their silent work, and our life rise up to do its part again among the busy lives of men.

While this morning sunrise is rosy with the memory of last night's sunlight, while noon looks longingly down the eastern sky that it has travelled, and onward to the night to which it hastens, while month links in with month, and season works with season and year joins hand with year in the long labor of the world's hard life, there is a lesson for us all to learn of the unity and harmony of our existence. Let us take the lesson, and, with it in our hearts, go out to be more tolerant, more kindly, and more true in all the social strivings of our fellow men. Let us carry it back with us to history, and forward with us in our dreamings of the years to come. It will make us better and stronger.

Let there be no delay, but let there be no hothouse forcing of our powers. If Nature is twenty years building our bodies, let us grudge no needful time to build our minds. If she is content to spend the slow months of a long sunny spring and summer in painting the flower's petal and an insect's wing, which the quick decay of autumn is to make as if it had not been, let us shrink from no length of labor, or minuteness of finish, or conscientious thoroughness of every part of every work that is entrusted to our hands, vindicating by an earnest life of patient toil our right to the great privilege of duty.

Some purity and peace will evermore
Break in upon our life of care and sin,
As heedless ears that pass the church's door
Catch fragments of the swelling psalm within.

He was occupied with the problem of the relation between humanity and its outward environment. Great as is his love of nature, yet his interest in humanity and human history is greater. He will not admit for a moment that man is a blot

upon the landscape or that the deeds of man disfigure nature. Here is a passage from his note-book, incorporated afterwards in his lecture on Poetry, which may be taken as a specimen of many similar utterances. Nature was after all more beautiful for the human thoughts it suggested than for itself alone. He felt the weight of the ideas and institutions of an earlier time, but he did not fly to nature in the manner of Rousseau, moved by some transcendental principle as a mode of escape from them. He would reconcile himself to them in some other way, by penetrating to their genuine human quality as manifestations of the human soul.

Every earthly scene is imperfect, as Eden was, without man's presence. Hill and trees and clouds, waves on the seashore, willows by the river's side, fields with their broad green beauty stretching out of sight, lack with all their loveliness one element of poetry, gain it only when a human home stands in their midst, and the signs of human work are seen among them. Man may mar the beauty of their first creation, spoil or soil them with his clumsy efforts to turn them into use, or even in mere human wantonness take pleasure in turning the usefulness that God has given them into uselessness; but, in spite of all this, earth gains more from human life than she suffers from human mischief. It gives a point and purpose to her life, gives her that without which all life is death. Step now inside the little world that you and I are carrying within us. Here, too, there is deficiency till man comes in. The beauty of dumb nature may be there, the grandeur of abstract truth, the delicacy of refined imagination, but unless there be among them all some home of sympathy where our fellow man may have a dwelling, where he may live the true ruler of all the nature around him, the true centre of all the world there, acknowledged and served by it as such, unless we feel for one another as well as live for one another, we have, consciously or unconsciously, a deep want within, poets are things we do not comprehend, and poetry, no wonder, is jargon to our eyes.[1]

In the development of a life, it is generally true that the intellect first takes the lead, coming first to maturity, to be followed by the growth of the moral sentiment, which comes latest to its full strength and indeed continuing to grow after the intellect has become stationary and even retrograde.

[1] Cf. *Essays and Addresses*, p. 245.

If we apply this generalization to Phillips Brooks, we find him at this time in the full possession of his intellectual strength, rejoicing in the power of the divinely given reason, discerning the principles which were to guide his future life. Yet is it also the case that the moral nature was now asserting itself, qualifying and conditioning every intellectual conclusion. In the main, however, the principle holds true that in these earlier years the intellect kept the ascendency, for a great work was to be done through the critical function in order to adjust his own individual reason with the reason of humanity. That problem he never lost sight of throughout his life. It had first confronted him in college; he is still seeking for its solution, as may be seen in the extracts that follow: —

We may judge pretty well what claim our thoughts have to our hospitality and regard by considering how they present themselves to us. We may judge of thoughts as of other guests. If they come frankly up, and strike boldly at our doors, and bid us admit them and welcome them for the message that they bring, ready to speak freely with us, ready to be questioned, ready to claim and prove kindred to other thoughts which we have taken to our heart in other days, — then we may take them by the hand and lead them in and grow stronger for their presence. But if we find them "climbing up some other way," creeping in thief-like in the dark night or busy day, when no one can see or no one will notice, or imposing upon us with false pretences of their name and value, shrinking from scrutiny, dark, mysterious, with the look of a concealed secret always on their forehead, then the less we have to do with them the better; our minds will be more healthy when they are away, for then we shall at least know what guests we are harboring, and not tremble at the look of our own thought when we meet it face to face in the heart's chamber.

Oh, for more capacity to learn of all that has truth to teach. It will truly be a gain when we can join each thought we meet by chance along our ways, as we sometimes talk an hour with a traveller who happens to be going a mile or two upon our road; and despite of difference of taste or habits, enter for a little while into his life, learn what he is doing for our common world, and recognize in him a fellow laborer, doing, perhaps in widely different ways, the same work that we are doing. Our thoughts will be stronger and freer for this chance meeting with a stranger

thought, and when our roads part and we bid him farewell forever we shall carry some truth off with us for a memento of the meeting, which, as we use it years after and miles away, shall make us bless that journey and that chance companionship.

Our gradual learning of our powers is in truth a blessed thing. Suppose that we woke with one sudden thrill to our sense of logic or of thought, breaking with a flood of thought all at once from a purely animal into the full noon of intellectual being! How could the body or mind endure it; how could the weak machinery of our physical existence be strong enough for the endowment of each nerve with reason, each sense with sentiment, the great system of life with the deep consciousness and joy of living?

> Oh, for a wider life where flower
> With more of breath gains more of bloom;
> With more of peace since more of power,
> And more of rest since more of room.

The trains of thought, that are strong cords to bind the loose bundles of our life together.

One single thought has power to keep our strength alive.

Our best and strongest thoughts, like men's earliest and rudest homes, are found or hollowed in the old primeval rock. In some cleft of truth we find shelter, and all the strength that has been treasured up in meeting the storms of centuries is made available for our protection. Not till our pride rebels against the architecture of these first homes and we go out to build more stately houses of theory and speculation and discovery and science, do we begin to feel the feebleness that is in us, how doubt makes the joints of our structure weak, and prejudice spoils all its fair proportions, and our ignorance is stronger than our skill at every step.

After all, how it is in a few great tracts of hard granitic truth, the deep accumulations of dead years, that this whole modern world of ours rests, waiting for the manifold change of time. In their clefts and ridges lies the alluvium of modern theory and thought, wherein we plant and tend the bright flowers and sunny fruits of our daily life; but when we would found a system-structure that shall *stand*, how we dig deep till we find the solid rock and build on that; when we would start a fountain that shall quench our soul's deep thought, how we pierce down to the gushings of the living streams that flow between its strata; when we would read the moral history of our earth, how we find it written in the piled stones of those dark foundations.

Life beams warmer and brighter now than it did then, because our new science and ethics and tastes and faith are so many aids to help its free burning. Our gain is just that which our fathers made when they discovered chimneys and began to use them, instead of letting their smoke out as their fathers had done by a hole in the roof, or suffering it to drift about and settle in blackness on their furniture and ceilings.

The autobiographical quality in these utterances entrusted to the note-books is sometimes so veiled by an impersonal objective manner as to be hardly apparent; at other times we are aware of the personality behind them, thrilling with excitement under new discoveries that enlarge the boundaries of his intellectual life. In the latter case he does not appear as a pioneer in search of new thought, but the mental growth which is the sign of advancing life is mediated by entering more deeply into the meaning of familiar truths that have been waiting to be understood. His ruling idea is that *history* contains the material with which the intellect must deal, and the agency or coin we must offer in order to transfer it into our own being is *faith*. Of things new and old in the past, freely offered to the reason and soul of man, there is this condition only for their reception: Believe and thou shalt have them for thine own. At this time as through all his later life the secret of power was to enter, and ever more deeply, into the meaning of old familiar things. In this lay the principle of progress: —

How sometimes with a touch of vulgar circumstance we wake to a thought that we have been thinking, or a faith that we have been feeling, for long years and known it not; how the phenomena of our life are torn aside, and we look deep down into its substance on whose broad bosom all our hopes and plans and loves have been built all through these years of hating, planning, loving, hoping, when we were proud and conscious of the living, but knew nothing of the life. For thought and faith lie too deep within us for our blind eyes to see or our weak hands to grasp them.

The great thing in reading a noble book, or talking with a noble man, or thinking on a noble name in history, is to get ourselves within the sphere of the nobleness that we are dealing with. Its scope is large, and at its outer borders, just within which only we perhaps can hope to creep, the beating of the great heart at

"Dubitatum est (de resurrectione) ab illis (Apostolis) ne dubitaretur a nobis" — Gregory the Great.

"Solandus enim (ut dicitur) in via, auferetur curcorem extra viam." — Bacon Novum Organum 1. 61

Dunstan is met in a vision by St. Peter who has inscribed on his sword "In the beginning was the word." — Roger of Wendover, Chronicle, Vol. I. p. 254

All we want in a picture-glass is that it should be colorless & as nearly imperceptible as possible.

It is like a spider boasting that his cob-webs hold the house together — Herbert's Poems "The World"

So mud grows hard & wax grows soft all by the self-same heat. — Bacon "Hist. vitæ et mortis"

It is not always so: the calm pool breeds pestilence where the noisy stream brings health.

Nature gives a great mind more difficulties than a little one as a tall man must stoop where a child need not.

We stand further down the stream. It is broader & swifter & we can guess its course & judge better than our fathers did.

"What wretchedness can give him any room, Whose house is foul, while he adores his broom" — Herbert "The Church Militant"

"Why seek ye the living among the dead?" Or why any more the dead among the living — Luke 24. 5

Then you have a leader-thought that can marshal & drill the battalions of your acts & lead them on to victory.

It is like coming across an old piece of blotting-paper, with the blots of old letters, old sermons, old verses that once made up your life. (still stained)

His life was like a piano-tune played to careless words, — or solemn words sung to a jovial air

It is like stealing a Bible for one's private reading.

Time (like a river) bearing down to us the lighter & more inflated things & sinking the heavier & more solid" Bacon Nov Organum l. 71

as the ancients pronounced some regions uninhabitable which we now see supporting teeming men.

Experience & Faith, the pioneers of each new Truth

Some Truths (thoughts) merely the weights that we keep by us to measure others.

Receiving oracles from our own heart as of old from the Pythia only when we have crazed them first.

It fits itself to bleakness as a bird's claws do to its perch, by involuntary muscles as soon as it alights

a river frozen just hard enough not too hard to be navigable, but not hard enough to bear

"Assimilation by which one & the same blood is converted into bone, muscle, flesh, nerves, membranes, tendons" Paley's Nat. Theol Chap. 7.

Art is only nature indentured to human use

Like an empty shell whose work of protection is done, very beautiful still but no longer useful.

Truth's few fording-places: those who prove to use them must not cross or drown.

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FACSIMILE OF A PAGE FROM NOTE-BOOK, 1857

the centre may be barely sensible to us. But we shall find that those faint throbbings, that die almost away before they reach our distance, yet come to us with a kind of power that we never dreamt of before we entered in and began to be, however weakly, a part of the genius and the goodness we love. We are feeling now what we only saw before. It is all the difference between standing on the rocks and wondering at the great white waves, and finding ourselves cast helpless among them, a part of the wild tumult, feeling our weakness overpoweringly in the fury of their strength.

There is truly something for us to tremble at in our individuality. We are born alone, we die alone, and from birth to death how much we live alone. How little the words and deeds and courtesies of daily life have power to bind us to our neighbor. How little we know of him; how little he knows of us.

It is worth losing or ruining a party or a nation now and then, if thereby a great fame and a great man be given to the world.

One is struck with the persistent use of analogy or comparison in these quotations, how it lends ornament to his thought and quickens interest in his statement, but above all confirms, as though it carried with it the nature of argument and solid proof. It seems to be assumed that there can be no clear insight until the appropriate analogy has been discovered. There is some mystery in this use of analogy, but it points to the unity of life, to the conviction that the divine will has ordered the creation in harmony with and for the reinforcement of the spiritual man. This was the dawning conviction in the soul of Phillips Brooks, which was to constitute in ever-increasing degree the strength of his manhood, the principle that all life is one great harmonic chorus appealing to the individual soul to join in the universal strain. In connection with this employment of analogy is his constant tendency to personify truth, to speak of abstractions, as some would regard them, as living entities. It may be the sign of a poetic temperament, or the coincidence with that beautiful feature of ancient thought, which viewed the world in all its agencies as alive, and as adumbrating a higher life in the eternal heavens. However it may be, it appears as a constituent element in the formative process which we

are here seeking to trace. The word "truth" like the word "life" is already one of the great recurring words in his vocabulary. Truth is a deity residing in a temple where men may worship. Access to this sacred shrine is the remedy for controversy, for which already the youthful student has realized his distaste: —

Truth lives and thrives in her fair house of Learned Theory. But its grand, pillared front is too high, its wide doors too rich and ponderous; her form as she moves within too fair and proud and queenly for common men to dare to come and enter her great gates and ask to learn of God and Nature and their own humanity from her lips. Rather will they stand without forever, looking from far away upon the towers of her wondrous home and see the great Mistress walking with a few bold scholars through the greenness of her trees, deeming it all a thing in which there is no part for them. So then, fair Truth, that she may claim her right to govern from her readiness to help all men, lays by her gorgeous robes, takes the plain white mantle of most simple faith, comes down from her great house, and goes along the crowded street and close lanes of poor men's homes, with a lesson and a smile for each, a soothing touch for the sick child's forehead, a helping word for the poor workingwoman, a passing look that makes the strong man's heart more strong and happy, long after she has passed back to her house.

Controversies grow tame and tiresome to the mind that has looked on Truth. It was a happy life enough when the ground was yet uncleared, and on its daily hunt of pride or pleasure it (the mind) went out glowing in the morning, and came home at night-time tired with its sport. But one day when it comes home the place is changed; a god has been there and the gloom is gone, the woods have passed away, the weeds are burnt, the coverts broken up, and in the broad bright plains stands the temple of truth, looking north, east, south, and west, and lighting where it looks. Henceforth it must be a life of worship, of daily going in and out and doing service at the altar. There are victims to be offered and incense to be burnt, there are days of work and nights of prayer, till the heavens shall be no more and Truth's temples fall when the truth itself shall come.

We do not understand our life. Truth has laid her strong piers in the past eternity, and the eternity to come, and now she is bridging the intervals with this life of ours. . . . It seems to us

that she is building on the water and we stand smiling in idiotic self-conceit at her folly and delusion, . . . till some morning when we come to look and jest as usual, lo, there, looming up before us, is the great headland that she saw all the time, and was all the time striving to reach, but which our eyes could not see and our hearts denied.

These theological debatings, how many of them are just like children fighting about the nature of the sun! Why! are we not daily all through life's journey trusting ourselves to bridges whose supporting piers are away down beneath the water, believing in their strength without a doubt, wondering or complaining when by chance one of them trembles or swerves a hair's breadth in the storm? We walk the bridge of life. Can we not trust its safety on the great resting-places of God's wisdom that are hid from us in the depths of the two eternities?

> Truth keeps no secret pensioners; whoe'er
> Eats of her bread must wear her livery too.
> Her temple must be built where men can see;
> And when the worshipper comes up to it,
> It must be in broad noonlight, singing psalms
> And bearing offerings, that the world may know
> Whose votaries they are and whom they praise.

We talk of harmless error; no error is harmless. If it does no other evil we cannot reckon the injury that it does by merely filling the place of truth, . . . crowding out of the world some part of the honesty and truthfulness and sincerity of which, God knows, the world is bare enough already.

Our journey before us to truth is long and slow and hard, streams to cross and hills to climb and pathless fields to find our uncertain way along.

These extracts are representative, showing that one dominant motive running through almost every page of these closely written note-books is intellectual. Hardly a note that does not indicate the birth of a great mind into a world of fresh thought. There is a tone of mastery and sense of power, the realization that he was stepping into a rich heritage. And yet closely accompanying this attitude, there is another mood, never far away, lurking in the corners of his mind and demanding reconciliation with the abounding

activity of reason, till it threatens to gain the supremacy, — the issue of the conduct of life. To this end everything seems finally to converge. His mind was brooding upon the meaning of it all, how the learning, the rich treasury of thoughts, the constant access to the temple of truth wherein he worshipped, should serve some practical end. He will not allow that thought ends with itself. He does not collate ideas for the purpose of comparison or discussion; the contents of his note-books were his deepest secret, on which he never spoke with his friends. But in his incessant musings by himself he revolves the issue of life and how thought and truth are related to it. How ideas are to be brought into organic relationship with the will is still his problem, as it had been when he first became aware of his intellectual power.

A moral ideal was now before him to whose increasing demands he yielded himself as to the laws of his being. He records his conviction that "duty is more than doctrine," that behind the question, What is to be known, lies the deeper question, What is to be done? He thinks that one may overload himself at the start in life with the hard belief in all the paradoxes of thought and theory, and thus enfeeble the simple truth that is needed for every day's support: —

A fresh thought may be spoiled by sheer admiration. It was given to us to work in and to live by. There is more of clearness in our eyes than of skill and readiness in our hands. It is because every thought should minister to the work of life that it deserves and claims our reverence. It will give its blessing to us only on our knees. From this point of view, thought is as holy a thing as prayer, for both are worship.

We need new standards of usefulness and use. There is a duty incumbent on us to recognize and be grateful for the slightest wedge that began the work of opening up our life. Faith and faculties both need strengthening; conscience can help the first, long earnest daily care helps the second.

New thoughts entering the world come as settlers to take possession of a new country. The old primary patriarchal truths are doing their work in the centres of our being, but there is constant discovery of new tracks of territory in human life, where

ground is to be broken. Life is developing the energies of thought, while thought is working out the richness that lies hid in life.

Every past deed becomes a master to us; we put ourselves in the power of every act. A deed simply conceived and planned belongs still to the heritage of thought, but when it passes into act there comes a personality to it, we gain ownership in it, and men will give us credit for its good and hold us responsible for its ill.

> Good morals are good taste. 'T is well to know
> No life is beautiful that is not good;
> It is increase in beauty when we grow
> From what we would be into what we should.

Even in the old superstitions, the amulets and charms, saints' medals and saints' bones, bits of the cross and thorns from the crown, there was some power of strength in weakness and safety in alarm, because there was belief in them, and belief always ministers to power.

In the long years when great principles are busily clothing and arming themselves for their work, our short-sighted weakness thinks them idle.

Profusion, but no waste; this is the law that Nature reads us everywhere, and this law must also prevail in all the great economies of life. Some great true principle must inspire our work. There must be no stint of labor where labor will tell for our neighbors' happiness, but no wasteful extravagance of it where it will not profit. Our study must regulate itself by the principle of profusion that is not waste. And so most of all must our *faith*. We have belief enough to buy all needful truth. That must be our first care. Then if there be any left we may spend it afterwards as taste and conscience lead. But it is at once foolishness and wickedness so to lavish it upon the luxuries of metaphysics and of science that when we come to the providing of great household truths, religion, morals, and the practical sense whose needful offices fill up each day, we must stint them of the profusion that is their due.

It is a very happy but not at all a merry thing to pass from another's mastery, and so more or less another's responsibility, into our own.

We carry all our interests with us, if we did but know it, into all our work. There is not enough of us, mind, heart, or brain,

to make many men of, hardly enough to make one well. Every scene and thought and habit weaves itself with every other to clothe our life.

Remember we are debtors to the Good by birth, but remember we may become debtors to the Bad by life, and both debts of service and allegiance must be paid alike. The God of justice will recognize the obligation we have incurred to Satan as fully as our debt to Him, and demand of us to pay it with the dreadful recompense of guilty conscience and polluted life and years of fear and cares even to the uttermost farthing.

How hard it is while all conspire
To make the lower seem the higher,
The baser seem the better part,
To keep a mind unconquered still,
A purpose true, a steadfast will,
A conscious peace of head and heart.

If we could find some soul so pure that we might say of its life, Here is a spirit that has made the flesh its helper and its slave, not its partner and its lord, then we might test our own life by that soul's working, know that deeds of which he was capable were pure and holy, unstained by fleshly corruption. But no human life can give us such a test. By approximation only can we make such use of human lives. We must use our truth the other way. This deed must be deed for carnal and not saintly minds, because I find what spirituality there is in me, what energy of spirit there is in all our human race, protesting against it, shrinking from it, growing weak or dead when it has yielded to its power.

He was meditating constantly upon all the fundamental appearances of things, the sun and the sunlight, the hills and the mountains, the rocks and their crevices, the ocean, the waves, the tide, the green fields and the rivers; all the phenomena in the life of man, his toil, his suffering, his evil and sin; but the aspiration also, — the hunger and the thirst for good; the city streets, the traffic, the cares of business, country lanes, the flowers, the sabbath bells, the churches; the Christian festivals and the divisions of time, the lapse of ages, the roll of past centuries, the great works of the past, the hopes of the present, human progress, its faith, its hopes and fears. He is impressed with finding that in past ages

there were always the same doubts, the same mysteries, that oppress humanity to-day, but meanwhile the world progresses. God meant it so to be, that each succeeding age should draw new strength and use from its doubts and sense of the mystery of the things. The idea of perpetual growth is the ruling idea of religion and moral culture.

He meditates upon study and its relation to the coming years. It is simply putting the human powers at interest, in order to draw their accumulations hereafter. The thought of death, its meaning, its relation to life, is constantly before him. There are unuttered thoughts in every man that give unconscious motive to action, like the Jewish name of God which was not pronounced. All historical facts and situations become parables with a wider application. Thus he muses over Tertullian's challenge to the ancient world which has lost its faith in the worship of the gods of Olympus: "Quid ergo colunt, qui talia non colunt? " A new and higher reverence must always await the decline of the old faith. The crusades of the Middle Ages point to the constant necessity of spiritual search for Christ in his native land and country. One reason why men cling to the old machinery after it is useless is their dread of the first cost of introducing the new. It is shiftless housekeeping to fill the attics with rubbish, thinking it may some time be useful. He meets in Coleridge the familiar passage which speaks of every man as born a Platonist or an Aristotelian. He does not apply it to himself, or ask which he may be, but he comments on the deduction how all the great questions of the mind are broader than they seem, how great men are bound most closely to their race. The daily questions of interest or truth win wider scope, and are part of the development of eternity. He resents the theory as false that we ought not to criticise faults in our neighbor's life, unless we have the purity and truth in ourselves we demand in him: —

> It is false because it ignores that self-criticism which every honest man is far readier to bring in judgment to his own heart than to his brother's life. A true man's ideal once worthily set up, it is as much a sin against that standard to overlook another's

failure as to flatter and disguise our own. In no malignant, or envious, or unworthy sense, our own imperfection is ever crying in our ears that our neighbors are imperfect too.

He is wondering why the great truths that possess the power of remaking the soul for a higher life should become trite and lose their appeal: —

We may make it a rule that whenever there is triteness, there is some lack of truth; some falsehood, open or concealed in speaker or hearer, wherein the triteness and tediousness consist. If when a man is preaching what the whole gospel of nature and revelation forbids us to believe untrue, we yet find it dry and tame, it may be well for us to pause and ask for the seat of the untruth we may be sure there is somewhere. It may be in him. The words he says may be tinged with the insincerity of the mouth that says them. . . . Or it may be in us, for our frivolity may be so estranged from earnestness or moral truth that it does not even know its own footstep. . . . Or again it may be in circumstances and relations. For there is a truth of time as well as a truth of purpose and fact. But one thing is certain: the triteness must be in some falseness somewhere, for truth is never trite. We pray the prayer and read the Bible of the old fathers with as much fresh comfort and delight as we see the old sun rise every morning.

In passages like this we may discern the preacher gathering strength and conviction for his task of making the old truth live as new. Throughout these note-books, indeed, the consciousness of an invisible audience to whom he is speaking is always present. He rarely writes out a thought entirely for his own satisfaction in the love of expression, without this waiting presence of others upon whom he is urging it by its rhetorical clothing or its most forcible presentation. It is a singular conjunction of deep personal utterance, with an absolutely impersonal form of expression. The veil of reserve is over his spirit, even when he is most completely embodying himself. It almost seems as if he regarded himself even in these private records as merely a channel of communication, giving to others what he has received. Nothing stops with himself, nor any thought or emotion ends in himself. He was the lyre on which the Spirit was playing.

There is one passage which is most emphatic, however, in communicating his secret: —

If we talk with any weak companion that we meet of religion, of friendship, and truth, then friendship will cease to be beautiful and religion to be holy, and truth will turn to falsehood, the trust and honor of our life be turned to doubt and baseness. In course of time we come to the knowledge of this mental domestic economy, learn to keep our heavy plate and fine apparel carefully cupboarded, till some guest come to our table whom we can honestly wish to honor, not bringing forth all our little wealth for every idle loiterer that saunters to our door and sits down unbidden to eat our hard-earned bread. Then when a true guest comes, we have at least some extraordinary show of welcome to make him, and can bring out our little hoarded stock and spread our board as best we can, and say, Sit down; my best is bad, but in that it is my best, and in that I have treasured it so long, you will not refuse to do it honor now.

This hoarded stock, which he was reserving until the fitting honored guest might come, is displayed, though by no means in its completeness, in the passages like these that follow: —

I believe in these things because I know that they have helped my race. I look to them as I look to the sun with a faith that all the centuries of sunlight forbid me to disown. I hear them from the Bible claiming my allegiance, as from all nature I hear God's voice demanding that I should give reason room to grow to trust and love.

Homer is no more ancient to us than he was to Chapman; nay, these two hundred years, while they have been busy making Chapman obsolete, have been bringing Homer nearer to us every day; and two centuries hence his Greek will be as much the world's vernacular as now. Immortality has once thought to take a great man's memory out of Time's careless keeping to her own; thenceforth the coming and going of years and languages and men is nothing to it. It lives, like the stars, above the accidents of mortal change.

When Solomon's great temple to the Lord was done, he brought in the things which his father had dedicated. We build our temples of duty and devotion to the Lord our God. We suit them to our growing needs, to the changing demands of new times and seasons; but with our new modes and means of worship,

we may set up in them too our fathers' holy things, their true old faith and fervent prayers, the fragrant memory of their good lives, the censers with the incense of their praise still about them. So their dead worship shall give life to ours, so with our Christian prayers shall mingle the noble conservatism that treasures up a Christian past.

Our hope is in this Christian Radicalism which, through the myriad shows and semblances of Christian life, goes down directly to the root of things, and clings to Charity, and says, Lo, out of these shall grow a Christian church for all the world, and out of them a Christian experience for me.

The awakening to an old truth may be worth more to us than the discovery of a new. For in spite of our dulness and deadness to it, it has still been slowly ripening our nature for its reception and the final heart-acknowledgment of its truth. This preliminary process we do not feel, but when the day of our awakening comes, then old dreams half remembered take at once their proper places, and we recognize the growth that has been going on within us and now has brought this precious truth to birth.

Every identification that a man can make of himself with his race is so much power gained. He multiplies his life eight hundred millionfold. The world was made, and sun and stars ordained, and salvation sent to earth for him. The history of the race becomes his experience, the happiness of the race his glory, the progress of the race his hope.

Any want of energy we make allowance for, any want of truth we all scorn; any cowardice we pity, any falseness we despise. It is manhood's testimony that man was made to be true more than to be strong, to keep a soul that temptation could not sway rather than a nerve that danger could not daunt. We learn the proper programme of man's growth, — through truth to power: I am right and so I will be strong; but not through strength to trueness, — I am strong and so I will declare that I am right.

There are truths which the moral state feels that it must have, but which it still discredits, — truths with ungracious offices, the common executioners, as it were, who live in darkness till their help is needed in the last resort. . . . Such is the old stern truth that pain and death must follow human sin, and suffering is linked to crime by crime's own nature and the charter of our life.

Such false humility is out of place. In spite of all our feeble-

ness, it must be, not what the world can do for me, but what I can do for the world. Surely God never meant that conscious weakness should lessen conscious duty. All nature, all life, all gospel truth, is full of the other lesson, that the more we measure ourselves against the world the more we shall see that, little as we are, there is still great work for us to do in it. There is but one thing weaker than the helplessness that comes of pride, and that is the uselessness that comes of shame.

I believe that every thought accepted by intellect and conscience and which we intend some time to accept in heart and life stands less and less chance of such acceptance every day. . . . The longer you mean to be a Christian without being one, the worse your chance of Christianity becomes.

The vessels that we call empty are full to overflowing of earth's common air, and the hearts that seem to us most dull and vacant have their true share, we may remember, of true humanity, human motive, human prejudice, and human faith. Thinking thus we may win for them something of that active regard which, recognizing in them powers like our own, wills, hopes, capacities of truths, may go on to feed their hopes with noble aims, point their wills to worthy deeds, and fill their souls as full of truth as they are able to contain it.

There is a little letter (let us believe it is genuine) written by the old church father Hilary of Poitiers, to his daughter Abra, just fifteen hundred years ago. We turn the page from his great treatises and commentaries that he wrote for churches and Christian scholars, and it is as if we saw the old man himself laying aside for a few moments his hard work, and sitting down to a fresh parchment for a few words to his little daughter. He tells her in a simple parable that a Christian father might write, and a Christian daughter read to-day, how he wished to send her a gift, and heard of one who had a pearl and robe of costly beauty; how he was told of their wonderful perfection, — that the robe should never soil and never grow old, that the pearl should bless its owner with unfading youth and beauty; how he begged them for her, and was told that she had only to be worthy of them and they should be hers. (Paris ed., 1845, ii., p. 547.)

Let us think there is some noble economy we do not understand that makes you and me as necessary for our places here on earth as Paul and Moses were for theirs. Unless we learn to feel our lives essential we shall never live them well. If the world does not need my work, there is little enough of motive in myself

to work for: why not let all this long toil and weariness and weakness rest?

Through the darkness of church history comes here and there the light of some Christian life, proving by its positive assertion the reality and power of our religion, so that no negative evidence of corruption and debasement or reigning sin can make us doubt it again. There is positive proof in the single sunbeam of the existence of the sun.

There is something holier and stronger and more immortal, something harder to conceive of, harder far to reach, that lies back of hope and faith and fear and reverence and love. As behind the sun and clouds and silent stars lies the great eternity of space, so behind this man's or that man's living or thinking or enjoying lies the incomprehensible mystery of life.

Surely it shows a weak and false sense of the nature of true power that the great church rulers had to forge for pious use such scores of miracles about their saints. . . . We have outgrown the need of miracles like those. A moral miracle is growing more and more the test of saintship.

One great evil of the sin that we are full of is that it takes away our right to be indignant when other people sin, and so in time our standard of thought is lowered to their scale.

A community is not safe or happy unless among its storehouses and dwellings and schools there is a church somewhere; and in our little world within there is a want that will be felt till we have built a sanctuary there.

There are moments in the midst of life that have a power almost as marvellous as death. . . . These little deaths that we die daily catch some of the wonder of the death that we say so often we are all to die. We reach one of the change points of our life, we pass from world to world; there in the old world behind us our kind friends make our graves and lay our old dead bodies in them, and sit and think of what we were and how we passed away; while in this new world before us we take to ourselves new ends and aims of life, new hopes, new fears, a new existence with its organs of growth and work and rest; yet feel for years the retribution of the old life we lived so basely, weakening our strength and strengthening our weakness sadly.

You tell a child that he does not see solidity or surface or even outline, that these are only the induction of his own mind. He

is startled and will not credit you at first, but the crude doubt grows within him; you cannot stop the train of thought you have started; and unable to discover the true point and pause there, he goes out from the healthy realism of his childhood into the vague idealism of a false philosophy.

Our souls are tethered: round and round
One central point we wander still,
Like some poor lamb that feeds his fill,
And never knows that he is bound.

Give us this day our daily bread, we pray,
And give us likewise, Lord, our daily thought,
That our poor souls may strengthen as they ought,
And starve not on the husks of yesterday.

Living a life that men shall love to know
Has once been lived on this degenerate earth,
And sing it like some tale of long ago
In ballad-sweetness round their household hearth.

No book has made itself fairly the possession of the race until it has made itself an unconscious necessity of men's life. . . . Almost every man has some book which is . . . not his master or his slave or his friend alone, but part of his own self. . . . This kind of book we do not study. . . . We know the blessing that it brings from the good it has done us all our days, and we go to it morning and night for our supply.

Age is so apt to sneer when youth pronounces a judgment upon it. Is it then so sure that youth may not judge of age as age of youth? The one sees by hope, the other by memory; the one by faith, the other by experience; the one by the direct light of his own fresh nature, the other by the reflected light of his own dead years. I believe that a man of thirty knows more of what he will be at sixty than of what he was at twelve.

We overlook too much the common daily blessings that religion brings. Not least among these is the faculty of finding joy in little things, recognizing their divine bestowal, finding still higher blessedness in living out our gratitude to God.

There comes a culture out of this religious life. From the silent Bible reading, from the heart's meeting with the wonders of the life divine, there comes a trueness and fineness, a manliness and a womanliness that courts never give.

Any wayward fancy, any headstrong will, any false instinct, any vagrant hope, bring them to the throne steps, and if they will not kneel, then clear your heart of them forever. They are not worthy of your brotherhood, for they disown the Master that you serve, and you betray that Master's trust in trusting them.

Crown the truth supreme in every department and office of your soul. Set it on the throne with all the majesty of kingliness about it. Stand it in your temples and let the incense of your daily prayers rise up in all the beauty of God's holiness about it. Make it your guide and friend in all your hourly business, truth of design and truth of expectation, truth of plan and purpose and labor, truth of taste and judgment, of time and place, let them blend to make your whole life true and worthy of his service who is the Way, and the Truth, and the Life. Whoever will not bow before this monarch you have crowned, let him be rebel to you.

We do not speak alone; all honor and virtue of antiquity bear witness to our truth, all its struggles for a purer life, all its clingings to a truer faith. And the future sends its voice to plead for us, all the hopes of posterity, all the longings of our race, all the dim glimpses of truth yet to be revealed and blessing yet to be attained. . . . The whole world with its histories and hopes reasons with every soul, and adjures it to judge wisely and be firm and true.

Many men have found a blessing and gone in and enjoyed it, other men may search their footprints and find where they went in. But while the careless crowd goes streaming by, and notices neither the footprints nor the entrance, it is no thankless office if we can hang some signboard of invitation where it shall catch the heedless eye. We gain something of the prophet's inspiration if we stand in the doorway and cry, Ho! every one that thirsteth, to the thirsty thousands as they pass.

If there be a true and righteous God, then from our human needs we may reason out our faiths and hopes and from our human capacities infer our duties. God we may be sure will leave no real need of our nature unappeased, He is too good and merciful for that; and He will overlook no capacity unfulfilled, for He is just and righteous, all seeing and all wise. So from my need of truth and life, I argue a gospel and an immortality; so from my power to believe and pray, I know my duties of worship and of faith.

It is a dictate of our simple sense that the work that men are not to see need not be polished for men's eyes; we shape it with rough hands and put it to its silent use and then forget it. But

we must remember, too, that it is hidden from our sight as well as from our neighbors; and when we are thus laying the foundations of a faith that we hope to build to grace and truth, it is best to think how any flaw in them must be seen now, or never; how this part cannot meet our daily scrutiny and care, but being done now once for all, must stand as its strength will bear it, bearing the whole structure's fate upon its own.

It was his method in composition to state his subject in condensed form, and then to expand or enforce it by such appeals as were at his disposal. Some of his representative thoughts detached from their exposition are here given: —

The wider grows our knowledge, our thought, our perception, the wider grows our store of axioms. There is no mystery but waits to have an axiom, to be self-evident so soon as man's mind grows broad enough to grasp it.

There is something wrong about a man that needlessly plucks off a new leaf-bud from a forest tree, even if it be where no human steps would have been sheltered by its shade and no human eye charmed with its beauty.

The mind that is thoroughly in earnest feels that the acceptance of the truth may be as much a falsehood as its rejection. Demanding truth in the inward parts it is ready to call every character that lacks that inward truth false, no matter under what banner of orthodox profession or noble pretence it may take its place.

The foundations lie deep and broad, and we call them truths; the structure rises fair and graceful to the sky, and we call that system. Time strikes the structure and it falls, but there are the old foundations too strong and deep for time to touch them, and on them rise new structures age after age.

There are two kinds of benefits that we may leave for men to thank us for: we may set up new wonders in the museum of knowledge, or we may merely make the doorway wider and access easier to the already crowded halls.

We can conceive how the mind that never felt a doubt should be intolerant. But oh, we who have labored so, where none could see, to make our own faith strong and true can sympathize with every other soul still suffering in that labor.

Every new sympathy according to its fulness makes us richer by more or less of a neighbor's life. In the infinite sympathy of

heaven, the whole depth of high angelic life shall inspire every glorified existence.

Now and then we seem to catch some glimpses of that ideal world, which Philo thinks God made in his own thought, before he made this world of sea and land we live in.

Much of our principle and knowledge lies by us all unemployed, not a treasure because not a use, not truly ours because rendering us no true aid as a comfort.

Your professed and habitual disputant is going wrong because he is mistaking his carriage for his house. He is taking the arguments which were given him to ride to truth in and living in them as truth itself.

The deepest feelings may find vent in surface talk: the depths of the ocean are mangled by the sharp and cruel rock, the fountains of the great deep stirred, and there come a few foam bubbles on the smooth surface of the wave.

All mental carelessness lessens our capacity of faith, makes us not only less believing but less able to believe, destroys, as far as it can, our power to rest on testimony for truth.

His heart is like that stable at Bethlehem, eighteen hundred Christmases ago, one day a place for beasts to dwell in, the next changed to a holy place forever, by the new hope and salvation that has found its birthplace there.

God is as willing that you should read your lesson in the sunlight as in the storm. He would as gladly see you find conversion in the truth that "God is love" as in the solemn warning that our "God is a consuming fire."

After every sin comes the same voice crying, Adam, where art thou? and still the sinner must answer to the call, and to the same confession and sentence and punishment as of old, except that now the old dim hope is clearer.

We mistake the order of our worthy human aims. We would be strong and true at once, and think that we shall win truth by striving after strength, instead of knowing that we shall gain strength just in degree as we become more true.

We strive too much to rival our dead selves. No deed of ours should copy any former deed, but be always looking back to the perfect model of principle and truth from which all our acts, if they be worth repeating, have sprung.

Epigrammatic sentences, couplets, terse statements of great truths, are interspersed everywhere. He had great faith in the possibility of turning convictions and belief into axioms. One is reminded of the Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus, or the Pensées of Joubert. But it is all done hastily, without revision, without view to publication, on the principle "no day without a line."

You and I go out to-night and look at the heavens all aflame with stars and call it beauty; but the wise man in his tower studies these same bright heavens and proclaims it law.

If I knew that I had fathomed all the love or all the wisdom of God, how faith and reverence and trust would fall away from a being that such powers as mine could grasp.

In earth's great armory hang each man's arms and the commission that contains his labors. Is it manly to let them hang there, and not take them down and be at work?

The soul can travel fast. A moment's sunlight builds the bridge for it to leap to heaven, up the shining stairs, and then come back to earth.

Earth stands mortgaged to him by God's word that says, Blessed are the meek. What need to vex himself or his inheritance?

It is always in this world so much more respectable and safe to sneer and to despise than to admire and to praise.

Remember that no doubt that daunted you along the way has any right to trouble your conviction when the truth is found.

Through the deep cuts of human toil, the rich brains of human genius go flashing on their way.

We have no more right to confound doubt and disbelief than mystery and falsehood.

The gracious mercy that binds omnipotence a willing servant to every humble human prayer.

These constant forces, faith, conscience, religion, are everywhere consciously or unconsciously at work.

Only by an identification of duty and delight will life grow up into manly grace.

We know God's glory only by God's grace, as it is sunlight helps us see the sun.

I think there are truths on earth which are to us what Paradise Lost would have been to Cicero.

Faith could once shake mountains; mountains now shake faith.

Every unworthy affection makes us less able to love worthily in future.

The dear becomes the beautiful; the true grows to be holy as we love it more.

A man whose character spoke with authority the words of wisdom his great mind conceived.

Earth has grown rich with the unredeemed pledges of the ages of mankind.

> Earth's old beliefs, old as the truths they cherish
> Young as the youngest heart that thinks them true.

We reduce life to the pettiness of our daily living; we should exalt our living to the grandeur of life.

> That age is noblest that can keep the light
> With which youth blessed it, when it gained the sight
> Of earth's beauty and divinest night.

> Vice claims a wideness goodness never wins, —
> Endemic virtues, epidemic sins.

A boy's yearning for fame grows into a man's care for reputation.

We must answer for our actions; God will answer for our powers.

It makes life seem so purposeless and yet so full of purpose when we think of death.

There is a necessary limit to our achievement, but none to our attempt.

> And like faithful watch-dog guardians,
> Round our passions stand our fears.

Remember we are builders, not architects, of history and life.

The mainspring of all moral life, — the belief that there is in us a real power over the future to turn a false to a true, a mean to a noble, an unholy to a pure.

There is one other principle underlying any seeming lack of method, the fragmentariness, the wide discursive reading, the severe studies and deeper meditations of which these note-books of Phillips Brooks are the evidence or the expression. That principle is the value of the human soul. It is this which gives unity and system to the mass of quotations and reflections. He heard much in the Virginia seminary, from teachers and students, of the love of souls as the motive of the Christian ministry. He had heard it, from his childhood, in the teaching of his mother, or in the pulpit of St. Paul's, where Dr. Vinton proclaimed it. It was the great motto of the Evangelical school. Unconsciously to himself, it had become the motive of his own life. But he followed his own method in achieving that motive for himself as a conscious possession. Before the human soul could be loved, it must be known. To this end he had turned to literature and to history as constituting together the biography of man. He wandered up and down its highways, he turned into its by-paths; but wherever he went, from great writers or those less known, heathen and Christian, ancient and modern, he never failed to extract judgments of value, unsuspected revelations of the beauty, the dignity, the greatness, the worth, of the human soul. He saw also the dangers with which the soul of man was surrounded, the sin, the evil, the curse, and the tragedy of life. He gathered a new and larger conception of what the salvation of such a soul must mean.

But to know thoroughly the human soul, he must enter into all its great experiences, its deep convictions, study its formulas, and somehow make them its own. He did not undertake the task as a reformer, sifting experiences and choosing those agreeable to his mood. To sit in judgment upon the records was not for him, but rather, assuming that all was genuine, to enter into its meaning. The experience of the race was to be his experience. His object is to penetrate here and there, wherever the way is open, into the secret of the life of man. But whether he always understands or not, whether he can appreciate what he has been called to appropriate as his natural heritage, that is another question. He is willing

to wait. It was in the sequence of this method that he seems to have come to the person of Christ and His place in history. He did not reach it first, for he was preoccupied with a natural theology, was following humanity in its quest for God, or was laying the foundations of the moral and spiritual life in the instincts of the soul as revealed in life or literature. To this end he studied not so much himself primarily, as he studied man in order to the knowledge of self. As he pursues his search, he comes to Christ as the greatest figure in the records of human life. It begins to be apparent to him that all life centres in Christ, and finds there its fullest expression. As he made his journeys backward and forward from home to the seminary, he learned to recognize the approach to a great city by the convergence, when yet miles away from it, of all the roads as to some natural centre. He applies the figure to the relation between Christ and humanity. This figure became not only an illustration, but an argument carrying additional weight to his reason.

I take my Plato and sit down and read, and think how true is truth, how pure is purity, how great and deep the human mind may grow. I take up Homer, and the years are singing round me, and the truths of Troy-time, grown truer ever since, are linking me to human nature and divine. I read La Place, and Nature's riddle grows no less a mystery, but more a thing of fellowship with mind, and God who made it. . . . I open my New Testament, and native purity and truth melt in the holiness of Jesus' life. What I sought is found. I grow the safer as I grow wiser now. Safety and wisdom fade away in love. "I am the resurrection and the life."

In the midst of our Christian experience there will come such transfiguration time. We walk with Christ and see the miracles He does, live in His constant presence that surrounds us with His constant love; but we see Him poor and despised, He is not of the noble, nor His cause of the nobilities of the world. But some day he taketh His disciples apart and is transfigured before them. On some hilltop of prayer, where it is good to be, they see his own heavenly glory come down to clothe their Lord. His countenance grows bright with everlasting love, His raiment is pure and white in the eternal truth; Moses and Elias come to talk with Him, the deep sympathy of law and gospel is made

plain and clear, and the disciples fall upon their faces and worship the Master they have loved so well. Henceforth their faith is not to be shaken. They know whom they have believed, for they have seen His glory. Such blessed seasons come to us. Whoever else may waver, our doubting time is over. The memory of this labor shall be with us as we look on Calvary. We have heard the voice from out the cloud attest Christ's sonship and our duty, — This is my beloved Son, hear Him. We go down with new trust in God, new faith in Jesus, new sympathy with heaven, new hope for man, to begin again our walk of quiet daily Christian duty, to see the daily miracle and feel the daily blessing, to strive and struggle to the end, to keep the memory of that transfiguration we have seen to help our struggles and sustain our hopes, to be nearer to Jesus, now that we realize how near He is to God.

Still after each denial the Lord Jesus turns and looks upon the recusant, as Jesus looked from the judgment seat upon Peter. Still we go out in bitterness, as he went out and wept. All we know of Jesus cries shame on our betrayal; the faith that has strengthened us upbraids our weakness. The skies frown down impatient scorn upon our cowardice; the whole beauty of nature is vexed by the impurity of our sin; the whole truth of the universe sees in our shame-struck faces the consciousness of our base lie.

The old blindness of the Jewish council hall is on us still. "Art thou the Son of God? He said I am." And then they cried, "What need we any further witness? for we have heard from his own mouth?" We can stand anything but that. The patient life of doing good may bring reproach, the preaching in the temple may stir up here and there a priest and scribe, the miracle by the highway side may make men wonder through their scorn and scorn the more for wondering; but when this last great Christ-voice comes, "I am the Son of God," when this humanity, that made men worship in spite of all their sneers, stands up here in its crown of thorns with bleeding face and meek hands folded over the mock sceptre of their derision, and claims its great divinity — then the wild jury-mob's forbearance fails. This god-like claiming to be God, the great divine asserting his divinity, this heavenly master laying hold once more of the heaven that is His eternally — Ay! those scribes and priests and elders, they were right. What need of further witness? for we ourselves have heard from his own mouth.

Then comes the old doubting question, Art thou greater than

our father Abraham? Down to the standard of earth greatness and fame, down to our ancestral prides and boastings, down to humanity's pattern-lives we bring divinity for judgment. Our father Abraham is dead, can this new teacher live? Can the Godhead that he claims be greater than the great faith and truth and virtue of our father? And so divinity grows weak to us, as it did to the Jews. We lose the strength and great convictions of it by our faithless questions. We begin to call the new pretension that has come down from heaven and claims a being and a power before and high above our human idols, — we call it blasphemy. We scorn it from our temples and our streets, we lead it to the Calvary of denial and rebuke.

We long to see the holy land and walk where Jesus walked. Oh, is there not a holy land of duty all around us? May we not daily tread the same paths of holiness and sorrow, joy and love, that Christ has trodden, and see His footprints on them still? Yes, there are Bethanys and Capernaums and Calvarys for us to visit every day. God grant us grace to bring away with us the lessons that they teach.

"Our fathers did eat manna and are dead." To every heart's experience comes its time of desert journeyings. There comes to feed its hopes and faiths the daily gift from heaven; its fields lie white with blessing every morning, it gathers strength from the nourishment God gives it, but it wins no immortality. It eats its manna in the wilderness, and the years pass by and it dies. But new and better years come on, and they bring the new blessing with them, from heaven too, but with more of heaven's wealth of life. The Christ is sent. "I am the bread that came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread he shall live forever." We look back now and see how the manna came from God, and yet our fathers died. We come more heartily to feast of this new bread of immortality. God bless it to our souls.

Until we come to a cordial feeling that every new discovery we make of a new attribute, a new grace, a new glory anywhere in God's nature, gives room for new joy and exultation in us who as his children have been called to share that nature, until with this feeling in our hearts we go daily to new study of the life of God, go to it for our daily joy and exultation, hoping, believing that we shall find them there, until we thus claim our heritage, we are not heirs; until we cry Our Father, and feel our filial trust, the blessing of God's gracious fatherhood is never ours.

That he was looking forward to his future work as a preacher,

while still engaged in his preparation for the ministry, may be inferred from the homiletic form into which many of his thoughts were cast. No sooner did he receive a thought than he occupied himself with the form it must take. The thought and its fitting expression are never divorced. It is interesting to note also the passages of Scripture running in his mind, which he wrote down as texts for future sermons. That they stood for vital trains of thought is evident from the circumstance that sermons were ultimately written upon them all.

Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power. (Ps. cx. 3.) Willingness the first Christian step.

As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I sent them into the world. (John vii. 18.) A comparison of the Christian's mission with a part of Christ's.

Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Phillip? (John xiv. 9.)

And many that believed came and showed their deeds. (Acts xix. 18.)

Faith which worketh by love. (Gal. v. 6.)

Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief. (Mark ix. 24.)

For he endured, as seeing him who is invisible. (Heb. xi. 27.)

For their rock is not as our rock, even our enemies themselves being the judges. (Deut. xxxii. 31.)

Who is he among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light? (Is. l. 10.)

For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God. (Rom. viii. 9.)

For our God is a consuming fire. (Heb. xii. 29.)

Ought not Christ to have suffered these things and to enter into his glory? (Luke xxiv. 26.)

Shall a man make gods unto himself? and they are no gods. (Jer. xvi. 20.)

Holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord. (Heb. xii. 14.)

Whosoever is least in the kingdom of God is greater than he. (Luke vii. 28.)

If any man be in Christ he is a new creation. (2 Cor. v. 17.)

For I was alive without the law once, but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died. (Rom. xvii. 9. Sophocles, Œdipus Coloneus, 393.)

Thus saith the Lord, If it be marvellous in the eyes of the remnant of this people, shall it also be marvellous in mine eyes? (Zech. viii. 6.)

They said unto him, Master, where dwellest thou? He said unto them, Come and see. (John i. 38.)

O that I knew where I might find him, that I might come even to his seat. (Job xxiii. 2.)

And if any man say unto you, Why do ye this? ye shall say, The Lord hath need of him. (Mark xi. 3.)

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. (1 Cor. xv. 53.)

Ye worship ye know not what: we know what we worship. (John iv. 22.)

Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you. (John xii. 35.)

Out of weakness were made strong. (Heb. xi. 34.)

In that day shall be opened a fountain for sin and for uncleanness. (Zech. xiii. 1.)

Be ye holy, for I am holy. (1 Pet. i. 16.)

It would have been unpardonable to have detained the reader so long by this effort to present Phillips Brooks, at the age of twenty-two, in his intellectual and spiritual development were it not justified by the necessity of knowing the man as he was in himself. Throughout that wonderful career, during which for thirty years and more he exerted an almost unexampled spell over thousands and hundreds of thousands of his fellow men, it was felt that he had some secret of power which he did not or could not impart. That secret is here revealed, so far as the eternal mystery of human things will allow, in this story of what must be called his conversion. It is a conversion so deep, so thorough, as to find its precedents only in the conversion of an Augustine or a Luther. Like those great forerunners he had been brought up in the Christian faith, but when he came to years of maturity, it was evident that this antecedent process, valuable and indispensable, had only led him to the brink of a gulf which must be bridged by supernatural power. In any conversion there is something which can never be told, which surpasses human power fully to conceive or describe. Augus-

tine could never make clear to himself or his readers exactly how the issue was accomplished. At some critical moment he had heard in the garden the voice of a child, saying, Take and read, "Tolle et lege." The world is never tired of studying the strange experience of Luther in the monastery, when from the dread of the justice of God he passed to an assurance of the love of God. The conversion of Phillips Brooks resembles these conversions in another respect, while yet it differs from them as the nineteenth century differs from the fourth century or the sixteenth. In the souls of great men, the issues of the age in which they live come to their focus. The conflict within the soul of Augustine was no other than the conflict between the heathen and the Christian world, when on the one side was presented the wealth of heathen culture, heathen aims, and heathen aspirations; and on the other the grace of God that is given but never deserved. Augustine sanctioned the abandonment of a culture that could no longer redeem from sin, acquiescing in the condemnation and banishment of that attractive earlier world. In the case of Luther, the spirit of mediævalism was at war with the rising tide of individual freedom, which meant emancipation from the house of spiritual bondage into the glorious liberty of the children of God. With Phillips Brooks the emergency was no less sharply distinguished. A new world had been revealed to him, of which Augustine and Luther did not dream. He was reading, as in an open book, the new revelation in the world of outward nature, as it had been exploited by the labors of science or by the insight of great poets. The conception of humanity anticipated by Herder and Rousseau, now become a recognized reality, had been unfolded in its deeper significance, in its details and as a whole, and laid before him, by the researches of many students, as never hitherto in any age. And again, the great body of modern literature, that had been produced with such marvellous fertility, a consequence indeed of the Protestant Reformation, still waited for its adjustment with Christian faith. In these directions he could not wander without making the effort to bring them into unity, to reconcile them with

faith in God and obedience to the divine will. In a word, the product of the centuries since the Reformation, in which must be included the opening up of the history of humanity and the bringing together of dissevered worlds, was handed to him with the injunction to make it all subservient to some higher unifying truth. He loved it all; it was no question any longer of abandonment, but of reconciliation and appropriation in some deeper way.

In this process he struggled, haunted by doubts and negations, by disintegrating influences, whether bred by science or by literature, — the substitution of impersonal law for a righteous intelligent will, the worship of humanity in the place of Christ, the fatalism in literature which was paralyzing moral effort and inducing moral degeneracy. To be true to himself, to renounce nothing which he knew to be good, and yet bring all things captive to the obedience of God, was the problem before him. He hesitated long before he could believe that such a solution was possible. His heart was with this rich, attractive world of human life, in all the multiplicity and wealth of its illustrations, until it was revealed to him that it assumed a richer but a holier aspect when seen in the light of God. But to this end, he must submit his will to the divine will in the spirit of absolute obedience. Here the struggle was deep and prolonged. It was a moral struggle mainly, not primarily intellectual or emotional. He feared that he should lose something in sacrificing his own will to God's will. How the gulf was bridged he could not tell. He wrote down as one of the first of the texts on which he should preach, "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power," with the comment that "willingness is the first Christian step." Thus the conversion of Phillips Brooks becomes the representative process of the nineteenth century. So far as the age has been great, through science or through literature, its greatness passed into his soul. The weakness of his age, its sentimentalism, its fatalism, he overcame in himself when he made the absolute surrender of his will to God, in accordance with the example of Christ: "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God." All

that he had hitherto loved and cherished as the highest, instead of being lost was given back to him in fuller measure. To the higher standard he had now raised there rallied great convictions and blessed experiences, the sense of the unity of life, the harmony of the whole creation, the consciousness of pure joy in being alive, the conviction that heaven is the goal of earth. He was submitting himself in the spirit of a childlike docility to receive every lesson which the divine Instructor of humanity would impart. To use again the familiar metaphor, he was like a lyre played upon in quick responsiveness by the spiritual forces in the universe, whether in nature or in the history of man, anxious to miss no chord of the heavenly harmony. Out of this process was born the preacher, who in turn was to play upon humanity as a lyre, evoking from it the same response which his own soul had rendered back to the choir of the immortals. Beneath the indescribably rich contents of his mind and heart, there was a deeper simplicity. There was but one rule to follow, he must be the man that he ought to be, and was made to be, to do always the thing that he ought to do, and then labor to bring the world which he loved to his own standards.

CHAPTER VIII

1858–1859

LAST YEAR IN THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY. HE BECOMES A TEACHER IN THE PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT. HIS FIRST SERMON. ORDINATION CALL TO THE CHURCH OF THE ADVENT IN PHILADELPHIA

As Phillips Brooks was about to leave Virginia for the long summer vacation, he admits that the second year in the seminary has been a happy one. He was filled with joy at the thought of going home, and sends word to his mother to be on the doorsteps to meet him.

June 27, 1858.

DEAREST WILLIAM, — . . . It is getting so warm here (a perpetual ninety degrees in the shade) that I really feel as if I ought not to stay here longer than is absolutely necessary. . . . It is pleasant to think of only four more days here. I shall enjoy of all things a day or two with you by the shore of the "much resounding sea" [Newport]. . . . Let me warn you that you must expect to see a very shabby representative of our name next Saturday night. My exhausted wardrobe is not adapted to the exigencies of a gay watering place, so you need not own me when I come if you object. . . . I have enjoyed the year here much better than the last, have seen a good many pleasant people, like Virginians and hate Virginia more than ever. Shall be right glad, I tell you, to see Chauncy Street again. . . . Next Monday or Tuesday tell Mother to be out on the steps at Number 41.

Your affectionate brother, PHILL.

The summer of 1858 was for the most part spent at home in the familiar way, the family gathering in the evenings about the table in the back parlor. Phillips devoted much of his time to his younger brothers, who were now looking up to him as an example, wondering at the new life upon which he was soon to enter. He went with them often to the menagerie, and enjoyed it probably more than any of them.

With Frederick, who was to enter Harvard College in the fall, he took up again his college text-books; he was not yet entirely weaned from that early preference for teaching which had led him to devote his energies to the Latin and Greek classics while in college. His note-books also attest his continued interest in classical studies, filled as they are with quotations from Latin and Greek authors.

One letter has been preserved, where he gives an account of his vacation. It is a characteristic letter, reticent about things which are uppermost in his consciousness, representing himself as having passed his summer in idleness. The letter is written to his friend George Strong: —

Saturday morning, August 28, 1858.

Dear George, — . . . I have been passing a quiet vacation. About half the time in Boston and half in the country. We have had a perpetual east wind ever since I got home, and it has n't dared to be hot for half an hour since last June. Now and then I take a great coat and shawl and spend a day or two at Nahant, just to see what Dr. Kane's life up among the walruses was like. Meanwhile I have prospered bodily, having abandoned all thoughts of mental culture till I get back to the literary atmosphere of the seminary. I have adopted from twenty to twenty-five pounds that was n't mine when I got home. At present I 'm not quite easy under it. It is n't fully naturalized yet, but I am gradually taming it into a useful part of the body politic. . . . I had a letter from Paddock last week. He is well, not doing much, enjoying himself, and has got a sermon written. How is yours? Will you take my turn and preach the first Wednesday after we get back? On my part pen has not touched paper on more serious duty than this note to you since I left the South. My first text is waiting for me somewhere, I 've no doubt. Meanwhile I 'm waiting for an impulse. I heard also the other day from Dr. Sparrow. He wrote to enclose me an advertisement for insertion in the "Christian Witness." He says "the prospects for next year are excellent, never better." What a broad margin that leaves! The preparatory department there has had an endowment, and they mean to enlarge it. But it is like committing suicide with six weeks' provisions still on hand to be talking of the seminary now. Let it drop. I am annoyed at your reading three volumes of Motley! Why, that is more than one a month. I wish Boston coolness had something of the energy of Cincinnati

heat. My book work has been very scattered. I got through Livingstone's Africa, but could n't find it the fascinating book it has been called. I have just finished a book that has held me very close ever since I began it, that is Lewes's "Life of Goethe." I had always rather shrunk from it, till I took it up quite by accident, and liked it so much I found, or made, time to put it right through. Have you ever read it? Have you read the new "Atlantic"? "The Autocrat" we think is capital. The bookstores here are in fine trim and full of temptations, but I have to go through them with the idea that they are somebody's library, and it 's no use for me to think of owning any of their treasures. . . .

The allusion to his having read Lewes's "Life of Goethe," and read it with interest, which is all that he vouchsafes to say concerning it when he writes to his friend, is far from expressing all that it meant to him. He must have paused at every step in the story of Goethe's development, gaining light upon the path he himself was treading. From the "Life of Goethe" he turned to his books, appropriating from him whatever could affiliate with his own ideal. He wrote down the things which Goethe had said as no one else could say them, — the final expressions he had given to the thoughts of men. He studied the process by which Goethe was made, catching from him the secret of a true culture. Because there was in himself the making of a hero, he recognized a hero when he saw him; for "heroic eyes are always proud to recognize heroic proportions." Something of the inspiration which Goethe left with him is visible in these extracts: —

It is never well to put ungenerous constructions when others, equally plausible and more honorable, are ready; and we shall do well here to follow the advice of a thoughtful and kindly writer, to employ our imagination in the service of charity.

Our strength is measured by our plastic power. . . . Bricks and mortar are mortar and bricks until the architect can make them something else.

Make me feel what I have not yet felt, make me think what I have not yet thought, then I will praise you. But shrieks and noise will not supply the place of pathos.

Art, says Lewes, enshrines the great sadness of the world, but

is not itself sad. . . . Goethe could not write "Werther" before he had outlived Wertherism.

Aujourdhui l'homme désire immensément mais il veut faiblement.

The shout of freedom rouses them to revolt; no sooner are they free than the cry is "Whom shall we obey?"

The roll of drums has this merit at all events, that it draws men from their library table to the window, and so makes them look out upon the moving, living world of action, wherein the erudite may see a considerable sensation made even by men unable to conjugate a Greek verb in Greek letters.

Das Muss ist hart, aber beim Muss kann der Mensch allein zeigen wie 's inwendig mit ihm steht. Willkürlich leben kann jeder.

Ein unnutz Leben ist ein früher Tod.

I have a purer delight than ever when I have written something which well expresses what I meant.

The happiest thing is that I can now say I am on the right path, and from this time forward nothing will be lost.

Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille,
Sich ein Charakter in dem Strom der Welt.

The student of history knows how discoveries are, properly speaking, made by the age and not by men.

Wie das Gestirn
Ohne Hast
Aber ohne Rast,
Drehe sich jeder
Um die eigne Last.

The difference between knowing the mountain gorges by the map and book, and knowing them from having been lost among them, and having wandered fearfully among them with death staring down at you from every peak.

He notes the homage which Goethe pays to Christianity when writing to Eckermann, and how Schiller, writing to Goethe, confirms this tribute: —

Let mental culture go on advancing, let science go on gaining in depth and breadth, and the human intellect expand as it may, it will never go beyond the elevation and moral grandeur of Christianity as it shines forth in the Gospels.

I find in the Christian religion virtually the foundation of the highest and noblest; and the various manifestations of the same in life appear to me only therefore so repugnant and insipid, because they are failed representations of the highest. (Extract from letter of Schiller to Goethe.)

There was much in common between Goethe and Phillips Brooks, but the contrast is also striking. Like Goethe, he shunned the study of philosophy, with its critical analysis of abstract ideas, preferring to draw his own conclusion from things in the concrete, from the world of life and of human history. He was like him in feeling the fascination of Greek literature and art. But he differed in having come under the influence of Philo, who, in that plastic moment when the Jewish mind first experienced the influence of Greek thought, had gained the higher spiritual vision which afterwards inspired the early Alexandrian fathers, and ultimated in the conquest of the intellectual world of the early centuries by the Christian faith. The similarity goes further: in the perfect symmetry of the human body, the beautiful face upon which men were never tired of gazing; and again in this, that, like the great German, he was soon to rise like a star in the heavens, to be followed to the end of his life with what almost seemed like adoration, to stand upon an exalted pinnacle without losing his balance till God should remove him. What he admired in Goethe finds expression in the sonnet which he wrote at this moment, a parallel in his own character and history: —

Two days with Goethe! How the great wise man
  Ripened with slow strength from the glorious boy!
  Each new experience of grief or joy
Lending its life to vivify the plan.
That earnest search of Nature and her truth,
  That generous sympathy with human kind,
  That kingly friendship with a kindred mind,
That age aglow with all the fire of youth!
Once in long ages God sends such a soul,
  The Homers, Shakespeares, Goethes of the world,
To stand for Earth's great landmarks, while seas roll,
  And thunders war, and heaven's high bolts are hurled,

Men learn their greatness with the gradual years,
Seeing them dimly through the Earth's faithless fears.

But while he was writing the sonnet he entrusts to his notebook the proof of divergence from Goethe: —

"We know that we exist," says Goethe, "when we recognize ourselves in others." Nay, we do not fairly know of our existence till we recognize ourselves in God. Gradually as we study the divine nature, there comes out from it impulse after impulse that enters into our own hearts and finds some impulses akin to itself doing the blind work there. Gradually we catch some glimpse within ourselves of God's image in humanity. . . . We leave the pagan theology that makes God but a great man, and reverently study the divine to learn of it what truth and beauty God has planted in the human.

And again, in close conjunction with his extracts from Goethe he gave a place to the words from St. Bernard: —

It is the glory of a single life to live the life of an angel, while occupying the body as of a beast.

On the 1st of October he returned to Virginia. The last year in a theological seminary is apt to be a disturbed and broken one, in consequence of the vision of possible parishes and of calls to churches, the writing of sermons, — the perturbation which comes from the close approach to the reality. It was so in this case. For some reason, which is not given, he had made up his mind not to return after his ordination to Boston, or Massachusetts. He had probably discussed the question with his father, who writes to him, as if he understood his feeling: "I do not wonder you avoid Massachusetts." One may surmise that he had not yet got over the sense of failure and mortification about the Latin School, or that he thought he should make a better start where it was not remembered against him. But there may have been other reasons. It was certainly wiser that he should begin his ministry away from home. The question now arose as to his transfer as a candidate for orders to some other diocese; it was also necessary that he should get permission from the Bishop of Massachusetts to be ordained in Virginia with his

classmates, even if he were not transferred. Upon this he had set his heart. These questions, and others similar to them, are recurring in the home correspondence throughout the year. The problem how to approach the bishop so as to win his consent was turned over in the letters that passed between him and his father.

An event occurred soon after his return to Virginia which may seem of slight importance, but was in reality of deep significance. He was invited by the faculty of the theological seminary to take charge of the new preparatory department, where students were to be trained for admission to the study of theology. It was constantly happening that men were presenting themselves as candidates for the ministry whose classical training was deficient, who had not been to college, or who were advanced in years and felt the need of some preparatory work before entering the seminary. The preparatory department was not intended as a short cut to the ministry, but was in danger of becoming such. When that result was manifest in later years, the experiment was abandoned. It was then a signal mark of confidence and esteem, a recognition of his scholarship and of his character, when Phillips Brooks was asked to take charge of so important a work. That he felt it to be so, and in this feeling had the sympathy of his parents, is seen in the following extracts from his correspondence: —

October 5, 1858.

Dear Father, — . . . I have just come from Dr. Sparrow's study, who has been proposing that I shall take charge of the preparatory school, if they do not determine to settle on a man who is here, now applying to be permanent teacher. And the Dr. told me he had no idea they would take him. So I think I may be pretty sure of the place, and shall probably be at it within a week. He did not speak definitely as to the salary, but assured me it should be made satisfactory. Something unexpected may turn up, but if everything works right I shall be pretty well provided for this year. I will write you as soon as it is settled. . . . Dr. Sparrow intimated that his hint to me in vacation about the school, which was all he felt at liberty to give, was intended to start me off at once to Virginia. Great love to all. Write often to Your Affectionate Son, Phillips.

Saturday morning, October 9, 1858.

Dear Father, — I have time for only a word to-day to tell you about "the school." I have made an engagement to teach Latin and Greek two or three hours *per diem*, and shall begin on Monday. I am to have $300 and board, equal to $400 in all. Not very large pay, but all they can afford to pay, and as much, I suppose, as I had any right to expect. At any rate it will be enough to cover my expenses through this year. Dr. Sparrow told me that if after ordination I would stay here a year or two he would promise me a very handsome salary. You don't catch me doing that, though. One year more of the South will be enough for me. Mother's letter came last night. Much love to all at home. Everything goes on well. I am at my first sermon.
Very truly Your affectionate son,

Phillips.

These letters brought back from his father and mother warm congratulations. To justify himself in their sight as one on whom their labor had not been wasted was no slight thing in his eyes. This first incident in his career of triumph is indeed so slight compared with what is to follow that it may seem unnecessary to mention it. But to him it meant much in many ways. It was the highest honor which the seminary could bestow. It meant success in that very line wherein he had seemed to fail when he made his first experiment in teaching. It gave him confidence. It reversed the sentence of Master Gardner of the Latin School. This time he did not fail. The testimony of those who had the privilege of knowing him as a teacher bears witness to his singular success as a teacher, his power of gaining his pupils' confidence and love, his helpfulness in creating interest in their work. Whether it was wise for him, however, to have taken this additional work may be doubted. It interfered with his reading to some extent, and the year was not so rich in results as the previous year had been. These are some of his references to his work as a teacher: —

This playing scholar and teacher at the same time does n't give much time for letter-writing. I have been at it for a week now. I have a class of about thirteen, who are preparing for the seminary. At present they are all laboring through the Greek and

Latin grammars, and some of them are reading Virgil. It takes two or three hours a day, and when we get thoroughly going, will probably require more. So you see putting this and our regular seminary work together, it makes a pretty busy day for me. Besides this, I have been at work on my first sermon, and it comes pretty hard.

October 16, 1858.

The "class" comes on finely. . . . They are in Sallust and the Greek Reader, which I think is doing pretty well for men that never touched the languages before. I have got one of them ready and got him into the seminary this week.

February 3, 1859.

I could not but be struck to-day in our Virgil class with the contrast of the heaven of the Æneid with the heaven of the Revelation. "Solemque suum, sua sidera movunt," says the poet (Æneid, vi. 641). "And the city hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of the Lord did lighten it and the Lamb is the light thereof" (Rev. xxi. 23). So speaks the Evangelist of what he saw on the Lord's Day in Patmos. Once get the Bible idea of Deity and we feel that it needs something more than a new earth to make a heaven.

There are other circumstances connected with this moment in his life which mark it as important. He was now passing into his own independent career, and no longer need look to his father for his maintenance. We have seen that it was hard for him to call upon his father for money, and how the father and mother were distressed that such should be the feeling. Most gladly was the money always sent, nor was it any inconvenience or hard limitation upon his father's resources. But the time none the less had come when he should be independent, and he knew it. The home correspondence shows that the moment had arrived which in some families, especially his own, created a strain upon both sides, as the inevitable approached. For himself he still continued to call upon his parents for advice when he was his own best adviser. He was now twenty-two, within a few months of his twenty-third birthday. To the parents he was still a boy, to be watched over and guarded from harm, whether of soul or body. Slowly did they relinquish the sense of responsibility. His

mother was the first to yield, though her solicitude for his welfare never ceased. But habit had a stronger hold upon the father. He writes to him that he is willing he should act for himself in the matter of deciding upon the invitation to take charge of the preparatory school. In other ways the father clung to the old relationship of masterful authority, handed down in Puritan households. Years afterwards, he entered it into his journal that he had not been consulted about an important event in the life of his son, and did not know what his decision would be.

The mother of Phillips Brooks was also passing through a trial of her own, in consequence of his reserve in speaking of that which lay nearest to her heart. Her loving letters to him met with no response. Those letters display such an intensity and depth and wealth of love that they cannot even now be read without emotion. One is apt to take such love for granted, like the divine love which all receive but few acknowledge. It can truly be said of Phillips Brooks that no lack of appreciation or affection for his mother caused this seeming neglect. But it was impossible for him then to answer such letters as his mother wrote. To the love which poured itself forth as a mighty river, he was far from indifferent, but it begot in him a mood of which silence was the only expression. Neither then nor at any later time in his life did he ever give himself freely to any one. He did not speak of himself, except very rarely, in the note-books which were intended for his eye alone. What he gave, he gave in impersonal ways. He could act and do, leaving others to interpret him from his deeds, but about his inner life or his religious experience he was dumb. Yet it was with this life of the feelings that his mother dealt almost exclusively in her letters. He was like her in that he had the same great loving soul, boundless in its capacity for affection, whose outlet was at last to be found in preaching. But he could not respond in a letter.

The father's letters were those of a man of affairs, conversant with the world, in one way more interesting than the mother's, because they were rich with the interest of actual

life. They could be answered by the son without committing himself to any utterance regarding his inner life. When a young man is entering upon life, the father naturally steps forward as his guide, with practical suggestion, while the mother recedes for a moment into the background. But this moment passes away, and the mother resumes her ascendency. It seems to have been so in the case of Phillips Brooks.

At last he broke his reserve, the accumulated silence of a year, in this letter to his brother: —

Saturday evening, November 6, 1858.

Dear William, — Somehow I feel a little like writing to you to-night. That Kilby Street corner promise stands up before me, and makes me shudder that I have n't kept it more before. Here I am one month into my last year of study (make up your mind that this letter is going to be all about myself, and forgive it accordingly). Somehow the work I am at begins to look very different and strange to me. Do you know I feel as I never felt before, to find myself here within eight months of the ministry? Whether it is this getting at sermon-writing that makes me feel more than ever how weak I am to go about the world's greatest work, I certainly do feel it fearfully to-night. But yet I tell you, Bill, I can't recall many pleasanter hours than those that I have spent in writing my two or three first poor sermons. It seems like getting fairly hold of the plough, and doing something at last. I always have been afraid of making religion professional, and turning it into mere stock in trade when I approached the work, but I have never felt more deeply how pure and holy and glorious a thing our Christianity is, what a manly thing it is to be godly, till I sat down to think how I could best convince other men of its purity and holiness. I do enjoy the work, and with all my unfitness for it, look forward to a happy life in trying to do it. Somehow I have never been quite frank with you; as much with you as anybody, but not thoroughly with any one, I think. But I am beginning to own up more fairly to myself. Every day it seems as if the thing I have got to do stood up plainer before me and forced me into frankness. My ideas of a minister are a different thing from what they were two years ago, poor and unworthy enough yet, but I think growing purer and more worthy. It seems to me every day more and more as if it were treason to his work for him to neglect any part of his whole nature that is given to that work, and so I think the broadest mental outline, and the deepest moral truth, and the purest spiritual

faith are more and more the demands, one and all of which Christ makes of his workmen, growing to *perfect men* and so to perfect Christians, to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. I have just been writing a sermon on that subject, the "Manliness of Faith."

I have undertaken this year to preach plain sermons to a small congregation of from fifty to seventy-five people at one of the stations near the seminary, and feel that I am better for the work, more and deeper in sympathy with simple, honest men, and a clearer light into what common men's minds are doing, and how they may be taught to do better and nobler things.

How are you coming on? I wish I could see you all for this evening. I don't know what has set me off into this letter to-night. I happened to feel like it, that 's all. Excuse it if you don't like it, and forget it. Don't quite forget, though, that there is such a creature as P. B. getting ready for work off here in the woods. Only eight months more, and I shall be at it. I hope these months have magic in them to get me ready. Excuse the "I-ness" of this letter from your affectionate brother,

PHILL.

This letter, read to the family, was answered by the father, who also takes the occasion to refer to the circumstance of his having written his first sermon, and to ask that it may be sent to him for his perusal.

BOSTON, Saturday afternoon, November 13, 1858.

MY DEAR SON, — . . . I want to acknowledge to you my satisfaction and pleasure for that letter received this week from you to William. It was so exactly what I have been wanting to hear from you so long, it breathed the spirit which I have so long wished and prayed for in you, and I am confident you will hereafter feel happier in your own mind. Do go on, my very dear son, and cultivate that feeling, prayerfully and strongly. I am pleased, too, that you find your situation at the seminary pleasanter and more to your satisfaction. . . . I would not be so selfish as to lead you to think that I am expressing only my own feelings; by no means; we all rejoiced at it, and your mother was exceedingly gratified. It was a family letter, and only considered as such. Do write so often, my dear son, and express your feelings freely. You cannot imagine how it would gladden your parents' hearts. Did you ever think of my request for the MS. of the first sermon? I will not urge it if you have objections, but I should like to see it, and if you wish it, it shall be sacredly kept

private. If you knew how much and how often you are in our thoughts and our prayers, you would feel a stronger bond of sympathy with home. Not that I think you are deficient in that feeling, but it would be stronger.

In response to this request, the first sermon was sent to his father, and soon after the following letter. It is characteristic that he should have written "private" above the text, where it still appears, legible though faded. Other allusions in the letter are to Dr. Vinton's resignation of St. Paul's Church, Boston, an event which greatly moved the Brooks family, as it did also the whole congregation.

November 16, 1858.

Dear Father, — Did you get the sermon I sent you? I sent it because you asked for it, not because I thought it worth your reading. Will you tell me how it struck you? How it *would have* struck you had you heard a strange young man, of six feet four, preach it in your own pulpit, what you would have said about it when you first got home? Be indulgent with it, it is my first, and my others have been very different.

My dear Father, I must come to you for money. I have been running up a few little bills and find I cannot get along till the 1st of January, when my little salary falls due. . . . Can you let me have say $15 or so, for washerwomen and wood-sawyers, and some of that tribe. The school comes on well, takes a good deal of time, but is not unpleasant work. I have hung Dr. Vinton, tell William, and he looks well. I feel more and more obliged to William for his present every day. How is he now?

I had a letter the other day from Dr. Richards, and he acknowledged your kindness in sending him Dr. Vinton's farewell. He is doing well, and likes Great Barrington. Dr. Sparrow, too, desires me to thank you for the copy you sent him. I am very glad you sent it. Glad you have got Bancroft. Write me how you like him. Dr. S. (between you and me) has hinted a wish that I might stay here next year and take charge of the Preparatories, and be assistant in the chapel. I have also a sort of glimpse of a parish in Philadelphia. This is all between us. No knowing what either will come to.

I am writing sermons still, and enjoy it, although it is a very different thing from what it will be when I have a people to preach to. I look forward to that time with impatience, though with fear. Please return my sermon when it is convenient; no hurry. I shall never preach it again just as it is, but may use

parts of it. Love to all. I thought much of you yesterday keeping Thanksgiving. Why does n't George write? Good-night. Your affectionate son,

PHILLIPS.

Words of commendation about sermons, especially from near friends and relations, are not easy to estimate. But enthusiastic admiration it is difficult to conceal, and its tone cannot be mistaken. The first sermon did not elicit any enthusiasm from his father or his mother. One might say of it, as the expression goes, that it was "well received" or "gave good satisfaction." The father writes to him: —

BOSTON, November 29, 1858.

MY DEAR SON, —. . . The same mail brought me the MS. sermon, for which I am much obliged, and have been much gratified and pleased with reading. It is very good and *sound*, and Mother likes it because it is so "much gospel." . . . The sermon, I noticed, you marked private, and I promised to consider it so, and have done it, reading it only to Mother and aunt Susan. As you did not mention it in your letter to William, I did not show it to him. None of them recognized the direction on the envelope. Presuming you would wish it returned, I shall do so by this mail, and again thank you for sending it to me.

His mother had hoped to have chosen the text for his first sermon, but she acquiesced in his decision to choose for himself. She writes him with reference to it: —

BOSTON, Saturday evening, November 20, 1858.

MY PRECIOUS PHILLIPS, — More precious than ever. I have delayed writing to you, for I have hardly known how to tell you how happy I feel since the receipt of some of your last letters. I thank you for writing so freely, and what beautiful texts you have chosen; they breathe all of Christ. You know I wanted to choose your first text, but I am *satisfied*. The simplicity which is in Christ, — how beautiful! I know you have preached pure, simple gospel, and that is enough for me. I have lived to see my prayer granted, that my child might preach Christ. I am happy. . . . We are all feeling deeply interested in you and praying for you, my dear child, at home as you are nearing your work. And your younger brothers, Phillips, seem to think and feel a great deal about you. They are watching you, and I thank you for the example you are setting before them. You know you have great

influence over them. . . . My heart is with you much, very much, this winter, particularly evenings when I know you are writing your sermons. It must be a delightful work to feel yourself pleading for Christ. May you be strong and fearless for Him. . . .

And now, my dearest Philly, I must say good-night. How I wish I could look upon your face to-night! God keep you and bless you, and continue to make you a blessing to the world and to your devoted and happy MOTHER.

And now it is time to turn to this first sermon. When he wrote it, he had gained the leading principles whose exposition was to form the work of his life. He was ready and anxious to speak. His first utterance gives us the man. The text was 2 Corinthians xi. 3, — "The simplicity that is in Christ."[1] Simplicity was the ideal of his college life, so that he was keeping the natural unity of his days when he chose it for his first sermon. But between the college essay which advocated simplicity and the last year in the seminary there had been a vast development. As a sermon, when looked at from the point of view of a congregation, it could hardly be called a success. It is doubtful, for example, whether his father when he read it quite saw his drift or purpose. He himself said of it freely in later life that it was defective in two ways, — "it was lacking in simplicity, and had nothing in it of Christ:" —

I well remember the first sermon that I ever achieved. The text was from 2 Corinthians xi. 3, "The simplicity that is in Christ," and a cruel classmate's criticism of it was that "there was very little simplicity in the sermon and no Christ." I am afraid that he was right, and I am sure that the sermon never was preached again. Its lack of simplicity and lack of Christ no doubt belonged together. It was probably an attempt to define doctrine instead of to show a man, a God, a Saviour.[2]

[1] It is a small point, but it is worth mentioning, that the size of the sermon paper upon which he fixed for his first sermon was 8 inches by $6\frac{3}{4}$. From this he never varied in after life. He became accustomed to think upon paper of this size, and had his note-books made to order of the same size. His sermons were written from the first *currente calamo*, and contain few or no erasures. He preserved throughout an even handwriting with no traces of haste, despite the rapidity and the intensity of his mental movements.

[2] "On the Pulpit and Popular Skepticism," in *Essays and Addresses*, p. 74.

The sermon has what is apt to be the defect of every first sermon, it is overloaded with material, and undertakes to say too much. But that was inevitable; he was making his manifesto and could afford to omit nothing. He had told his father that he should not preach it again, and there is no evidence that he did. But he also said that he might use certain parts of it, and this he did, making the first half of it his graduating thesis. In this form it has been published, the first essay in the volume called "Essays and Addresses," issued after his death, with this title, "The Centralizing Power of the Gospel." As it stands as an essay in this volume it is word for word the first half of his first sermon.

The audience who listened to it in the chapel of the Virginia seminary, his teachers and his fellow students, must have had sensations difficult to describe. The text was a familiar one, and the idea it contained had formed the staple of many exhortations in prayer meetings or in Sunday services. Indeed, it was the burden of the Evangelical teaching of the day. For that reason he must have chosen it. He had always a way of taking those texts which parties or schools regarded as their strongholds in Scripture, giving them a new meaning, and a larger interpretation which all men could receive. But in order to estimate his peculiar treatment of an over-familiar passage, we must revert for a moment to the religious situation of the hour. In the decade of the fifties, there was in America but little theological activity, no free inquiry in theology, outside of certain circles in New England; and no attempt to defend by intellectual processes the conviction upon which the Evangelical faith was resting. Indeed, there had grown up a certain mistrust of the intellect, as though its existence were rather a dangerous thing to the simplicity of Christian faith. The teachers in the Virginia seminary impressed upon the students the importance of subordinating the intellect to faith. The favorite text upon which they relied as their sanction for their counsels was one where St. Paul urges his hearers "to bring every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ." This was interpreted as meaning the sacrifice of the intellect.

It was customary to speak much and often on the pride of the intellect as the greatest foe to faith. To preach Christ was to renounce intellectualism, ideas, theories, and speculations.

It was further characteristic of the decade of the fifties, and of the succeeding years, that within the church the test applied to intellectual suggestion or criticism was not whether it was true, but whether it was safe. Criticism was beginning to disturb the minds of many in regard to the nature of inspiration; whether it extended to the words or only to the thought. Was there a difference between inspiration and revelation? What was the nature and extent of the atonement, and was it a vicarious sacrifice? There was a general feeling that safety lay in avoiding the discussion of these and other questions. A sense of fear was the prevailing mood in strict theological circles, lest young men should accept principles endangering the safety of the creeds. Young men were accustomed to listen in those days to eloquent monologues of the elders, brought to perfection by frequent repetition, in which it was demonstrated how unsafe it was to make any departure from accepted opinions in theology. One step downward involved another, until the Christian faith would entirely disappear. Such, it was pointed out, had been the experience in New England. Such would be the result of following German guides. Salvation, it was assumed, depended upon holding "sound views." Phillips Brooks was accustomed to these expressions of anxiety at Alexandria, and also at home. His father and mother feared that he might be led astray by the glittering light of false opinions.

But there were some notable exceptions among the leaders of the Evangelical school. Dr. Sparrow, the teacher of theology in the Virginia seminary, was one of these. He was absolutely without fear as he contemplated the situation, willing to meet boldly every skeptical objection, tracing it to its origin, seeking to weigh its force, and ready to admit the truth even under hostile disguises. The only thing that Dr. Sparrow feared was Romanism and Romanizing tendencies in the church. These constituted a real danger, and to his

mind the only danger, and this because the Romanizing tendencies could not be dealt with by reason. They were instincts or dreams, which avoided the appeal to reason and were not amenable to its laws. It was a foe in the dark, insidious, pleasing to the natural man, and beguiling unstable souls. When he was once told that some people called him one-sided, because he fought only in one direction, seeing the danger from Romanism, but not the danger from skepticism, he replied with a fine scorn that he was surprised that any intelligent man should think otherwise. Skepticism was a rope of sand, but Romanism was an evil that dissolved the fibres of a manly spirit. With Dr. Sparrow, Phillips Brooks was becoming intimate in his Senior year at the seminary. Many were the evenings spent in his study, when the subject of conversation was theology. He knew how to understand and to sympathize with the thoughts germinating in the mind of his pupil. Again, Dr. Sparrow was a strong advocate of the freedom of the will, while most of his contemporaries held the Calvinistic or Augustinian tenet, that the will was powerless to initiate or to contribute to conversion. These differences in Dr. Sparrow's attitude were prophetic of changes in the Evangelical party of the Episcopal Church. Those who feared skepticism drew nearer to the High Church party, and at moments became its allies. Those who were afraid of Romanism welcomed the advent of the open mind and of free inquiry in theology.

Such is a very brief outline of the situation when Phillips Brooks came to his first sermon. Into that sermon he managed to import the convictions which for years had been gathering headway in his soul. His utterance is constructive and positive; negations are absorbed in large affirmations. He shows no sign of having reacted against the familiar Evangelical teaching, but has rather appropriated and enlarged its central truth. As we read, we must bear in mind that the feeling of the hour when he was speaking has greatly changed in the lapse of a generation, and that to this change he himself has contributed in most powerful measure. The first clear note which he strikes is the deep conviction that

all roads lead to Christ, all the great positive valuable lines of human activity. It is very striking to find the affirmation of this truth in the first sentence of his first sermon, for it is the key to his theology and to his life. Nor had he reached it without a struggle. It was the summary of his own experience, and of his efforts to adjust in harmony the conflicting impulses in his own being. He had not seen it when he was in college. He had feared that if he became a Christian or a Christian minister, it meant the sacrifice of the rich and ennobling influences of literature, the withdrawal from the large human directions of the intellect and the imagination. When he left home to begin his study for the ministry, it was with the words of some friend or classmate ringing in his ears, that Christianity meant the lessening of a man, the narrowing of the range of human interests. He may have seen something of this in those whom he knew, and have feared it in himself. He had determined to know for himself whether it was true. It had burst upon him as by divine revelation, that all life was a unity, and that Christ was the glory and perfection of humanity. All truth, all reality, in whatever sphere manifested, in literature, art, or science, all the positive acquisitions of man in the long range of history, all great events and movements, had their affiliation with Christ. As he was making his journey on the railroad from Boston to New York, from New York to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and was watching for the approach to great cities, he saw the sign in the centralization of life, how the roads converged toward the invisible centre. He grasped it as an illustration, an analogy, an argument. It went into his note-book, and was worked over in different forms and finally reappeared in his first sermon.

His subject was Christ as the centralizing power in the spiritual life. The plan of his sermon required him to show that this central force involved all the activity of the human soul, the intellect, the affections, and the will. But to deal with this threefold division adequately in one short sermon was beyond his power. When he changed his sermon to an essay, it dealt mainly with the intellectual powers in their

relation to the salvation of the soul. He gave his assent to the doctrine so often reiterated by his teachers that the danger to religion from the human intellect was grave and momentous, but hardly had he done so, when he diverged from the beaten pathway of a safe timidity, which argued that it was necessary to suppress or sacrifice the intellect in order to faith, and boldly asserted the need and the possibility of consecrating the intellect to Christ. His words are so characteristic that he must speak for himself: —

The Intellect, coming up to say, "Lord, teach me." There is no truth from which even man's *theoretical* adherence hangs aloof as it does from this of the necessary submission of the whole intellectual manhood to the obedience of Christ. God's plan has all the wonderful simplicity that makes His natural world so grand. In the centre of our life stands the grand Christ-truth He has set up, the single fountain out of which all sin and all uncleanness are to drink for healing. Every step that is not towards the fountain is towards the desert. Our work here, as everywhere, is with the tendencies of things. Let us understand this matter. God has ordained this world and another, and this world is a striving after that. Only one door stands open to connect the two: "I am the Way, the Truth, the Life." Now if God seriously meant man might reach that Way and Truth, He gave him no faculty that might not struggle for it. There is no sinecure in the soul's economy. Every power has its work to do, every capacity its gift to fill it, every motive its wheels to turn or shaft to drive in achieving finally the soul's great work: and so the fullest manhood of man's best development is sanctified by God's purpose of man's salvation. But when one coward faculty breaks off from the hard struggle, ignores the Christhood that says, "By Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved," begins to play with a theory instead of living by a truth, forthwith the "simplicity that is in Christ" is marred and mangled by the multiplicity that is in man.

God's ban lies upon no fair exercise of the faculties of labor if they be but exercised as He directs. His whole omnipotence is pledged to make every Christian effort of those faculties effectual and strong. All heaven is working for us if we will, as the little child digs his well in the seashore sand and then the great ocean comes up and fills it for him. And here lies all solved before us the problem of profane and sacred study. Looking to this divine simplicity of the scheme of life, to Christ that saves, to God that

blesses, no study is profane. Looking away from that central truth of Christ, there is no profaner work than Bible study. So long as the intellect owns allegiance, so long its work is full of piety and purpose, its whole development is a training of the soul that is an heir of glory, against its coronation day. Books become sacraments, schools are temples, and the mental life grows holy because its triumphs are sacrifices to the everlasting truth of Christ. If this be so, then how it brands the atheism that would substitute the frivolity of culture or the pedantry of ethics for this divinity of truth, that would go back from a gospel to a law, from a law to an instinct, from an instinct to a dream, disowning its birthright claim to the higher Christian portion.

What he says upon the will and the heart, as alike with the intellect bringing their allegiance to Christ, is equally emphatic and is drawn from his own experience. In his case, it had been the submission of the will and of the heart that had overcome the dreary sense of the fragmentariness of life: —

See how the new faith is the resurrection of the life, how the new purpose that concentrates every power in the work of Christ binds the whole human nature closer to the Truth and closer to its race. It binds it closer to the Truth. Theories and schemes and ceremonies grow tame and dead to the man who has looked the gospel in the face. What! with this new gravitation that I feel drawing me, and drawing all creation, to the centre of our life, shall I turn away to the little forces that would drag me off to little aims? Shall I trifle with this new power of believing? For all moral carelessness lessens our capacity of faith, makes us not only less believing but less able to believe, destroys as far as it can our power to rest on testimony for truth. It is not only that some drops are spilled, but the cup itself is broken into uselessness. And most of all, we are conscious that it is growing harder and harder every day for us to believe; the conviction that once brought faith inevitably does not bring it now, and the faith when it comes does not bless us, as it once did, with trust and peace. This is what the soul that has once felt the simplicity of Christ dreads most of all, for it breaks that simplicity into the old fragmentary life again. "Give me a hope that points where my life's hope is pointing, a light that shines to lead me Christward. Let me ignore the system and the church, the teacher and the book, that will not give me these." This is the soul's new cry. This must be the world's cry if it ever sees salva-

tion. Our hope is in this Christian radicalism, which through the myriad shows and semblances of human life goes down directly to the heart of things, and seizes Faith and grapples Hope and clings to Charity, and says, "Lo, out of these shall grow a Christian Church for all the world, and out of these a Christian experience for me." Is there not something solemnly heroic in this one central purpose standing thus calmly in the midst of the feverish anarchy of the world's million hopes and schemes? So men were bartering and selling and eating and drinking, and the noonday hubbub was loud and wild in Jerusalem of old, while the great agony of Calvary was working out the world's redemption.

And one other great conviction finds expression in the first sermon. It is only hinted at, in a few brief sentences, while the long process leading up to it could not be described. That process went back to his schooldays, when he first began to feel the revelation of himself to himself, through his knowledge of human history and the ways of man in this world. All through his college years, this identification of himself with humanity had been increasing. The gospel which had come to him had been meant for the race; what had been given for the race had been intended for him. Here lay the groundwork of so much that was distinctive in his preaching and in a great measure the secret of his power. He came to men as if he were indeed one of them, speaking forth from the heart of a common humanity: —

This new Christian simplicity is not perfect till it recognizes the world's hope in its own. Then there comes the true "liberality" of our religion. The man begins to identify himself with the race, and wins a share in its collective faith and power. He multiplies his life eight hundred millionfold. The world was made, and the sun and stars ordained, and salvation sent to earth alike for humanity and him. The history of the race becomes his experience, the happiness of the race his glory, the progress of the race his hope. He begins to say, "*We* shall do this and thus, win new secrets from nature and new truth from God," for this man goes hand in hand with humanity down the highways of its life, till they stand together before the throne of God in heaven. He says of Christ's truths, "I believe in these things because I know that they have helped my race. I look to them as I look to the sun, with a faith that all these centuries of sunlight forbid

me to disown. I hear them from the Bible claiming my allegiance, as from all nature I hear God's truth demanding that I should give reason room to grow to love and faith."

In this first sermon then we have the evidence of a marvellous maturity. These truths which he proclaimed had come to him by solitary meditations, or to speak more truly, and as he was accustomed to speak, these thoughts were the winged messengers of God to his soul. He had not indeed yet reached the truth in all its fulness as he was ultimately to proclaim it, but he had achieved his method and laid the foundation for the unfolding of his power.

His Senior year in the seminary, as has been said, was a full one, but not so favorable to the direct work of theological preparation as the preceding years. In addition to his studies and recitations, he was teaching Latin and Greek two or three hours every day; he was writing sermons; and with another member of his class he was taking charge of the Sharon Mission, some three miles from the seminary. There were other similar stations in the vicinity, where students officiated by reading service and extempore preaching. There was a natural suspicion in the audiences who waited on these young preachers that the presentation of the gospel was not their sole aim, but that they were exercising their gifts by way of practice; somewhat as practice in a hospital is related to the education of the student of medicine. But the people good-naturedly submitted to the process, and in their turn must have grown critical regarding the ability and prospects of the successive candidates to whom they listened. The common name given to them was *practisers*, with the emphasis on the second syllable. There is a tradition that Phillips Brooks was not successful in these ventures; indeed he is said to have made a total failure on his first attempt, receiving as his only encouragement the advice to try it again. But he himself appears to have been encouraged, and writes of his efforts to his brother Frederick, after a few weeks' experience: "You know I was never much of a speaker. Lately I have been cultivating the extempore address, and,

though no orator as Brutus is, it goes pretty glib. I expect to preach so a good deal."

It was while he was thus engaged one Sunday at the Sharon Mission that two strangers appeared in the congregation, who had come for the purpose of listening to him. The following brief entries in his diary tell the story: —

Sunday, March 6, 1859. A. M., at Chapel. Communion. Dr. Packard preached. P. M., at Sharon. I spoke (present 50). Evg. at Sharon. I spoke (present 40). Met Yocum out at Sharon, also Messrs. Reed and Remington, who after aft. service made me an offer of the Church of the Advent in Philadelphia in behalf of the vestry.

Monday, March 7, 1859. A. M. Called on Dr. Sparrow about Advent. Afterwards received call from Mr. Reed and Mr. Remington. Wrote to Bp. Eastburn for leave and to Dr. Vinton for advice. Also wrote to Father. Held no recitations in the forenoon.

Tuesday, March 8, 1859. Rain and headache all day.

The headache may have been the result of the excitement into which he was thrown by the unexpected incident; and is strangely in contrast with the composure waiting upon many similar incidents in after years. His constitution, as has been noticed, in early life was sensitive and susceptible in the highest degree, and nervous excitement was quickly followed by nervous exhaustion. A circumstance illustrating this peculiarity of his physical constitution he once related to a friend, to the effect that after his first day's experience as an usher in the Latin School, he attempted to take a walk, but found himself so exhausted after a few minutes that he was unable to continue it. He poured himself with all the intensity of his being into whatever moved him. He afterwards learned to economize his power, but at this time he writes of this week of excitement through which he was passing: "I have n't passed such a week before for three years," and again: "I have just been driven crazy this last week, between a need of thinking and these recitations that don't leave a minute to think in." In the letter which he wrote to his parents the day after he received the call, the excited condition of his mind may still be felt: —

Monday morning, March 7, 1859.

Dear Father and Mother, — I have written two letters already this morning, one to Bishop Eastburn and one to Dr. Vinton, and now I ought to write to you and tell you all about them. You can imagine my surprise yesterday on being waited upon by two gentlemen who evidently came on business. They were a committee of the vestry of the Church of the Advent in Philadelphia, and came to bring me a call to become their rector in July. It took me by surprise, as I had for some time dismissed the matter from my mind, but we talked it all over, and they are very urgent. This morning I had a long talk about it with Dr. Sparrow. He was in Philadelphia last week, and they saw him there, and he discussed it all over with Dr. Vinton. He proposed my doing this: I must first get Bishop Eastburn's consent, as I am his candidate. I have written to him. It 's doubtful, and if he does n't agree it finishes the whole. If he is willing, when the call comes officially I can offer to modify it by agreeing to supply for three or six months, so as to try the working of things on both sides, and leave the door open for either at the end of that time. I left it so with the committee, and am to write to them just so soon as I hear from the bishop. Meanwhile I have written to Dr. Vinton, who has taken great interest in the matter, for advice, and shall look anxiously for his answer. Dr. Sparrow thinks it is a call that ought not to be rejected, and his advice was strongly for my taking it at least temporarily. I know it is a place of great responsibility and hard work, but I believe the sooner one breaks into it the better. The gentlemen who came to see me were kind and cordial, would not think of my saying "No," said the vestry were unanimous, and that when they had once called a man they were bound to stand by him well. It is not a large church, seats about five hundred, about one hundred and fifty communicants, good building, large Sunday-school, and everything in good working order; slight debt on the church, which is being paid off regularly; salary at first $1000, but soon to be raised as the church prospers; at any rate enough to live on decently. Well, there it is, — of course it is on my mind all the time, and I wish I could talk it over with you. I want to find my place and my work, and I think there are some signs that this is it. Write me what you all think about it. Dr. Bedell's assistantship has been filled. Dr. Vinton told Dr. Sparrow that he had planned for me for his own assistant, but I believe it 's better to take a small church and have it all one's own, and feel more master of its work. I will write to you, when I hear from the bishop and Dr. Vinton. Love to all. Excuse this selfish letter. Yours affectionately, Phillips.

The call created as much interest and excitement in the quiet household on Chauncy Street as it did in the soul of Phillips Brooks. It was regarded as a family affair; his father, his mother, his brothers, participated in the discussion as by divine right. The solidarity of the family life found beautiful and impressive illustration in the letters that came and went. The father must needs satisfy himself by a visit to Philadelphia, by a personal inspection of the parish and conversation with its officers. There were many difficulties to be considered and overcome. Among these was Dr. Vinton. He had left Boston in the fall of 1858, after a ministry of sixteen years, to become the rector of the large and important parish of the Holy Trinity in Philadelphia, which occupied a new and imposing edifice in the most fashionable part of the city. The church was one of the strongest in the country, and when it looked for a rector it had called the man who was universally conceded to be the foremost preacher in the Episcopal Church. It had been a severe strain on St. Paul's Church, Boston, to sever the tie which bound it to Dr. Vinton. Especially had the pain of parting been felt by the Brooks family. The boys had grown up under him, none of them escaping his influence. When he went to Philadelphia, he had the intention of making Phillips Brooks his assistant in his new parish. Already was the old deferential relationship between a boy and his pastor passing into the relation of a friendship to which the disparity of years was no barrier. When Phillips received from his brother a photograph of Dr. Vinton, to hang in his room in the seminary, he was so elated that he dismissed his class and proceeded at once to the task of placing it in position. He had begun to be proud of his acquaintance with him, looking up to him as a great man, who had lent inspiration to his life. If Dr. Vinton wanted him for his assistant minister it complicated the question of his accepting the Church of the Advent. Dr. Vinton had advised him to wait for a few weeks before giving his answer; and he writes to his father with reference to it: —

He wants me to come and make him a visit and see the ground. His object comes out in the last part of his letter. He wants an

assistant, but his church is n't settled enough to make any arrangement yet, but he wants me to wait in order, as he intimates, to be ready for an offer of that place as soon as he can propose it. So here I am all adrift. It 's out of the question to put off my answer. The church is waiting now, and the doctor does n't seem to remember that a poor deacon can't carry things with quite as high a hand as the first preacher in the church. I must choose now between Dr. V.'s assistantship and the Advent, and if I choose Advent then good-by to all the Doctor's friendliness in future.

There is a tone of excitement and confusion in these letters, a certain timidity and dread of making a mistake, as he is about to enter on real life in the great world. But one issue he keeps clear, — he is positive that it is better to take an independent position at the start, to be the rector of a church of his own. In this respect he was not mistaken, at least for himself. But so momentous also seemed the task of assuming the complete charge of a church at his age (he was twenty-three years old) that he hesitated to write an actual acceptance to his call until an agreement had been reached by which he left the parish and himself at liberty, in case there should be failure or disappointment on either side. It may be that he recalled again how once before he had confidently accepted a position from which he had been obliged to resign. There is no over-confidence now. When he agreed to go to the Church of the Advent, it was understood to be an engagement of three months only. When that time had expired, the vestry of the church were at liberty to give him a permanent call as they might see fit.

Meantime another difficulty had been successfully overcome. He was a candidate for orders in the diocese of Massachusetts. Bishop Eastburn might decline to give consent to his leaving the diocese while he was in deacon's orders. The bishop was cautiously approached on the subject and with considerable trepidation, as one who held in his hands the making or the marring of a young man's career. The letter of Bishop Eastburn is so characteristic that it is given in full. The bishop, it should be said, was a stanch defender of the principles of the Evangelical school, their unflinching advocate in season and out of season. He lacked flexibility,

but did not lack in courage. He was an Englishman by birth and proud of his descent; he had the defects of his nationality, but also its surpassing merits. He gave relief to the fears of the anxious candidate, while at the same time he bore his familiar protest in behalf of Evangelical truth: —

Boston, March 10, 1859.

My dear Sir, — I have just received your note in reference to the invitation from the Church of the Advent, Philadelphia. I had been counting with pleasant anticipation upon your services, during your term of deacon's orders at least, in this diocese, where we need well-educated and intelligent men, of sound Evangelical principles, to labor in bringing souls to our dear Lord and Saviour. But if you are persuaded that you hear the voice of God in this application, calling you to that particular field of labor, I should of course shrink from interposing any obstacle, and I cheerfully give my consent.

Should you carry out your intention of being ordained in Virginia, I shall be obliged if you will let me know after the ordination of the time and place at which it took place, as I have to record it among the ordinations of this diocese.

My sincere prayer is that wherever you may be placed in the great vineyard you may be found faithful, always and everywhere, to that Master whose gospel you have in trust, and may at last receive the crown of life.

I am very sincerely yours, Manton Eastburn.

So the great issue of his life was determined. The way was clear for him to begin his ministry in Philadelphia. He had gone to the theological seminary as an experiment, uncertain what the result would be. These years of quiet and seclusion had done their work, resolved the tentative mood into a glowing enthusiasm for the work to which he now believed himself to be called. How he regarded the prospect, and in what spirit he would enter upon his ministry, is told in a plain, strong letter to his brother: —

Theological Seminary, Thursday evening, March 17, 1859.

Dear William, — . . . As to Advent, let me be frank. I feel, I believe, more fully than you can the responsibility and labor of the place. I know, too, more deeply than you can my own deficiencies, and yet I have engaged to go there, at least for

a temporary supply. One thing I am sure of, — it was not accepted from any ambitious desire of occupying a conspicuous or responsible place. I am going honestly, as I believe, in a sincere feeling that I *ought* to go, in an earnest conviction that there is work there to be done, and that by a strength above my own I shall be helped to do it. The ministry, my dear William, has been growing a new thing to me this year; and most of all this direct presentation of a field of work has, I believe, sent me outside of myself to look for direction and for strength where it is promised to us all. I believe I am going at last in humility to tell the Bible story to those people. I have told them that that story was all I had to bring, in all its simplicity and truth, and I hope to find strength to tell it plainly and distinctly at least. You know, and I know, that Dr. Vinton's would be a place of far more prominence and promise of future eminence and brilliant calls, but I am going to this church, meaning if God prosper my work there to make it my field for years at least. Dr. May said, "The moment I heard of it I said you ought to go," and Dr. Sparrow, though a less outspoken man, freely and fully said he believed that this call pointed out my path of duty. Of course in all this I have weighed the solid facts. From what experience I have had, I do not feel afraid of two plain sermons in a week. I have gained considerable facility in extempore speaking, and shall do that much. The other work, visiting, etc., I am unused to, but do not look forward to with dread. They are kind and simple people, and ready and anxious to make their minister's life a pleasant one. So much to-night. Write me again soon.

Good-by, PHILL.

He had decided to begin his rectorship of the Church of the Advent on the second Sunday in July, 1859, for the parish wanted him at once. But this would deprive him of a vacation after a hard year's labor, as the seminary year ended with the first week in July. Some vacation he must have, so argued his father and his anxious mother. He was to lose his summer at home; he therefore applied for a leave of absence in order that he might have a month with his family and recuperate his strength as it could be done nowhere else so well as at home. And this home-coming now meant so much to him. Somewhat as a conqueror would he come. He had retrieved the failure which had occurred three years before. Then the world looked blank to him,

without opening or opportunity. Now he had twice received important recognition, first as a teacher, associated with the faculty of the seminary as a quasi-member, and he had also received what young men would regard as a flattering call to a city parish. He took a humble view of these things, for he had received a lesson in humility which had struck deep within him. Compared with the recognition of a world, which was soon to follow, these first triumphs in his career seem small. But to the father and the mother, and the boys at home, it looked quite otherwise. Above all, he was now going home for the last time as a boy, to talk things over in the old familiar way, before the official routine and the ways of life had given him a place among men. There is one more letter before the long boyhood yields to a man's responsibilities: —

March 26, 1859.

Dear Father, — I must limit myself to a line, to tell you what the chances are of my imposing upon your hospitality pretty soon. I have just had a talk with Dr. Sparrow, and he is so anxious that I should be here at the last of the term, to prepare the preps. for examination, that he says if I go away at all (and it 'll be very hard to get his assent to that) I must go at once. The chance seems to be that I can get the month of April, and if you 'll leave the latch-string out the first of the week after next, probably I 'll pull it. He is going to propose it to the faculty, and there is a great deal of doubt still whether there will be any man found to take my place, — so you see it 's all uncertain, but p'r'aps. Many thanks for your kind letters about Advent. I received their official call the other day. Have n't answered it yet. It is to the rectorship, but I shall only offer to supply for three months.

Nothing from Dr. Vinton. He is mad no doubt. I 'm sorry, but it can't be helped. Tell Mother to be getting ready for an appetite, and if I don't come, William and George and Fred and Arthur and John can dispose of it for me. Love to all.

Phill.

He started on his journey Friday, the first day of April, stopping by the way in Philadelphia, where he called on Dr. Vinton and also met the vestry of the Church of the Advent. On the following Sunday, he went to Holy Trinity to hear

Dr. Vinton, and in the evening he was among the congregation of the church that was soon to be his, listening to a sermon by Dr. Odenheimer. Tuesday morning, he reached Boston, where he remained for the month. It was the season of Lent, and he records his attendance upon many services at St. Paul's, where the Rev. Lucius W. Bancroft was officiating, at prayer meetings held in St. Paul's and at old Trinity, and finally at an evening communion on Maundy Thursday at the Church of the Advent. He seems to have been eager to hear preaching, for he went often to hear Dr. Kirk at Ashburton Place, and was fortunate in hearing Professor Park of Andover, whose occasional appearance in Boston pulpits was an event of importance. He went out to Cambridge, meeting his classmates Abbot and Chase, and hearing Professor (now Bishop) Huntington in the college chapel. In the intervals of religious services he spent much of his time at the Boston Athenæum, making up for lost opportunities, revelling in the many new books on its tables. He went often also with his brothers to the menagerie, which was a source of perennial interest. At last he overtaxed his strength, and again for a third time sprained his ankle, from which it was many weeks before he finally recovered. Still lame, he started for Virginia, and found himself in the theological seminary on the 1st of May.

The great event was his ordination to the deaconate. The necessary credentials from the standing committee of the diocese of Massachusetts were brought to Alexandria by his father, who had determined to be present on the solemn occasion, with the many other visitors attracted to the hill by the sacred festivities. The last week before his ordination was crowded with engagements. He records the examinations of the preparatory department by the professors as "finishing all the business." He himself was examined at a special examination, by Dr. May in church history and Hooker, and by Dr. Sparrow in the Articles. Among others who were present as visitors was Mr. Remsen of the Church of the Advent, Bishop Payne (missionary bishop to Africa), and Rev. Dr. Tyng of St. George's Church, New

York. He found time to show his father all attentions, who with his quick eye for men and events keenly enjoyed all that came under his observation. He was proud of his father, and writes home that he made a fine impression. Thursday, June 30, was the Commencement Day, when in the presence of Mr. Remsen his future church warden, his father, the large audience, and all the ecclesiastical dignitaries, he delivered his thesis on "The Centralizing Power of the Gospel." The next day, Friday, was Ordination Day, which was ushered in with a prayer meeting at eight o'clock in the morning. Then came Bishop Meade of Virginia. At nine o'clock was the interview appointed when the young candidate for orders should hear what the bishop had to say to him. Bishop Meade was held in highest reverence in Virginia as the founder of the theological seminary, a great preacher as well as administrator, and a leader in the counsels of the Evangelical school in the church. The services in the chapel began at eleven o'clock, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Gibson of Petersburg, Va. Those who were ordained with him were Messrs. Kidder, Paddock, Strong, and Townsend.

The next day, Saturday, he started for Fredericksburg, Va., to pay a visit to his friend, the Rev. A. M. Randolph (now the Bishop of southern Virginia), who was then recently married, and had offered him his pulpit for the following Sunday, when the new deacon should preach his first sermon. Bishop Randolph has contributed this account of the memorable day:[1] —

> He was ordained a deacon in the seminary chapel on Friday the last week in June, 1859, and the next day I had the pleasure of welcoming him in my home in Fredericksburg, Va. On Sunday, he preached for the first time in the morning, and again at night at St. George's Church. The good people of Fredericksburg refer with pride to the fact that his first sermons were preached there, and some of the older members of the congregation, who innocently regarded St. George's as the centre of church influence in Virginia, and if of Virginia, necessarily so of the world, might have supposed that their enthusiastic verdict of him,

[1] The texts from which he preached were Matt. xxvi. 8, and Ephesians iv. 13.

that he was the best young preacher they had ever heard, was the foundation of his success and his wide reputation throughout America and England.

In thinking of my impression of the two sermons and of the way they were spoken, and also of the impression made upon the many intelligent people who listened to them, I am reminded of these characteristics of his preaching, which all who ever heard him will recognize, — a singular absence of self-consciousness, a spontaneity of beautiful thinking, clothed in pure English words, a joy in his own thoughts, and a victorious mastery of the truth he was telling, combined with humility and reverence and love for the congregation. I have heard him often since, and the impression was always the same. He was unspoiled and unspotted by the world, especially by that most dangerous and insidious of all the world forces, the praise of men.

The story of the ordination and of the last impressive week at the theological seminary may fitly close with a letter from his father, written at Philadelphia, where he stopped on his journey home and while the scene was still vivid which had so deeply moved him: —

PHILADELPHIA, Sunday evening, July 3, 1859.

DEAR PHILLIPS, — I arrived here about 10.30 o'clock last night, being detained at Wilmington some time, as the cars ran over a man and killed him instantly! He had been recognized when we left. I am at this splendid house, and half inclined to take up my summer quarters here. Splendid indeed! I went to Advent (Church) this A. M. Mr. Smith did not preach, somebody else; and he announced that the rector-elect, Mr. Burns (!), who had just been ordained, would commence his duties next Sunday. I sat with your warden; he and Mr. Remsen were on the lookout for me. Was introduced to a goodly number of vestrymen, and they were all anxious to have you get along. They seem to have the right spirit and the most friendly dispositions. It was sacrament day. A very pretty church; "a gem of a church inside," as you called it; very neat; a very good and well-appearing congregation, and a very flourishing Sunday-school, which I also attended. . . .

I hope you have had a good Sunday. How much I have thought of you, and prayed for you. I can hardly realize the events of the past week. They have been too great and too delightful to my feelings, Phillips, to be yet fully realized. I do thank God for the many things I have seen and heard, and for you, my dear son, that

you have given your friends such good impressions as were expressed to me at the seminary. Depend upon it, my heart has been gladdened and made happy beyond what I dare express or can express. I only wish your anxious and loving mother could have been with me and seen all I did, also. At times I have thought it too much to realize. You perhaps little thought when you were having that last meeting in Strong's room, and the music of your voices sounded in my ears so sweetly, I was in spirit with you. And to-day, while kneeling at the chancel rail where you are to assist in dispensing the elements of the communion, how full my heart was, and how earnestly I prayed that you might have the power of the Holy Spirit showered upon you, to be faithful and devoted in all your great and responsible duties in that sacred place. This last week I shall never forget. That ordination day will remain foremost among all the scenes of my future life. God grant I may see more such.

CHAPTER IX

1859

RETROSPECT OF THE LIFE IN VIRGINIA. THE EVANGELICAL INFLUENCE. DR. SPARROW AS A TEACHER. THEOLOGICAL ESSAYS. EXTRACTS FROM NOTE-BOOKS

When Phillips Brooks said, "It is the five years after college which are the most decisive in a man's career, any event which happens then has its full influence," his own life was before him as he wrote. Indeed, his own life was always before him as a book wherein he read the ways of God with a man in this world. He was always turning it over with himself, seeing deeper spiritual meanings in all that had befallen him. Every event in his childhood was to the end fresh in his memory, — his college life also, his experience in the theological seminary. He was wont to browse over the significance of the fact that for these three years he had been isolated from the world in an almost monastic seclusion. He was now on the eve of bursting on the world's vision as some marvellous phenomenon, with an unexampled career of power and of conquest, — a phenomenon curious and inexplicable, so it seemed, a source of perpetual wonder as well as of refreshment and delight. The importance then of these few years must be the apology, if any is needed, for dwelling still a moment longer on their creative influence, on their relation to the history of a man with whom life was a perpetual sacrament, a never ceasing transmutation of things material into things spiritual, before whose inward altar the sacred lamp was always burning.

In the first place, then, it was good for him, and a divine ordering of events, that he should have gone to the theological seminary of Virginia. During his first year there he is seen as restless, discontented, even bitter in his criticism

and anxious to get away. When he left for home at the end of the first year, he packed up everything in his room in the expectation of not returning. But this restlessness, this denunciation of his surroundings, was for the most part the result of a subjective struggle, or it may be the birth pangs of a great soul awakening to the spiritual life. It was not the fault of his environment. He saw this as clearly as any one at a later time. The seminary was by no means perfect, indeed was lacking in many ways, and those essential ones. But no seminary in this country or elsewhere, no provision for training a theological student, could have met his case. No teachers could have been found wise enough to direct his course. He had his own way to follow in self-education and self-direction. Indeed, he might well be grateful to what education he did receive there that it did not prove, as education sometimes does, "the grave of a great mind." He was left to himself; no superior intellect dominated or overawed; he traversed the fields of theology for himself and drew his own conclusions. He recorded at this time the ideal vision of a perfect teacher, but must have known, as he did so, that such a teacher did not exist, nor was it desirable that a young man should have so easy and final a solution of the problems of life. But the passage is significant as pointing to his sense of intellectual isolation: —

> A man that you could come to with the results of your speculation, come to him confidingly and truthfully, and say, Here, see what I have done; take and try what truth, what reality, or what solid stuff there is about it; weed out for me the weak; test how much strong remains, how strong it is, what use it is good for; try it unsparingly and thoroughly, for you are wiser and more trustworthy than I.

There is one passage in his note-book which may be quoted here, as giving something of his outlook during his second year of study, though it must not be regarded as his complete or final estimate: —

> These things may be true or false that we are saying and believing every day about the daily points that are always coming up for us to think or speak about. We cannot but fear that very

many of them are very far indeed from truth; but still it is well for us to believe them, and to say them, too, for it is these words and faith that really make a life for us which otherwise we could not have. It will not do to turn our whole existence into a prudent suspense. We must be ready to say promptly and firmly, Yes, this is right and that is wrong, this is wise and that is foolish, and this is strong and that is weak. Then, when we reach the end of each stage of our journey, and look curiously back to see what sort of work we have made of it, we shall see something more than a bare, broad, safe plain. There will be marks of our labor all over it, a well dug here, a fort raised there, a garden or two planted, and a forest or two cleared away, — much work clumsily, no doubt, and rudely done, perhaps some few trees felled that should have been left standing, and some few wells dug where a wiser head might have told us there was no water to be had; but on the whole, the field is better for our toil, it will be easier for future travellers; and we too are better for it, and the rest of our journey will be easier to us for the health and muscle that this early work has given us.

When he speaks of belief in the above extract from his note-book, and of believing things that may be true or false, he uses the word "belief" manifestly in the sense of assent to authority. The word belief has always carried these two meanings, assent on the one hand where a man receives on the authority of another, and on the other hand inward conviction which springs from insight and appropriation to one's spiritual needs. We are touching here a very difficult question which in those years when Phillips Brooks was preparing for the ministry confronted every thoughtful mind, — a question by no means finally answered even after the lapse of nearly half a century. Its full discussion here is of course impossible. But if we may interpret Phillips Brooks's attitude as partially disclosed in these words above quoted, he appears as acquiescing in many theological statements of whose nature he was not certain. The church might be compared to some vast mansion with its surrounding estate, built in generations long gone by, and adapted for use and convenience in the age when it was built. In this mansion the later generations were still abiding, finding it habitable, though not always convenient or in every respect suited to

the needs of a later age. But it was better to dwell in it as it was than to destroy and rebuild from the foundations. "It will not do to turn our whole being," he writes, "into a prudent suspense, for in the meantime we should be homeless and without the things that make for life. But it is possible in this mansion, or the estate where it is planted, to make some changes or improvements, adapting it to the demands of a larger and fuller life."

It will be interesting for a moment to compare this position with the different attitudes taken by leading ecclesiastics or theological parties contemporaneous with the middle of the nineteenth century. The leaders of the Oxford Movement, Newman and Pusey, and many others were confronted with the same problem. They had maintained that the true antidote for the doubts and denials which distracted the church was to assert the binding and final authority of dogmas or doctrines which had been set forth in one particular and remote age of the church. Thus they studied with an antiquarian zeal that distant age when there was great conflict of opinion in the ancient church, — the age of the Arians and semi-Arians, the Nestorians, Eutychians, Pelagians, Monophysites, and others. The dogmas which were then proclaimed in the fourth and following centuries by councils or other ecclesiastical authority they declared to be final statements; the very words and expressions, *ipsissima verba*, then used were to be retained and enforced as having a sacred and infallible meaning and value. The leaders of the Roman Catholic Church, who followed with deep interest the Oxford Movement, saw that this position was untenable. They too, indeed, respected the theological opinions and decisions of the ancient church, but they recognized, as the Oxford leaders did not, that these decisions were couched in the language and fashion of a bygone period, adapted for the time when they were set forth, but not necessarily suitable in every case to the changed conditions of modern life. What was needed in order to overcome the doubts and difficulties which beset belief was to proclaim a living authority within the church, capable now, as then, of reasserting, reforming, or modifying

statements of truth, and recognizing the changes required by human development. Only let men be accustomed to admit the existence of such an absolutely infallible authority, residing at Rome, and doubts would disappear, and opposition to dogmas would give way to a docile disposition, willing to accept whatever the church deemed right to enforce. The influence of this attitude of the Roman Catholic Church finally told upon Newman and upon hundreds of the clergy; thousands of the laity also, who had been trained by Newman, abandoned the church of their fathers and entered into submission to the Latin obedience.[1]

This was the question which Phillips Brooks also confronted, but he solved it in his own way. He seems to have known nothing, as has been observed, of Pusey or of Newman. There is no allusion to them in his note-books, nor did he ever take the slightest interest, so far as is evident from his reading or his writing, in their attitude or teaching. Nor did he ever feel any interest in the Roman Church; that issue for him was forever closed by the Protestant Reformation. His interest in history was deep and vital, but it was the history of humanity as a whole, not of any one section of it, — humanity in its whole career, not in any segment of that career cut off and segregated from the whole. But he believed in authority, as strongly and devoutly as any devotee of Rome. It was the authority of humanity to which he deferred, that human race of which he formed a part, and by his identification with which he became a stronger man, multiplying his personality a thousandfold. He believed in development as did Newman when he wrote his famous treatise, or as Roman controversialists believed it. But he did not believe that development stopped with the Reformation, or that it continued to go on only in the Latin Church. He regarded that part of humanity which broke with Rome in the northern nations and races as carrying on a higher development, whose manifestations and results appealed to

[1] For a clear statement of the question at issue between Rome and the High Church Anglican School, see Ward's *Life and Times of Cardinal Newman*, vol. i. chap. ix.

his soul with the voice of supreme authority. The utterance of that higher voice of humanity, as it had found expression in the standards and formularies of the Church of England or of its daughter, the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, commended itself to him as in the nature of the case likely to be rational and true. Others had lived in and found it true for them; the presumption was in its favor that it was true for him.

What, then, did he mean when he said that many of the things we are saying and believing may possibly be far from the truth? Too much importance, of course, should not be attached to a casual utterance like this, at an early age, and not intended or revised for publication. Indeed, it would have been unjust to him to put in print what he never designed for that purpose, unless it could be shown that it threw light upon his development. It must be remembered that at this time both parties in the Episcopal Church were freely criticising its standards, nor was either party quite contented with all and everything contained in the Book of Common Prayer. The High Church party was experiencing difficulty with those forms of doctrine which had been fixed at the Reformation. Newman before he left the church had found himself unable to hold the Thirty-Nine Articles in the natural, historical meaning. He had put a forced interpretation upon them in Tract XC., which reversed the meaning of those who wrote the articles, giving them another meaning in harmony with the decisions of the Council of Trent. Upon this forced interpretation Pusey and Keble and other representatives of High Anglicanism continued to stand, the only condition on which they could remain in the Church of England.

But, on the other hand, the Low Church or Evangelical school was beginning at this time to find difficulties in the Prayer Book. For although it had been drawn up in the age of the Reformation by those with whom they were in entire agreement, yet it was impossible even for reformers like Cranmer or Ridley entirely to free themselves or their work from traces of pre-Reformation opinions and customs. The

reformers did not put forth a new book in the common prayer, but revised old manuals, and in so doing unintentionally allowed phrases and usages to remain which were not in harmony with their well-known principles. These scattered, unintentional, accidental reminders of an old order, the High Anglican school had dragged into prominence, and in proportion as they did so their opponents of the Low Church or Evangelical school began to desire that they should be eliminated from the Book of Common Prayer. It is probable that these were some of the many things that Phillips Brooks thought might be far from the truth. They were afterwards known as "Romanizing germs." There was a division among the Evangelicals as to the best method to be followed. Some said agitate for a revision in order to make the Prayer Book less objectionable, others said continue to use it, putting upon these unwelcome phrases a truer interpretation than the words seemed to convey and in better harmony with the teaching of Scripture. Among these latter was Phillips Brooks. He sympathized with the difficulties felt by his co-religionists, as we shall see more fully hereafter, but he never became an agitator for the revision of the Prayer Book.

There was one point upon which for a moment he apparently felt some difficulty, — the subject of infant baptism. The difficulty may now seem remote and unreal, but at that time it constituted the *crux* of many of the Evangelicals. When one turns it over in connection with the attitude of the historical schools in the Episcopal Church, its emergence as a subject of confusion and annoyance is easily explained. The High Church school, standing for solidarity as the great end to be achieved by the church, found no trouble with infant baptism, but rather emphasized and gloried in it as the manifestation of the principle of collectivism when the unconscious child was committed to its future career, without its knowledge or consent, without the faith and repentance, which the rite seemed to demand. They spoke much of a miraculous change wrought in the child by the operation of the water conjoined with the action of the Holy Spirit, which

they called regeneration. The Evangelical school stood for individual freedom, placing the deepest stress upon individual faith as the sole condition of conversion. They did not go so far as to advocate the abandonment of infant baptism, but they denied, some of them at least, the possibility of any supernatural change, and regarded the baptism of the child as its dedication to God and its admission into the church. Others called it a covenant between God on one side and the parents and the child on the other. Many volumes and hundreds of tracts have been written on this point, which have now lost their interest. What Phillips Brooks came to hold on this subject may be found in a small treatise of his, written in 1880, on "Baptism and Confirmation." But in the year 1859, as will be seen from this letter, he demanded some treatment of the subject, not to be found in the current text-books: —

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, February 18, 1859.

We 've just begun to study Hodges on Infant Baptism. It looks like a discouragingly safe book, probing all the sure points conclusively, and leaving a poor heretic like me (and you, O Rev.) as rudderless as ever on all the rest. Did I say I was all right on I. B.? I take it back.

Did you ever see Gresley on Preaching? Get it, if you want the nearest finite approach to the eternal stupidity.

It was not without some effort that he adjusted himself to the time-worn formularies of religious experience or of theological opinion. There is no sign of any violent reaction against them, but there is evidence of dissatisfaction with the existing theological conditions. Under these circumstances he found aid and comfort in the teaching of Dr. Sparrow, the Professor of Theology. Thus he writes of him in his second year in the seminary: "He is a splendid man, the only real live man we have here, clear as daylight and fair and candid, without a particle of dogmatism or theological dry rot."

Many years after, in 1886, at the request of Dr. Packard, one of the professors in the theological seminary of Virginia, he wrote a letter giving his impressions of Dr. Sparrow as a theological teacher. The letter has an autobiographical value, and may be given here: —

Santa Fé, New Mexico, May 9, 1886.

Dear Dr. Packard, — Your request that I would write you some of my impressions of Dr. Sparrow as a teacher and a preacher found me very busy in Boston, and I have brought it with me to this distant place. Let me try to write something, that I may not seem to be wholly unmindful of your wish.

It is easy to say of men who have not much accurate knowledge to impart that they are men of suggestion and inspiration. But with the doctor clear thought and real learning only made the suggestion and inspiration of his teaching more vivid. I have never looked at Knapp since he taught us out of it. My impression of it is that it is a very dull and dreary book, but it served as a glass for Dr. Sparrow's spirit to shine through, and perhaps from its own insignificance I remember him more in connection with it than in connection with Butler's Analogy. His simplicity and ignorance of the world seemed always to let one get directly at the clearness of his abstract thought, and while I have always felt that he had not comprehended the importance of the speculative questions which were just rising in those days, and which have since then occupied men's minds, he unconsciously did much to prepare his students' minds to meet them.

His intellectual and his spiritual life seem to me, as I look back upon him, to have been mingled in singular harmony and to have made but one nature as they do in few men. The best result of his work in influence on any student's life and ministry must have been to save him from the hardness on the one hand, and the weakness on the other, which purely intellectual or purely spiritual training would have produced. His very presence on the hill was rich and salutary. He held his opinions and was not held by them. This personality impressed young men who were just at that point in life when a thinker is more to them than the results of thought, because it is of more importance that they should learn to think, and not that they should merely justify their adherence to their inherited creed.

With all his great influence I fancy that he did not make young men his imitators. There has been no crop of little Dr. Sparrows. That shows, I think, the reality and healthiness of his power. The church since his day has had its host of little dogmatists, who thought that God had given his truth to them to keep, and of little ritualists, who thought that God had bidden them save the world by drill. Certainly Dr. Sparrow is not responsible for any of them. He did all he could to enlarge and enlighten both. He loved ideas, and did all that he could to make his students love them.

As to his preaching, I have not very clear impressions. I remember that his sermons sometimes seemed to us to be remarkable, but I imagine that a theological student is one of the poorest judges of sermons, and that the doctor had preached too much to students to allow him to be the most effective and powerful preacher to men.

Upon the whole he is one of the three or four men whom I have known whom I look upon with perpetual gratitude for the help and direction which they have given to my life, and whose power I feel in forms of action and kinds of thought very different from those in which I had specially to do with them.

I am sure that very many students would say the same of Dr. Sparrow.

I hope that you are well and happy, and I am, dear Dr. Packard, Faithfully yours,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Whatever help by way of suggestion and inspiration was afforded by Dr. Sparrow,[1] yet the ultimate solution of theological problems was made by Phillips Brooks himself and in his own distinctive manner. These extracts from his notebook convey hints of the constructive process through which his mind was passing. The first was written soon after he reached the seminary, and is dated December 18, 1856: —

After all the young man's chafing at the constraint, we shall pretty generally find that it is with theories as with country roads, they may take us a little out of our way, but if they reach our point at last, it will be the easiest and altogether the shortest way to keep by them, gaining, in the smoothness and pleasantness which the road-builders have made ready for us, much more than we lose by not taking a straight line across rough new fields and through thick woods and over unbridged swamps and streams all along the way. True, no road must take us from our aim and end; but to most points of human interest, or moral duty, or of mental worth we can find at least a footpath where some toiling traveller has broken his way before; and here and there perhaps has cast aside a stone or broken off a wayward bough that those who afterwards should follow him might find the way more easy or more straight.

[1] Cf. Walker's *Memorials of Dr. Sparrow*, 1876, for much interesting information concerning him.

It is a noble and beautiful thing to feel ourselves growing out of our own contempts; to recognize each day that something which we have been weakly despising as mean and poor is high and pure and rich in worth and beauty.

There was another thought much in his mind and finding frequent expression, which was to become one of his ruling ideas, — that truth had many aspects, that what failed to bring one man strength or consolation might to another be the source of joy and peace. To condemn another man's belief or to sneer at it was madness: —

Poor feeble creatures in a feeble world, we each must catch what is most comfort to his feebleness. Believe in mine for me; I will believe in yours for you. Surely we each have quite enough to do to hold our own, without this cruel folly of saying to another, "Your comfort is a cheat, your hope a heresy, the earnest life that you are living all a lie." If you can give him something better, do it in God's name. If you can only sneer away his peace and pleasure you belie your manhood when you do it.

Surely we might make more allowance for the roads we walk in if the great ends we aim at are the same. Our paths through life are like the great tracks men map out on the seas. They say they go the same way that the ships of old have gone; they mean they seek the same harbor, round the same headlands, shun the same quicksands, read the same silent constant stars. But the waves they plough have changed a myriad times; the great unrest or circumstance has broken into confusion the unquiet road they travel, but they call it still the same, because by the same great eternal sureties, it points them to the same old haven. So by the sure witness of faith we pass over the restless path of human accident to the great truth harbor that we seek.

You have a rock down somewhere in your soul, and that is the rock for you to build on. Beware how you borrow a fragment of some other man's and plant it on your sandy places and try to build on that. Dig deep, dig well, dig till you find the proper basis of your own strength.

These extracts may prepare the way for coming still closer to his religious experience and to his theological attitude. The supreme effort which he was making, which threw also

into the shade all other difficulties, was to trace the connection between ideas and principles, theories and theological distinctions, — the connection between these and the actual life of the human soul; to show how they ministered to the growth of a man in righteousness of character. Confronted as he was with doctrines and dogmas, whose acceptance was regarded as important, he asked for their nexus with the human will, or with the reason and the feeling that led as motives to the action of the will. In his impatience and weariness, when no answer was forthcoming, it was not to be wondered at that he should think of much of this material imposed upon him as "theological dry rot," useless and cumbersome because without life or relation to life. He heard, as we have seen, much from his teachers about the sin of intellectual pride and how it was necessary to subject the intellect to the obedience of Christ. He took up the challenge, and in so doing reversed the position. It seemed to him that the sin of intellectual pride lay in holding theories and opinions which could show, and aimed to show, no organic relation with Christ as the Saviour of the soul and redeemer of the world.

At this point it was well for him that he was called by the routine of seminary teaching to look into these theories and doctrines for himself, ascertain their real meaning, and if possible draw from them some nourishment for his soul's health. It was sometimes said of him in after life, by those who professed to be theologians, that he seemed to be almost color blind to theological distinctions, as though he had some inborn deficiency for recognizing the value of theology as such, some native incapacity for making a plain and satisfactory theological statement. The criticism, it may be said here in passing, was without foundation. It would be more true to speak of him as a theologian, versed in the intricacies of theology as a system, knowing his way easily from one department to another. So well was he indoctrinated that he made no technical mistakes; never contradicted any formal teaching of creeds or articles or formularies; never erred through ignorance, or made a theological blunder; never asserted as a new truth what had been condemned by any

reputable authority as untrue. He was quite aware of his proficiency in this respect, little as he may have valued it. When his friend Dr. Vinton once remonstrated with him, urging him to read more of the old writers in theology, — it was after he had won fame as a preacher, — he replied that he knew beforehand all that they had to say.

The evidence for the truth of these statements, apart from that contained in his published writings, is shown in the work he did in the theological seminary of Virginia. He was a diligent student of ecclesiastical history, with such aids as he could command, with an eye to the meaning of events, but more particularly interested in the history of Christian doctrines. There remain a number of his essays written at the seminary which bear witness to his insight, the value and maturity of his judgments. Everything that he touched in the line of history shows the exquisite balance of a sound common sense, — that rarest of gifts. Among them are essays on the church at Alexandria, and on the schism between the Greek and the Latin churches. Slight as these essays were, they still record his independent judgment; they have force and directness, and they have that peculiar stamp which marks them as his, so that we would recognize them as his by the tone of thought and style. The essays he wrote on the style of the New Testament Greek, and on the prevalence of the Greek language in the time of Christ, show the capacity of a scholar. He put under contribution to these tasks his classical reading, in which he made further independent research, going to the sources. He made also preparation for an elaborate study of the Fourth Eclogue of Virgil, which speaks of the promised Child, for whom the months are waiting, for whom the earth purifies itself to give him welcome. He made out an extensive list of the literature of the subject, the ancient Fathers, the commentators on Virgil, theological writers from the sixteenth century down, many of them obscure, but none unimportant for a thorough investigation. When we read these things, one is almost tempted to think that he would have shone as a scholar more than as a preacher. They have the promise of great results.

But it is the theological essays which he wrote that are most important, as showing his peculiar gift of theological insight and interpretation. The list of subjects indicates to some extent the range of his inquiries, — Theories of Causation, the Doctrine of the Fall, the Incarnation, the Creeds, the Articles, the Sacraments, and one essay in particular which seeks to answer the question why Christianity, seeing that it possesses such complete internal and external evidence, should not have taken a stronger hold upon the world. His answer is characteristic, that it has done and is still doing all that could have been expected from it, so that the result of its working in the world confirms its divine origin and gives it the promise of the future. In these essays on theological subjects it is noteworthy that he finds no difficulty with the miracle. That question was already in the air, — scientific men, literary and religious writers in England and America, scholars in Germany and France, the world's "freethinkers" as they were called, having already abandoned the miracle, as incapable of proof, or as impossible in the nature of things, or as a discredited superstition. But there is not only no trace that he was haunted by misgivings on this point; there seems, on the contrary, evidence that he built on the miracle as the foundation of much of his enthusiasm. Nor is this surprising in view of his enthusiasm for humanity, since the miracle stood to him for the greatness of humanity, for the impossible deeds that it will attempt and perform. On this point he never changed his conviction.

These theological essays must have satisfied the heart of Dr. Sparrow. They reflected the Evangelical teaching he had received, and no fault could have been found with any utterance that he made. Dr. Sparrow is said to have remarked that he recognized in him a pupil who needed none of his instruction. He had indeed been grounded in these things under the tuition of his mother and of Dr. Vinton; but Dr. Sparrow's influence may be also seen, holding him to a rational inquiry into their deeper meaning. Thus he seems to have freely accepted the leading truths which are known as

Evangelical. He finds that the Thirty-Nine Articles revolve around the doctrine of justification by faith as their central theme, and that the errors which the Articles condemn spring from their denial of this central conviction. The Articles are not a string of fragmentary utterances, but are grouped into unity by a great common belief. He studied the deeper issues of the Pauline theology, — the distinction between gospel and law, — asking anew for the purpose served by the law, and why it was that Jewish and Christian churches should be tempted by the shallowness of the Pelagian heresy. He writes on the propitiatory sacrifice of Christ, taking for a text the words of Bishop Butler and confirming their truth: "By the general prevalence of propitiatory sacrifices over the heathen world, the notion of repentance alone being sufficient to expiate guilt appears to be contrary to the general sense of mankind."

But in all these essays, while he reaches and maintains the accepted positions, yet there is a difference of tone and of emphasis, a quality which is his own. He searches for analogies in heathen thought, and in the experience of the pre-Christian world, until he felt sure that ruling ideas in Christian theology must in their origin have struck their roots in the life and confession of humanity, uncontrolled by an external conventional authority. Not only in regard to the idea of sacrifice, but of the doctrines of the fall and of the incarnation, does it hold true that they were believed by the race of man; and especially was the Incarnation — the union of God with man in some divine human being — longed for and earnestly desired, even anticipated in crude ways in the heathen world. As such, these doctrines form part of the necessary experience of man; they reveal the characteristic essence of the human soul; they are not the badges of bondage, but the conditions of human freedom, by which the race has risen to the realization of its divine heritage.

Again, he takes up the subject of creeds. He speaks of the protest against them by so large a part of the religious intelligence of the country on the ground that they are merely fetters of the intellect, that they hinder mental liberty and

progress. He admits that they have been abused among the cold intellectual races of the north, creating a kind of intellectual idolatry quite as far astray as the sensual image worship of the southern races. But he does not think this danger is so great as some picture it. The presentation of truth in clear and sharply defined propositions, as in a creed, has a value for the mind in its first activity. It satisfies a certain human natural desire for clearness, and overcomes the natural distrust of vagueness. "Without the creed each man must have the original force in himself to select and build his own position, deriving no help from others' previous endeavors, with no historical ground to build upon and no historical support to look to. It is demanding of ordinary minds an originality which we have no right to presuppose." But even granting that men had this ability, yet the rejection of the creeds "is taking out of truth the social elements that God in setting up his church infused so strongly in it."

> The most liberal Christianity among us, — practically what have we seen its rejection of formal confessions of faith amount to? Its masses, its men that correspond to those who in the style of much-abused servility give in their matter-of-course assent to old systems of doctrine, have simply rejected that assent, to say as servilely and with quite as little candid judgment, "I believe in this or that preacher or divine." Servility has been transferred from systems to individuals, and liberality has but bound the new freeman in a closer and more unquestioning adherence to his sect or some traditional leader of that sect. A creed does for theology what the balance did for chemistry, it changes it from pure guesswork to a science. It does not give doctrines less or greater weight. It only puts them into shape and lets us see really what their weight among men is. There may be false balances and true ones, but the general notion of the balance, the weighing of quantity by laws derived from their own peculiar nature, is one that we cannot throw away without going back to guesswork, which is itself but a system of balances false in an infinite variety.

It is important to mention these theological essays by Phillips Brooks, for they represent an element in his training. They were required tasks, to be sure, in a field where

his native interest did not lie. But he could do these things and do them well, when he strove even better than most. Still the temper of his mind was undogmatic. He did not reject dogma, but he found little place for it in the pulpit. He could sympathize with those who disowned it, for they did so because it seemed without connection with life. Whenever he touched dogma, it was to connect it with life. But that large body of religious opinions which exists as a world by itself, the object of an antiquarian's curiosity, he left to itself, and passed by quickly on the other side.

There is another reason why it was well for Phillips Brooks that he went to the theological seminary in Virginia, rather than elsewhere, to make his preparation for the ministry. He might have gone to other schools holding the same theology, but at Virginia he received the Evangelical influence in its purest, but also in its most intense form. For one most distinctive external mark of that peculiar type of religious culture was the stress it placed upon the feelings and the emotions. This was the characteristic by which it was known in the Episcopal Church. Among the colder and more reserved people of New England, religious devotion and the *abandon* of the pious instincts were in comparative abeyance as contrasted with the warmth and depth of religious devotion in the South. Into this atmosphere Phillips Brooks was suddenly plunged when he found himself in the Virginia seminary. He has left on record the first impression he received and the inference he drew for his guidance: —

> I shall never forget my first experience of a divinity school. I had come from a college where men studied hard, but said nothing about faith. I had never been at a prayer meeting in my life. The first place I was taken to at the seminary was the prayer meeting; and never shall I lose the impression of the devoutness with which these men prayed and exhorted one another. Their whole souls seemed exalted and their natures were on fire. I sat bewildered and ashamed and went away depressed. On the next day, I met some of those men at a Greek recitation. It would be little to say of some of the devoutest of them that they

had not learned their lessons. Their whole way showed that they never learned their lessons; that they had not got hold of the first principles of hard, faithful, conscientious study. The boiler had no connection with the engine. The devotion did not touch the work which then and there was the work, and the only work, for them to do. By and by, I found something of where the steam did escape to. A sort of amateur preaching was much in vogue among us. We were in haste to be at what we called our work. A feeble twilight of the coming ministry we lived in. The people in the neighborhood dubbed us parsonettes.[1]

To combine the highest and the broadest intellectual culture with the warmest devotion of the heart became from this moment a constitutive element in the ideal of Phillips Brooks; in other words, to reconcile the theology of the intellect with the theology of the feelings. He accepted the prayer meeting, and the prayer meeting left its permanent impression upon him. It helped to overcome that reserve which, however invincible in his relation with individuals, disappeared entirely when he went into the pulpit. No preacher ever poured forth the content of his soul to a congregation more fully than he; it may be doubted if in this respect he was ever surpassed in the history of preaching. But the first steps towards this emancipation of himself from himself were learned in the prayer meeting. One of his fellow students could bear this testimony about him: —

Another more sacred thought of him goes back to the class prayer meeting, held each week in one of our rooms. We had never heard such prayers, so fervent, trustful, simple, so full of what we should not have guessed was in him till he testified beside us on his knees. He had learned a lesson which the books could not teach, worth more to him and to those he knelt with, then and afterwards, than the cultured scholarship he brought from Harvard, or the systematic theology (more or less of it) that Alexandria gave us. When he stood on the steps of Independence Hall at the close of the war, with the bowed multitude before him, and again in the great tent in Cambridge on Commemoration Day (vivid memories both to me), the many realized, as the few in the class meetings did, part of the truth of a character which

[1] *Lecture on Preaching*, delivered before the Yale Divinity School, 1877, p. 44.

has left a deeper impress on minds and hearts than any other of our land and time.[1]

These verses from his note-book, the very first entry made after reaching the seminary, are his comment on the impression received at the first prayer meeting, when he witnessed the outburst of Christian feeling as never before: —

For feeling is a *teacher;* every dream
That makes us purer makes us wiser too,
And every beauty coming on a beam
Of God's sweet sunlight brings new truth to view.

And feeling is a *worker;* at the base
Of earth's deep action, lies earth's deeper thought;
And lower still than thought is feeling's place
Which heaves the whole mass duly as it ought.

There comes a culture out of this religious life. From the silent Bible-reading, from the heart's meeting with the wonders of the life divine, there comes a trueness and fineness, a manliness and a womanliness that courts can never give.

This endowment of our nature which we call feeling — a word which has no synonym and for which there is no substitute — had come to Phillips Brooks by inheritance in an extraordinary degree. It was a talent which he improved and employed to the utmost, but it was originally given him by free grace as to the man that had already ten talents. Only one who has had the privilege of poring over his mother's letters to her son can realize how rich and wonderful was the gift she had transmitted. His father wrote to him when he had important news to communicate, and very interesting his letters were. But the mother wrote when her heart was full to overflowing, and was impelled to pour forth her love. Her letters are very much alike, for words failed her to express adequately the depth and intensity of her emotion. Very simple sometimes and beautifully familiar do her sentences

[1] The Rev. George Augustus Strong in *Remembrances of Phillips Brooks by Two of his Friends*, p. 54. Rev. C. A. L. Richards also adds: "His piety was real, but not demonstrative. When he offered prayer at any of our meetings you could not but feel that God was very near and living to him" (p. 11).

sound, — the language of a mother's love which knows no bound. She longed for him, she thought of him every hour and minute of the day, she counted the weeks and the days till she should see him; sometimes she was so impatient that she feared that she could not wait for his coming, but must fly to him. It was this element in Phillips Brooks that formed one large constituent in the secret of his strength. Those who knew him can bear witness to the truth of this statement that his capacity for deep feeling was like the ocean in its majesty; ideas, experiences, the forces of life, that appealed to him roused him as a whirlwind, in waves of inevitable power, and feeling became a torment until it had found expression. But this feeling found its freest expression in the pulpit alone, going forth to the great congregation.

This vast capacity and power of feeling upon which the world of human life in all its scope and variety was always playing, as upon some mighty organ, quick also to respond to the slightest touch, was seen in his power of prayer, awing the souls that listened, and was something exceptional in the manifestation of a human soul. But it is characteristic of his note-books that they contain no formal utterance of prayer, such as had been customary in the religious journals of his ancestors. He did not write down a petition. It would have been for him unnatural and artificial. Such things must be reserved for the living moment. Yet as we read these notes, intended for no eye but his own, they sound like one who is thinking in the presence of God and with the sense of divine communion.

It was here that poetry came to his relief. He made it a rule not to let a day pass without writing verse. Most of it he wrote, as has been remarked, rapidly, without revision, not putting much thought into it, but using it as the vehicle and outlet of his feelings. For the most part it became the expression of the simple human emotion in view of the ordinary operations of the natural world, — the emotions that all men feel, but by which he was so impressed as to feel the need of utterance. It was the sign of recognition, of responding

love or gratitude or joy. At the critical points of his life his aroused feelings turned to poetry, as the adequate setting of his inward mood. When he left the Latin School for college, he wrote a poem, and again when he was leaving Harvard. When he read great books he was moved to poetry. When he finished his first sermon, he left on record a poem, or rather a hymn, and the hymn is the form which his prayer assumed: —

And so this sermon is my first;
At last my hand has grasped the plough;
And all my life, or blest or curst,
Is opening wide before me now.

Well, let it come. With bended head
I turn this sermon to a prayer;
Lord, thou hast marked my path to tread,
O go with me and help me there.

In thy strength, not in mine I stand,
Thy words and not mine own I speak,
In thee my weakness waxeth grand
And I am strong that was so weak.

So pass this sermon if it must;
I think it pleads the truth of God.
I pray some soul may gather trust
To tread the path the Saviour trod.

Let other sermons follow too,
My way is marked, my path is clear, —
A hope to win, a work to do,
In strength of faith, in spite of fear.

O God, whose name my soul has named,
O make them pure and all thine own,
That so I may not be ashamed
When I shall stand before thy throne.

October, 1858.

Phillips Brooks was profoundly impressed with the missionary spirit which prevailed among the students at Alexandria as nowhere else to an equal extent in the Episcopal

Church at that time. Since 1835 the graduates of the seminary had begun to go forth to foreign lands, Bishop Boone to China, Bishop Payne to Africa, Dr. Hill to Greece, till fifty-five years later there were enrolled over thirty missionaries. The history of missions knows of no greater sacrifices or loftier heroism than is recalled to the Virginia seminary by its martyrs for Christ. Especially the mission on the west coast of Africa meant an almost certain early death, or else permanent injury to the health, to all who ventured into its pestilential climate. But as devoted men fell, others rose up to follow them. Almost every year witnessed the enthusiasm of the students carried to the highest point as they bade farewell to classmates. It was so with the class of which Phillips Brooks was a member. His diary shows how deeply he was moved, as also a hymn written for the occasion of the departure of a friend for China. If the call had come to him it would have satisfied the aspirations of his mother, who never wearied of holding up the examples of great missionaries to her children, as the noblest the world could offer. But the Spirit called him to another work, where heroism and self-sacrifice were to be illustrated, before his life was over, in ways as real and potential as those of the missionary in a foreign land. There is no gradation in these things of a more or less divine, of a lower or a greater glory of God. One cannot help reflecting that if Phillips Brooks had become a foreign missionary, to Africa for example, following in the steps of Hoffman or Minor or Savage, what an incalculable loss the church would have suffered. And yet foreign missions remain the most striking test of the reality of the life and faith of a church. It was the crowning glory of the Evangelical school in the Episcopal Church that it was the first to recognize and respond to this test of a living faith.

The intellectual part of his being was in the ascendency during these years in Alexandria. But his intellectual strength is so fused with emotion that they seem to merge into one. The profound and subtle mind with its flashes of insight penetrating to the core of things and lighting up the

obscure corners of existence was indebted for its power to the feeling which gave him an universal human sympathy. He came into knowledge through sympathy, and feeling was a source of knowing, for it enabled him to enter into experiences, not his own in one sense, but to become his own through the power of imagination. No experience of humanity was alien to him.

But he had not yet sounded the lowest depths of his soul, or yet fully realized the greatness of his purpose. He saw vistas before him, endless in their long drawn-out mystery, to whose furthest limit he had not yet reached. He hints at them, in the daily remarks he confides to his note-book. What he wants is some principle of unity; he is still haunted with the unpossessed secret process by which intellect and feeling shall be transmuted into fuel for the will. He has visions of Christ in some moment of transfiguration, and would fain penetrate more closely into the strange bewildering mystery of his power.

There is the old city child's difficulty in thinking of his city as a whole. He knows this street and that street, but never recognizes the organic town standing surrounded by others like it, acting as an individual with concrete purposes and thoughts. I do not know that other children have this difficulty, but it always troubled me. And there is something of the same kind, I think, to most of the minds new born into the world of thought when they try to conceive of each man's separate life.

There comes out to this truth not the great and grand and mighty, but, as they came when Jesus was to pass, the poor and halt and blind. Now and then its ministers, like the disciples in the Gospel, would order the clamorous suppliants away, but the Christ voice speaks as then, "Let them come, for to them I was sent;" and the gracious hand is outstretched and the healing done.

There is something holier and stronger and more immortal, something harder to conceive of, harder far to reach, that lies back of hope, and faith, and fear, and reverence, and love. As behind the sun, and clouds, and silent stars, lies the great eternity of space, so behind this man's or that man's living, or

thinking, or enjoying, lies the immensity of life, that we try to measure by these planets that God has stationed in it.

There is one magic word somewhere, if we can find it, with which we can tame these truths, as the old magicians subdued the spirits to their will. Called by that word they come to our confessional and tell their secrets. The power that was in them passes into us, and we become their masters, as they once were ours. They go to do our bidding in humility, and own our sovereignty now by that magic word.

In the midst of our Christian life there will come such transfiguration times. We walk with Christ and see the miracles He does with his constant love, but we see Him poor and despised; He is not of the noble, nor his cause of the nobilities of the world; but some day He taketh his disciples apart and is transfigured before them; on some hilltop of prayer, where it is good to be, they see his own heavenly glory come down to clothe their Lord; his countenance grows bright with everlasting love, his raiment is pure and white as the eternal truth; Moses and Elias come and talk with Him, the deep sympathy of law and gospel is made plain and clear, and the disciples fall upon their faces and worship the Master they have loved so well. Henceforth their faith is not to be shaken. They know whom they have believed, for they have seen his glory. Such blessed seasons come to us. Whatever else may waver, our doubting time is over. The memory of this Tabor shall be with us as we look on Calvary. We have heard the voice from out the cloud attest Christ's sonship and our duty, — "This is my beloved Son, hear Him." We go down with new trust in God, new faith in Jesus, new sympathy with heaven, new hope for men, to begin again our walk of quiet daily Christian duty, to see the daily miracle and feel the daily blessing, to strive and struggle to the end.

1858.

He was looking forward with a mingled sense of joy and of terror, of confidence and yet of reverential awe, to the work he was soon to begin. Visions of the profession of a teacher, which had been his first vocation, seem to have faded away for the moment. Life was very rich and full in its promise; he had a deep inward gladness of soul which was incommunicable, — the feeling of his days before him, — but there is no trace, not the slightest, of any sense of superiority,

no consciousness of gifts that raised him above other men, no expectation of distinction or renown which if not satisfied would beget the soreness of disappointed ambition. His outlook was in humility of spirit. There was a consciousness, however, of inward harmony which now began to be reflected in the symmetry of his person. The happiness within was stamped upon the features, in place of a certain anxious and inquiring look which some of the early photographs display.

His love of the beautiful had found no opportunity in the study of art, but there is evidence of its existence. He was mainly content with the beauty of nature, or as it found interpretation in poetry. His capacity for the appreciation of art, inspired and fed as it had been by Ruskin, was only waiting till the time should come for its gratification. It may seem like a trifle to mention that the chief ornament of his room at the seminary was an engraving of Evangeline, sent him by his brother William, who knew the pleasure it would give. That face has lost something of its charm by the frequency with which it was soon encountered in so many households. But its connection with Longfellow's poetry as well as its intrinsic beauty and its popular recognition made its appearance something even of an event in American life. He writes to his brother that it has created a sensation in the theological seminary of Virginia.

At this time he was looking forward to marriage as in some beautiful, diviner way the complement and completion of his being. He felt no call to a celibate life. He chronicles the marriages of his friends without comment; he was waiting till his time should come. To one of his friends who asked him for the demands and conditions he would make, he replied, in a humorous way, that in the first place she must be small; in the second place she must be beautiful; in the third place she must not know too much, and he added in the fourth place, as if an afterthought, she must of course be good.[1] He was rather exigent in his demand for personal beauty of form and figure, as though an injury had been

[1] The Rev. George Augustus Strong has communicated this incident, as also many others, to this biography.

done him where it was wanting. His letters contain many allusions of this kind after the manner of all young men. This is a specimen: —

I received the other day an invitation to dinner from one of the nabobs of Alexandria, which, as I afterwards found, I owed entirely to his having been rather intimate with Uncle Brooks [1] and his family when he was at college in Cambridge thirty years ago. Of course I went, and had a very pleasant time. So you see our rich relations do us some little good sometimes after all. He lives in great style, keeps a grand house, sets a splendid table, and has one of the prettiest girls (age about eighteen years one month, I should say) for a daughter that I ever saw.

She is the prettiest girl I have seen in Virginia, and that is n't saying much. But she is really quite stunning, dark hair and eyes, fine complexion, dresses tastily, lively, full of fun, and cordial on first acquaintance, as all Southern ladies are.

Thus he writes in his letters; but how sacred was his ideal, and with what divine purity he looked upon the human face in the beauty of its appeal, must be sought in his intimate journal, where poetry again becomes the vehicle of his aspiration: —

Along the noisy city ways
And in this rattling city car,
On this the dreariest of days,
Perplexed with business, fret, and jar,

When suddenly a young sweet face
Looked on my petulance and pain,
And lent it something of its grace,
And charmed it into peace again!

The day was just as bleak without,
My neighbors just as cold within,
And truth was just as full of doubt,
The world was just as full of pain.

But in the light of that young smile
The world grew pure, the heart grew warm,

[1] The late Peter Chardon Brooks, Esq., of Boston, who was his father's own uncle, and his mother's uncle by marriage. See ante, p. 27.

And sunshine poured a little while
Across the darkness of the storm.

I did not care to seek her name,
I only said, God bless thy life;
Thy sweet young grace be still the same,
Or happy maid or happy wife.

1858.

And here is a genuine and beautiful love song, which it will not wrong him to print: —

We sit together in our soul's high window, dearest,
That looks upon the street of human life,
Within, our happy home; without, the world thou fearest,
Within, our peace; without, men's angry strife.

Look out! see how strange eyes look here upon us,
How poor they think our dwelling and how cheap;
They dream not of our godlike joys and honors,
The rich, ripe fields of blessing that we reap.

Nay, close the curtain; it is wrong, my sweetest,
That they should see the love they do not know,
Our love, the purest, darling, and completest
God ever trusted to our earth below.

Sit here, my love, with all the world behind us,
Sit hand in hand, nor dare to speak a word,
'T is wronging God to share what he consigned us
With every outcast of the human herd.

So sit we by the soul's sweet fireside, fairest;
The days go by as light winds kiss the flowers,
They seek through all earth's sweetest and earth's rarest
A love so sweet, a love so rare as ours.

1858.

And so the period of his preparation ends and the work of his life begins. The long stretch of his life was before him, the seemingly endless years. It is often a characteristic of the young that they dwell upon death and its meaning, more even than those who approach old age, or are bearing the

burden and heat of the day. It was so with him. He was wont at this time to ponder upon the awful secret, as throwing light upon the meaning of life. But he made no effort to bring before his imagination the intervening years. It was of these, however, that his father and mother were thinking, and more particularly his mother, as she forecast the future in the great anxiety of her love. Her one prayer for him was that he should lead the rest of his life according to this beginning. It is not possible for the young to look at things from the point of view of those who are older. It may have been so with him. And yet the refrain of the letters his mother wrote must have lingered in his mind, — the earnest invocation to be faithful to the end in order that he might receive at last the crown of rejoicing before God: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life."

CHAPTER X

1859–1860

FIRST YEAR IN THE MINISTRY. CHURCH OF THE ADVENT, PHILADELPHIA. EARLY RECOGNITION OF HIS POWER AS A PREACHER. EXTRACTS FROM HIS NOTE-BOOK

Phillips Brooks began his ministry on Sunday, July 10, in the Church of the Advent, Philadelphia. Although he was unknown, and the Church of the Advent was not included in what are called the prominent city churches, yet somehow the indefatigable representatives of modern journalism discovered him, and the tone of the report indicates that something unwonted had occurred. "Our usual pulpit sketch on Saturday," said the "Philadelphia Press," of July 15, 1859, "will be of a sermon preached last Sunday morning at the Advent (Episcopal) Church, York Avenue and Buttonwood Street, by Rev. Phillips Brooks, a young gentleman who on that occasion entered upon his ministry. Mr. Brooks is quite youthful in his appearance, but evinces talents that are quite likely to render his services highly acceptable to the people of his prospective charge."

The following account in the "Press" of the next day is headed "A Sermon on the Law of the House," by Rev. Phillips Brooks: —

> The Advent Church (Protestant Episcopal), York Avenue and Buttonwood Street, has been without a rector since some months ago it was left by Rev. Mr. Bean. Mr. Phillips Brooks, a young gentleman of fine attainments, having lately been invited to occupy this pulpit, preached with so much acceptance that by the urgent and we believe the unanimous request of the congregation, he last Sunday morning entered upon his labors there in a more permanent way. In all probability his rectorship of the

CHURCH OF THE ADVENT, PHILADELPHIA

Advent Church will be established at no distant day. His reading of the morning lessons was not without marks of the modesty and distrust of self, natural to one of his youthful appearance in entering upon duties of so responsible a character; yet his manner upon the whole was graceful and quite indicative of adaptation to the solemn office to which he has been called. His text was read from the forty-third chapter of Ezekiel, and twelfth verse, to wit: "This is the law of the house; upon the top of the mountain the whole limit thereof round about shall be holy. Behold this is the law of the house."

The sermon which followed was delivered in good style, and bore marks of preparation which would not have compared unfavorably with the productions of some of his more experienced brethren in the ministry.

This was the preface to a report of some length devoted to the sermon. Evidently the writer of the account was impressed as by something unusual, but he holds himself in restraint as a becoming attitude towards so young a man, and is cautious in view of his responsibility to the public. There is also a slight tone of kindly patronage, and there are some inaccuracies, as when he draws on his own imagination for the details of the original connection of Mr. Brooks with the Church of the Advent. But these are slight blemishes compared with the importance of possessing the report of an eyewitness. As to the sermon itself, it need only be said that it was so far unusual that it sounded a new note in preaching; it enforced the ethical as the highest demand of Christianity, urging character rather than religious experience or than devotion to dogmas. It had the tone of sincerity and reality, and these combined with the charm of the preacher produced the unusual impression as of something of moment that had taken place. It is remarkable that the writer of this account, in describing an occasion which he deemed important, should have failed to allude to the rapidity of utterance, which we may presume marked the delivery of the sermon.

The following letter of Mr. Brooks was written on the day when this report of his first sermon was published. The tone of it does not indicate that the first Sunday at the Advent had marked any signal success: —

PHILADELPHIA, Saturday, July 16, 1859.

DEAR WILLIAM, — I suppose you have kept pretty well posted on my movements, so that there is n't very much to write you in the way of news. I am living very quietly here, still at the Ashland House, but have engaged a room into which I hope to go next week, so please say to everybody, and remember for yourself, that any letters written on *Tuesday next or after* must be directed to *No. 701 Vine Street, Philadelphia.* It is a very pleasant room, looking out on Franklin Square. You can find it on the side-board map on the corner of Vine and Seventh, third story, front room. I am glad father gave you such a pleasant account of his seminary visit. I wish you could have been there. I think we could have done a trifle better for you than we did on Christmas, '56. Father made a great impression, and was much talked of after his departure. Tell him so. It is tolerably lonesome work here, and I get a trifle blue sometimes. My vestry and people are very kind. To-morrow is my second Sunday. I see the "Press" of this morning has a mangled report of my last Sunday's sermon. Tell father his friend Mr. West just sent to me for his address, and I presume is going to send him a copy. Don't take it for granted that I said just what the paper says I did, for a good deal of it is misunderstood, and considerable I can't understand or trace myself. Well, good-by for the present. I wish you were here. I wish I had somebody just to speak two words to, — somebody, I mean, that would n't look all the while quite so much as if they were talking to "the minister." Make it up the best way you can by writing, all of you. Much love to all and to yourself. PHILL.

Mr. Brooks himself when alluding to these first Sundays at the Advent, many years afterward, recalled a circumstance of which there is no hint in his letters at the time. When the Rev. Leighton Parks, rector of Emmanuel Church, humorously complained to him that he was drawing away his congregation, as of all the other churches in Boston, to the new Trinity Church, he said to him, "Parks, we all of us have to go through this." He then went on to say that he had engaged to supply the Church of the Advent for three months, leaving them at liberty to call him as rector at the expiration of this time. But one Sunday evening as he was going home from church with one of the vestrymen, he said to him that perhaps he had better leave at once and not wait

till the three months were out. All that his companion could say in reply was, "Well, as long as you have begun, you had better stay out the time for which you were hired."

But the young minister was really succeeding, as is seen by these letters to his father: —

PHILADELPHIA, August 6, 1859.

DEAR FATHER, — I have been meaning all the week to answer your last letter, but somehow it has been a busier week than common. It is the first time I have written two sermons in a single week, and then I have been round seeing the people pretty extensively. I preach twice to-morrow (1 John iii. 3 and Rev. xxii. 17). Next week I expect to have pretty easy. Paddock is coming down to spend a few days with me, and will stay and preach for me on Sunday the 14th. I am looking forward to his visit with a good deal of pleasure. . . . Everybody is very kind and pleasant, and I like the church very much. The congregations keep up well. Last Sunday evening it was crowded. . . . As to your question about remaining here, I don't consider it at all certain yet. I like the people, and I know they want me to remain, and I do not think the work would be more than I can do. The only question is whether I had better undertake at once fully as much as I can do. I feel I need for the present a good deal of time for study. I need to be taking in as well as letting out, and if I feel that this place will occupy me so fully as not to allow of that I shall not feel as if I ought to keep it. One of my three months is gone already, and I am no more fixed in my mind than I was at first. I want to talk with Dr. Vinton when he gets back to town. . . . I am fully settled at last, books up and all came in good order. Now and then I buy a new one, and my library is slowly growing. . . . Mr. Remsen sent me a big bundle of stationery the other day, enough to last me for three or four ordinary lives. This paper and envelope are part of it. . . . My people live all over creation, the only rule being that nobody shall live anywhere near the church and no two anywhere near each other. Your affectionate son,

P. B.

October 5, 1859.

I hope things are prospering at Advent. They are just beginning to collect their quarter's rents and let new pews, which they do the first three Monday nights of every quarter. Mr. Reed tells me he let five or six pews last Monday evening. Last Sunday night we had the largest congregation we have had yet, the

church full, except one or two of the chancel pews. I preached all day and shall next Sunday. The week after that, I have one supply engaged. I am rather dreading preaching in Dr. Vinton's big church next Sunday afternoon. I am going to preach my last Sunday evening's sermon (Matt. xxv. 28). I have not sent in my acceptance yet, but have let them understand that it is coming. Next Sunday completes my three months, and I concluded to wait till after that. . . . I don't expect to preach so much hereafter as I have thus far. I begin to know more of the ministers and shall be able to get more exchanges.

I hear nothing from Fred; presume things are going smoothly out at Cambridge, and he is covering himself with glory the way his elder brother did n't when he was there. Tell him Advent will be wanting an assistant by the time he is ready.

October 17, 1859.

Yesterday was glorious, bright, clear, fresh, and bringing full houses. I preached at Dr. Vinton's in the afternoon, and had the big house full; got through it pretty well. I think he will be back by next Sunday. In the morning I preached my introductory as permanent rector of the Advent. Text, "Holding forth the word of life." At last I can look on myself as fairly fixed, and it is a comfortable satisfaction to find it so. The more I see of the place, the more I feel it is just the place I want, and I hope things are going to prosper there. We are still renting our seats slowly but steadily, and growing up, I think, in every way. . . . I like Philadelphia more and more, though I hardly see anybody outside of my parish.

October 22, 1859.

Last night I got a note from one of Dr. Vinton's vestry, saying he was going to be away another Sunday, and asking me to preach for him again. So I shall fill the great man's place for the third time.

November 10, 1859.

I heard from Bishop Eastburn the other day, sending me my transfer to this diocese, and I handed it in to Bishop Potter yesterday, so that now my settlement here is complete.

November 23, 1859.

In the morning at 10.30 we have service (Thanksgiving), when I shall preach on (Ps. xlvii. 7), that is, if I can only get up at some preposterous hour in the morning to get my sermon done. I have worked on it so long to-day that I am sick and tired of it, and shall be sure of at least one thankful moment to-morrow,

when I get through preaching it. . . . To-day I got a long-promised present of a dressing-gown from the ladies of the Advent. Slippers, I understand, are to follow.

Things are going on much as usual down at the Little Brown Church. Last Sunday evening we had the biggest congregation I have seen there yet.

The "Episcopal Recorder," published in Philadelphia, made a kindly though formal reference to Mr. Brooks's work, and in the same connection mentioned the Rev. H. A. Wise, Jr., who had just assumed the charge of the Church of Our Saviour, in West Philadelphia. Mr. Wise was a Virginian, and a graduate of the theological seminary at Alexandria.

New Clerical Friends. — We have had the pleasure recently of adding several to the list of divines in our city and its vicinity. The Church of Our Saviour, West Philadelphia, enjoyed the ministrations of its rector, the Rev. Mr. Wise, for the first time on Sunday last. He comes into our midst with good recommendations from those with whom he was formerly connected, and we are not surprised to learn that the impression he produced was eminently favorable to his success. In the Church of the Advent we hear good accounts of the present incumbent, the Rev. Mr. Brooks, who has commenced his work earnestly and zealously, and is listened to by large and increasing congregations.

It was the custom in those days for the clergy to make frequent exchanges, and Mr. Brooks writes to his brother that he has succeeded in arranging an exchange with Mr. Wise for the Sunday, November 27, 1859. "Next Sunday Advent is to have supplies; in the morning Rev. H. A. Wise, Jr., who has just come and is exciting a great sensation here. I consider it a great card to have insured his first exchange." In connection with this circumstance he related another incident to the Rev. Leighton Parks many years after, in order to show that he had experienced the mortification arising from the lack of pulpit fame. He had already become known to the Church of the Holy Trinity, but his reputation apparently had not yet extended to West Philadelphia. He had preached there in the Church of Our Saviour on the morning of the Sunday mentioned, and was about to close

the service from the chancel when he noticed a member of the congregation anxiously approaching through the main aisle with some message for him. And the message was this: Was he to preach again at the evening service? When the messenger was told that the exchange was only for the morning, he replied, "Will you please give notice that Mr. Wise himself will preach in the evening?"

But the final verdict on his preaching was yet to be delivered. Since he arrived in Philadelphia, Dr. Vinton had been absent most of the time, on his summer vacation and in attendance on the General Convention. Although Mr. Brooks had preached several times in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Dr. Vinton had not yet heard him. But now he was again at home, and Mr. Brooks writes, December 30, 1859, to his father: "Christmas evening, Dr. Vinton preached at Advent an old St. Paul's sermon, 'My yoke is easy, and my burden is light.' He seemed much pleased with the look of things among us. In the afternoon I preached for him, with him sitting in the chancel, looking up to me as he used to look at Perry.[1] It is the first time I have ever performed in his presence." It was not long after this that Dr. Vinton, meeting the Rev. George Augustus Strong, asked him what they thought of Brooks in the Virginia seminary. Mr. Strong replied that they had a very high opinion of him there. "Well," said Dr. Vinton, "I should think so. He preaches better sermons than I did at his age, or have ever preached since." There was no better judge of preaching than Dr. Vinton, nor was it easy for him to say such things. He also added, "He is an orator." It was Dr. Vinton's opinion, expressed on more than one occasion, that a great part of the power of Phillips Brooks's oratory lay in his voice.

In the first year of Mr. Brooks's ministry there occurred an event, important in itself, but fraught with special significance for him and for his work. In the pocket diary which he kept, he has written these words without comment, enclos-

[1] William Stevens Perry, late Bishop of Iowa, at that time assistant minister at St. Paul's, Boston.

ing them, however, in a border of black lines, as if a sign of mourning: "Friday, December 2, 1859, 10.15 A. M. John Brown hung at Charlestown, Va." The story need not be told here, only the fact may be mentioned that Phillips Brooks was strangely moved. He talked on the subject with his friend, Mr. Wise, the son of Governor Wise of Virginia, under whose administration the execution took place, and while they differed sharply in their judgments, their friendship was not disturbed. To his brother he writes: —

VINE STREET, Saturday evening, December 3, 1859.

DEAR WILLIAM, — . . . Well, poor old Brown 's gone. What a death for such a man. It makes me mad to hear the way some of our Northern conservatives talk about him. I believe Governor Wise himself does him more justice than they do.

As to his being crazy, of course excessive lack of prudence, judgment, and foresight, which every one admits that he showed, is craziness in its very definition, and so every rash man is crazy; but his heroic devotion to what he thought was right is surely not to be confounded with the craziness that he showed in judging whether it was really right and best. What do people say about it all in Boston?

December 9, 1859.

Wise took tea with me last night, and for the first time we had a long talk about Harper's Ferry troubles, John Brown, etc. Of course we did n't coincide, but it gave us both a chance to define our positions, and I was pleased to find him not quite so radical as I had thought. He is drawing great crowds here, and preaching splendid sermons.

The response to these remarks came from his father, who, while he had no sympathy with slavery, was yet averse to any agitation of the subject. He had evidently taken alarm at the tone of his son's comment; perhaps he had misgivings about the Phillips blood. He had already seen enough of his son to know that he was more pronounced than himself in his opposition to slavery, and in one of his letters had described to him a recent meeting in Faneuil Hall, where "your friends the anti-slavers mustered in force, and your kinsman Wendell Phillips [1] expressed a wish that the

[1] See ante, p. 6. Wendell Phillips and Phillips Brooks were alike lineal descendants of Samuel Phillips of Salem.

prayer 'God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts' should be changed to read, 'God damn the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.'" Now he wrote to his son more emphatically: —

> I see you allude to the Harper's Ferry affair. All well enough to have your private opinions on all such matters, but I must beg of you don't carry such things as politics into your pulpit. Leave all such at 701. . . . Let others trumpet the exploits and virtues of "old Brown."

These first years of his ministry in Philadelphia were full to overflowing in rich interests, in deep, inward satisfaction, and in a certain exultant joy. He found his work to be something greater, more delightful and beautiful even, than he had anticipated. He had been received by his congregation with open hearts and hands; they could not seem to do enough to show their gratitude. Mr. Remsen in particular became his close friend, often calling on him, and having him at his house, and, what was especially useful, sending him the new books as they appeared, for he was connected with the publishing house of Lippincott & Company. "Of course my devoted people," writes Mr. Brooks, "have done their duty in the way of Christmas presents, and I am crowded up with the usual amount of books, pencil-cases, watch-cases, handkerchiefs, and useless little trifles of every description. I think I have enough handkerchiefs on hand to last me well through an average lifetime."

His small pocket diary, faithfully kept, presents an attractive picture of the young minister in his first parish. His mornings he gave to reading and to study and to the writing of sermons; his afternoons to visiting his parishioners and making calls upon the sick, and rarely was at home to tea. His conscientiousness in the performance of every duty is apparent. But there were already many demands on his time. The clergy of the city made him welcome, calling upon him as clerical etiquette required, and thus increasing his social duties. But he was constituted to enjoy society, and to meet people was his chief recreation. He had many

friends in the city and vicinity, some of them his fellow students in the seminary, among whom were Mr. Strong, who was at Wilmington, Mr. Paddock, and Mr. Yocum at Germantown. With Mr. Wise his intimacy increased despite the divergence in their political opinions. They called upon each other often, and kept late hours. He often remarks in his diary after Mr. Wise had been spending an evening with him, "Walked part of the way home with Wise." Mr. Strong came from Wilmington frequently to see him, and he made visits there in return. He was very dependent on his friends, and at times when he felt his isolation and loneliness, he earnestly besought their presence. This hungering for the communion of friendship breaks out in every letter to Mr. Strong, with whom he kept up a correspondence. One of these letters is a specimen of many. When he found he was to spend Christmas alone he writes to him: —

December 23, 1859.

. . . You shall come just when you please, and do just what you please, and be lord of your own Christmas, with no one to bully you or make you preach. You shall wear a cravat of any color you please, and have your own pick of any seat in any synagogue in town. You shall attend any worship you prefer, from the Roman Catholic Cathedral down to the "Progressive Friends," from the Orthodoxy of the Advent to the wildest heterodoxy of High Churchmanship and Unitarianism. You shall smoke manillas in the vestry, and think of what you please in sermon time. Only come, and let us have a Christmas together.

His relations with Dr. Vinton had now become very close. He frequently called on him, and Dr. Vinton responded in returning his calls. He dined with him often, and whenever there was any social function at Dr. Vinton's house, he was sure to be there. In this way he became acquainted, as he writes, "with the upper ten of Philadelphia," receiving many invitations which he was unable to accept. He was also making new friends, among whom was Dr. Weir Mitchell, the eminent physician, and destined to eminence as a man of letters. Dr. Mitchell found him out a few weeks after he went to Philadelphia, and the intimate friendship then commenced

was sundered only by death. There was another friend, the Rev. Charles D. Cooper, many years his senior, then rector of St. Philip's Church. Among all the clergy of Philadelphia, his heart went out from the first most strongly to Mr. Cooper. He was much at his house, and before long it became a fixed custom for him to go there every Sunday evening, after his service in church was over. He often spent the night, and lingered after breakfast the next morning. To Mr. Cooper's open house came others also, Dr. Vinton and the Mitchells, Mr. Strong and later Dr. Richards, who was to be called before long to be rector of the Church of Our Saviour. It was the rendezvous for a set of clergy of kindred minds. The warm heart and sober judgment of Mr. Cooper made him a valuable friend of Phillips Brooks, who in turn repaid his goodness by a singular devotion, which will appear later in their correspondence. Philadelphia of course was also a centre for visiting clergy; his old friends stopped as they were passing through the city, and now and then there were convivial evenings when Strong, Richards, Potter, Paddock, and others lived over again the familiar life at the seminary.

In the midst of these engagements runs the constant reference to the sermon he was writing. He was indefatigable in this duty, writing his two sermons every week except when he found relief by an exchange with some brother clergyman. He delighted in this part of his work, but it was not an easy task, nor did it ever become so. He labored over his sermons. At this time he was still sensitive to the influence of the weather. A rainy day made it almost impossible for him to work. On one occasion he records that he was obliged to give up a sermon he was writing because of the incessant pitiless rain. His constitution had not gained as yet its full strength; he often complained of being "terribly tired" after a Sunday's work. He found relief, however, in what was then a custom, but has since fallen somewhat into desuetude, making it a rule to "exchange pulpits" as often at least as once a month. It was regarded as a clerical courtesy to invite a newcomer to every pulpit in the city. Of this custom he

took full advantage. It had many merits: it bound the churches together, it made the clergy known, but it was only possible when there was homogeneousness in the manner of conducting the service and when the organization of parishes was a simple one.

What is called "church work" was then hardly known or had not been invented. A minister was thought of not so much as ministering at the church's altar, as proclaiming a gospel from the pulpit. There was no complexity in the organization of a parish; besides the wardens and vestry, the sewing circle, and the Sunday-school, there were no guilds, or societies, or committees to be superintended. There was of course the standing difficulty with the choir, and to this the Church of the Advent was no exception. At times, Mr. Brooks grew weary with the incessant demands of the endless routine. Thus he writes to a friend: "The everlasting whirligig of visiting and sermon-writing keeps up its revolutions; no weddings, not even a baptism to break the monotony. But it's a pleasant life." He speaks of his first experience with a sewing circle: —

> You would have been amused to see me presiding at the first meeting of my sewing circle the other day, to choose officers, etc. The way women won't be bound by parliamentary rules is very funny.

The ritual of the church was also simple in those days, nor had the movement known as ritualism yet begun. The minister faced the congregation in the reading of the service, the boy choir was almost unknown, and in the pulpit it was the prevailing custom to wear the black Geneva gown. It created a commotion when soon after the new rector came the "black gowns" were stolen from the vestry. It did not then occur to them that the surplice might be used as a substitute, and immediately they were replaced. The Morning and the Evening Prayer constituted the Sunday service, with the administration of the Lord's Supper on the first Sunday of the month. But the great attraction was the sermon, — an ideal indeed capable of being abused, but in its higher form the presentation of the gospel of a great deliverance.

Phillips Brooks, both as a boy and as a man, attached importance to the commemoration of days that constituted landmarks, birthdays, Thanksgiving Days, any day that stood for the deeper experiences of life. It was with a sense of sadness that he now realized that the time-honored New England Thanksgiving Day, in all its joy and glory, was for him a thing of the past. He would no more go home as a boy to join the family at the dinner table, where the sense of family feeling found its highest expression and sanction. In this respect he resembled his mother. It was hard for her to be reconciled to the fact that there was to be henceforth a gap at the table. She pleaded with him to come, but the demands of his parish made it impossible. He had his Thanksgiving sermon to preach, his congregation wanted it, and he accepted the inevitable. He writes to his brother an account of the day in Philadelphia: —

Friday evening, November 25, 1859.

Dear William, — Well, Thanksgiving 's over. We had a turkey that showed they understood their guest, and I tried to do the conscientious justice that the day demanded. I think I succeeded. For the rest, the day passed off very pleasantly. We had a very good church full in the morning, and in consideration of their eagerness I gave them a short sermon. No politics. I suppose our Boston pulpits echoed on that day. Of course you all had the merriest of times at home. It 's four years back, but I can remember just how you used to do Thanksgiving Days at home. People have n't learned the true Puritan style here yet, but it is human instinct, and I think we succeeded pretty well yesterday.

In this connection may be inserted a description of a family Thanksgiving dinner, which he wrote while at the Virginia seminary to his brother George. It gives the picture of the boys at home in a vivid way. But it is also the picture of a thousand New England homes.

Thanksgiving Day, 1857.

Dear George, — As nearly as I can calculate you are at this moment (I have made all due allowance for difference of longitude) sitting down to the turkey and plum pudding. Allow me

to take my slice with you, making my own welcome, and finding a seat where I can. What a stunner of a fowl! See John measuring it solemnly with his eye and trying to make out whether he or it is the biggest. We won't quarrel about drumsticks. You shall have one, and I the other. What a pity the beast was n't a quadruped! To think of having dined only yesterday on cold mutton with rice for desert, and now — my eye! do just look at that cranberry sauce. How quiet Pistols is! No matter; he is busy, and fast getting beyond the speaking point. Hullo, my plate 's clear; another piece of turkey, if you please. Don't look frightened. Thanksgiving only comes once a year. Gracious! Do look at Fred. Now do be a little moderate, my dear. Don't you see how hard Arthur is trying to keep up with you? The poor boy will kill himself. Here comes the pudding. Father of course proposes to have it saved till to-morrow. He has done it every Thanksgiving Day, I can remember, for the last twenty-five years. But you don't! We finish it now if we never eat again. We never have any supper, you know, on Thanksgiving Days, and we shall be all right by breakfast time. . . . Well, dinner 's over, and Pistols is laid up on the sofa, and John's jacket just covers the small of his back, and Fred is trying to look as if he had n't eaten too much, and Father is looking for somebody to go to walk with him. You had better go, and I will leave much love to all and take the next train of thought for Virginia. O reservoir! Your loving, busy brother,

PHILL.

Many of these home letters contain allusions which indicate how strong was the tie binding him to home and family. He had been so strongly moored to that home in early life that it had become a part of his being. As he grew into manhood, he could not put away these things. He may not have been peculiar in this respect, but the feeling was deep and intense with him, and it is necessary to make it prominent to give the man in his full proportions. All through his life, so long as the home still existed, his heart leaped up at the thought of it. The tie of blood relationship had in it something for which no friendship was ever a substitute. Thus he writes, and his words may be taken as a specimen of many of his letters: "I feel kind of homesick this evening, sick of seeing nothing but these stranger faces; and it would be a treat to look in at the red-clothed back parlor

table for an hour or two." Still he was happy in his work. In this same letter, February 9, 1859, he says: "Things are going much as usual down at Advent, quietly and pleasantly. The church is well filled and most of our desirable pews are rented. I don't think I could have happened upon a more satisfactory little place if I had had my pick out of all the country. I have been here seven months to-morrow."

But a small cloud was now rising which portended change and evil for the Church of the Advent. The congregation was contented with its rector, and the gentlemen who had visited Sharon Mission, near the seminary, to hear him had been justified in their report that he was the man for the place. Never in the history of the church had the attendance been so large. All would have been well but for the appearance one Sunday of two mysterious strangers who came to listen to the preacher. He had been only seven months in the parish, and yet his reputation had spread beyond its bounds. These two strangers were gentlemen from Cincinnati, who came prepared to give him a call from St. John's Church, which they represented, empowered to act after hearing him. Already had he declined one call from St. Stephen's Church, in Harrisburg, without hesitation, feeling sure that he was rightly placed. But this call from St. John's Church, Cincinnati, made vacant by the departure of Rev. Dr. Nicholson to St. Paul's in Boston, became known to his congregation and was reported in the daily papers of Philadelphia. It caused disturbance in his parish and in the city. He was obliged to consider it, for the call was a pressing one, and a petition came from the vacant parish with a large number of signatures, and with a statement that every man, woman, and child would sign it if necessary. The Rev. Dr. Dyer of New York, who was the adviser of the Evangelical clergy under such circumstances, recommended strongly his acceptance. It meant of course a large increase in his salary, and he had already found himself somewhat hampered by the meagreness of his income. But he was not inclined to move from his position. With this conviction the family at home also coincided, whom he had at once consulted. So the call was

declined, but it had begotten as a result uneasiness and uncertainty about the future at the Church of the Advent. They met the emergency as best they could, offering their rector such additional attractions as were in their power. Most of the congregation were persons of limited means, but they did what they could. The women at once employed themselves in carrying out long-needed reforms. At their expense the vestry of the church was repainted, recarpeted, and new furniture was added. The men grappled with the long-standing debt of $8000. If this were paid some $500 would be set free to add to the salary. In a few months nearly $6000 were conditionally subscribed.

There is one other incident which must be mentioned before we close the year's record. The story of his call to Cincinnati had found its way into the newspapers. From this moment he had become a subject of interest to the city, and henceforth his actions were never again to be free from a certain publicity, — the penalty he was to pay for his greatness. At first, as he long afterwards remarked to a friend, he looked eagerly when his name was in print to see what was said of him, but this feeling changed, and he became grateful when he found that he need not be disturbed. There was at this time, connected with the daily papers in Philadelphia, a certain individual who watched closely the ways of the clergy, a self-constituted censor, who feared that they were moved by mercenary considerations. In particular he had his eye, for what reasons it is not known, upon Phillips Brooks and Dr. Vinton. His tone in chronicling the event of the call to Cincinnati is somewhat severe, and although it had been declined he still continued to read his lecture. The deeper suspicion and distress of his mind had not been allayed: —

Another Call. — The Rev. Phillips Brooks, rector of the Advent (Protestant Episcopal) Church, York Avenue and Buttonwood Street, has received and since peremptorily declined a call extended to him by the Church of St. John, Cincinnati, which is said to be the largest and wealthiest church of that denomination west of the Alleghany Mountains. He was receiving a salary of

one thousand dollars where he is now stationed, having entered upon his duties there but a few months ago, direct from the seminary. The pecuniary complexion of the "call" which he has just declined was an improvement upon this of fifteen hundred dollars. Since his declination, however, his own congregation have, without his knowledge, themselves made an advance of *five hundred* dollars. . . . Ministerial calls were once regarded as having a tincture of the supernatural about them, which placed their propriety above the vulgar scrutiny of criticism. However this may have been sustained by facts in times past, the public opinion, even of the Christian community, is rapidly becoming heretical on this subject. Nor is it to be wondered at, when rich congregations flatter themselves that the finest of the ministerial flocks can be rendered subservient to their beck and call by approaching them as if they were no more adverse to looking out for lucre and Number One than other people. Why does not some independent Boanerges treat this growing heresy with the gospel thunder it demands? Let us have the true gospel ethics on this subject.

Mr. Brooks was ordained to the priesthood on Whitsunday, in the morning, at the Church of the Advent, in the presence of his own congregation and of his father and mother and brother George. He magnified the importance of such days, and this was a great day for him. Bishop Bowman preached the sermon, Dr. John A. Vaughan presented him, and Bishop Alonzo Potter administered the sacred rite. In the evening he preached, and his mother listened to him for the first time. His brother George was also an attentive hearer, drawing his own conclusions. George had not yet been confirmed, and this delay was the heaviest burden his mother carried. A few extracts from his mother's letters written during the first year of his ministry may find here a fitting place. They describe an essential part of his inner life, as they also reflect his mother's feelings: —

Thank you, my dear child, for the joy you have given me in devoting your life to the service of Christ. It was the desire of my heart from your birth, and I gave you up to Him, and I thank Him for accepting my offering. My dear Philly, when I hear of

your faithful labors in the ministry, I thank God, and feel that I have not wholly lived in vain.

I suppose you feel gratified that you have had those two calls, Philly; but don't let it make you proud. Keep humble like Jesus, . . . plead mightily for Christ.

Father is very happy in your success, and I wish you could know how glad it makes your mother's heart.

April 3, 1860.

We hear fine accounts of you as a preacher, but especially as a *pastor*. That is the best of all. I would rather you should be faithful to every soul in your charge, that you may be able to render a good account at the last day, than to have the praise of men, for that will make you proud. Beware of it, Philly; I tremble for you. Spiritual pride would destroy all that is worthy in you.

I cannot tell you how it delights me to hear pleasant things about you so frequently, and to hear the best things too, that you are devoted and earnest. I had rather hear you praised for holiness than for talent, though of course that is unspeakably precious when used in God's service. But, my dear Philly, let no human praise make you proud, but be humble as the Master you serve, and never forget what an honor it is to be the servant of Christ. . . . I heard of an excellent sermon you preached a few Sundays ago on the text, Jesus the Mediator of the New Covenant. Preach Christ faithfully.

You seem to be longing for the time to come; but, my dear child, you cannot long to come home more than we all long to have you, and most of all your mother. I am beginning to count the days, almost the hours. You shall have your own little room again and find yourself *at home* once more.

The intellectual life which during the years in the seminary had found its record in note-books was now recorded in his sermons. They became the receptacle for the deeper moods of his spirit, the exultant feeling and the impassioned will. There was no longer time, amid the pressure of work, to note down at his leisure the results of his reading or the comments on the books he read or studied. But the habit of reading and of study had become a permanent one. The gift he possessed of going quickly to the heart of a book was now invaluable. At this time he was reading Robertson's

sermons with a sympathy and eagerness which those cannot understand who to-day read them for the first time, when much of their thought has become diffused as an atmosphere. Bushnell's writings he continued to read; but he remarks that he is not entirely in agreement with him. Much as he gained from both, he became no imitator, for he was formed in a different mould and found ample scope in the creative activity of his own powers. He laments that he had discontinued the practice of writing verses; he fears that his life may be sinking to prose; if he had only the words to speak, he is sure that they would be better than any he has yet uttered. But his verdict upon the work of his first year in the ministry is given in verse: —

I wrote in verse from time to time,
With artful thought or stilted pen,
When sense was servant unto rhyme,
As angels serve presumptuous men.

I hope that truth has grown more true,
And reverence grown more sincere,
And duty garnered strength anew,
In these last harvests of the year.

I think that God has given me looks
A little deeper into things
That once were words in folded books,
But now are truths existence sings.

He followed with sympathy his brother Frederick, as he entered Harvard College, communing with him more freely in his letters than with others, because they stood to each other almost as teacher and pupil, — a relationship which bespoke naturalness and simplicity and reality. Thus was he moved to write these lines on Harvard, when Frederick became an undergraduate: —

I love thee: every stone is dear
With some strange dearness it has won;
God bless thee, Harvard, year by year,
God bless thee till thy work is done.

For thou hast work that waits to do,
To build our country's scholar youth;
God make thee fit, God make thee true,
Increase thy faith in all His truth.

Brother, my heart is all with thee;
Go, ripen to the perfect man;
Let month by month successive see
The working of God's gracious plan.

Some extracts from the note-book of this year, which contains but few entries as compared with previous years, will be seen to throw light upon his attitude, as also they indicate that he has attained a greater maturity and firmness. The undogmatic character of his mind is here apparent, the capacity for fine distinctions and for the discernment of relations not obvious. He is living beneath the surface of ordinary thought, and is especially impressed with the ramifications and mutualities of truth in all its varied aspects.

The great good of reading history or biography is to get a glimpse of men and nations and ages doing their duty; the great gain to be got from it is a deeper worship and reverence for duty as the king and parent of all human life.

What a relief the purely intellectual is sometimes! Stripping off pride and prejudice, and dogmatism which is the growth of them, keeping the soul at rest for a little while; just for a little while letting the mind be master and pursue in purest dominion its own peculiar way. It does rest the tired soul and give it time for refreshment.

I count much on the feeling that we still own to whenever we read a noble thought, though it were written a thousand years ago, and has lain silent where we find it ever since, that as surely as it is genuinely true and noble, it will yet take in the world, and men shall yet hear and feel it, though it be not till years and years after we are dead.

Is not all positiveness of necessity partiality? To say, "This is true, I know it," and leave no room for the limitations and qualifications that we cannot know, for all those outside influences of unseen truth which we must be working on and drawing from this fact that we have found, — is there not some folly here? Is

not the true wisdom something like this? I know so far as it goes this truth is sacredly and wholly true, but that very truth forbids me to believe that it has not developments and ramifications reaching far out into the universe of associated truth with which it is connected. Now I *know*, and I prize my knowledge as the gift of God and hold it sacred; but "I know in part," I wait till that which is in part shall be done away.

We are apt to forget that every life has many minute ramifications in addition to the few which biography can trace. (Cf. Masson's Life of Milton, i. p. 477.) And so has not every thought and every doctrine countless "minute ramifications" that we never trace? We are, indeed, very little masters of the thoughts we think, hardly more than the biographer is master of the life he writes. And yet all these "ramifications" are real full-blooded relationships, connecting this thought of ours with other thoughts and other families of thoughts, binding this doctrine of ours to unguessed doctrines, and it may be unguessed heresies; and by and by this relationship begins to work, and we find ourselves involved in all the family tangle of the households into which our hearts have wedded.

"In such a scene as this (the gigantic and luxuriant nature of Church's Heart of the Andes) man, with his little red-roofed speck of distant hut and even at his wayside worship before the crucifix, dwindles into puny insignificance." So says an English paper. But no. Hut and crucifix are expressions of truth nobler and purer than the sensuous beauty of tropical tree miracles and snow-topped mountains. The truth of home and the truth of worship, they are greater in the least expression of them than Nature's grandest glory or highest tribute to her Maker's praise. They are conscious, intelligent, spiritual ascriptions, doing intelligent and conscious duty; and so material beauty can but borrow soul from such as they, and so must always be insignificant without them.

The world ruled and managed so often by its little and not its greater men. Is it not the same principle that reappears when a weaker and not a stronger motive settles our conduct, when a slighter and not a more weighty argument, or when a whim and not an argument at all, decides our belief?

How fortunate that ideas are not confined in their development to the developing capacity of the mind that first conceives them. That need furnish only the conception, hard, arid, it may be, in the first discerner's mind, capable only of hardness and aridity.

But another mind gifted with the power of development, which next to creation is the greatest power God gives to man, catches up the new conception, takes it home, and gives it its own warmth, and so it buds and blossoms into forms of beauty that we never dreamt of, and that the man who first conceived it dreamt of still less. Truly God's ways of making men do their own and others' work are thousandfold.

It seems sad and strange to see how now and then in history, now and then even at the present day, must come protests of the soul against the Christian church. It is not strange if we look at it rightly. I do not think that it is even sad. It is the best and purest part of human nature crying out against the false humanities that have fastened themselves upon a system whose divinity they cannot cloak, but whose efficacy they deform. I do not think that it is sad, for in it I see a new wonder of the care of God, that has arrayed against the possible falsifications of His truth, the inherent truth and earnestness of moral life; because I see in it new room to think that the church thus cared for, whose purification has thus been thought worthy of the wisdom of Omnipotence, has surely high and holy work to do on earth, and till that work be done I shall live to do it. I look on it as I look on the divinity of government, made more certain by the earnest remonstrances against governmental baseness, which are God's means to fasten governmental purity upon the earth. God's evident care proves to me that both shall be perpetual and ultimately pure.

Beginning to allow ourselves insincere pretensions of belief is like beginning to take opium; it is a pleasant and a soothing thing at first; it even girds us with gorgeous visions and gives the soul a little elysium for a while. But you have to increase your dose every day, you have to stifle your nature more continually under its control; and after all, there comes at last that terrible rebellion of your nature, your soul protesting against the violence you do it, and a whole hell within of groanings that you do not dare to gratify, desolations that you cannot comfort, and a ruined moral nature wreaking its awful vengeance on you, the moral agent who has ruined it.

It is a sad sign for a man when in his religion he has consciously to repeat himself, to go back after old impressions and vamp them up for new ones. The freshness of spiritual experience, not necessarily every impression unanticipated and wholly

new, but at least each one newly suggested, not laboriously recalled.

The power of drawing comfort and strength from thoughts seems to be not primarily at work, but developed by natural growth. The consciousness of such a power comes later with fuller and harder and yet no very extraordinary mental culture. But the ability to regulate and use that power marks the consummate self-mastership that is brought only with a perfectly ripened moral and mental nature.

"As a Christian, humiliation before God was a duty the meaning of which he knew full well; but as a man moving among other men, he possessed in that moral seriousness and stoic scorn of temptation which characterized him a spring of ever present pride, dignifying his whole bearing among his fellows and at times arousing him to a kingly intolerance." (Said of Milton, Masson, i. 237.) The two perfectly compatible, and their compatibility solving many a problem which I have often felt, and which seems to be at the bottom of much uncharitableness on both sides at the present time.

Oh, when the heart thoroughly and heartily blesses another out into a noble work, how its blessing bounds back upon itself! God help my brother's energy! and I am more energetic myself for good. God help his courage! and straightway I have won a portion in his hope. God deepen and refine his holiness and truth! and I find a blessing from God making me more true and holy in my own poor heart.

He was reading at this time Quinet's "Histoire de mes Idées," and quotes this passage as expressing his own experience: —

Ce que j'ai aimé je l'ai trouvé chacque jour plus aimable. Chacque jour la justice m'a paru plus sainte, la liberté plus belle, la parole plus sacrée, l'art plus réel, la realité plus artiste, la poésie plus vraie, la verité plus poétique, la nature plus divine, le divin plus naturel.

CHAPTER XI

1860–1861

THE BEGINNING OF THE CIVIL WAR. THE CALL TO THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY IN PHILADELPHIA

During the month of August Mr. Brooks was in Boston for his holiday, enjoying every moment of his leisure with his own peculiar intensity. It was the rest, however, of activity, for he could not be inactive. He preached at St. James', Roxbury, and at St. Mary's, Dorchester, creating the same strange impression of his power that had been felt at once in Philadelphia. Much of the time was spent in North Andover at the old Phillips homestead. Frederick was now a Sophomore at Harvard, Arthur was in the Latin School, carrying off the prizes which his older brother did not win, and John, the youngest, was a boy of eleven. Phillips occupied his old room in the house on Chauncy Street, which his mother kept as he had left it when he first went from home, allowing nothing to be changed. To this home he returned with the consciousness of power and success, and the conviction of greater results to be achieved. A photograph of the whole family was taken at this time, before death had made any breach in its ranks, the father and the mother in the centre with the boys grouped around them. Phillips was among them in an idle, careless pose, his eyes cast down with an amused expression, his face turned to one side, giving the beauty and symmetry of his head. The record of these days at home shows him at his familiar haunts whenever he had the opportunity,— the Athenæum and the Public Library. He also wrote his sermon to be preached on the first Sunday after the vacation should be over. This was one of his characteristics to be ready for duty, and to make his preparation

some time in advance. It gave the false impression, however, that he did not require to work as others, for when they were in the toils of anxiety about their work he was free, and seemed to have nothing to do.

When he returned to Philadelphia on the first Sunday in September, he found the same large congregations awaiting him, but he remarked that they were mostly strangers. He returned to take up his work with new vigor and enthusiasm. The year that now followed was prolific in sermons, each week seeing the completion of two; he was determined, if he could help it, not to repreach an old sermon. In addition to new sermons on Sunday, he gave a weekly lecture in the church on Wednesday evenings, and on Saturday evening he met a large Bible class, composed of members of his congregation. To his Sunday-school he gave a large part of his time and interest, speaking of the pleasure it was to him to look upon their young fresh faces. He made special preparation for their anniversaries, and excelled in talking to children. He pressed his friend Mr. Strong into their service, by getting him to write special hymns for their use. The church was full of life and interest, shown by the heroic efforts to raise the debt which harassed and crippled it.

He was at last making some systematic effort in the line of physical exercise. In college, as we have seen, he took none, nor during his years at the seminary. Both his father and mother urged its importance. His frequent illnesses at Alexandria may point to some physical weakness, at least he had not yet attained that physical strength and endurance which marked him in later years, when he did not know what illness was, or what it was to be tired. But in this second year in the ministry, as in the first, he frequently complains of being "fearfully tired." The Sunday work, the writing of the sermons, even the Bible class exhausted his strength. In the midst, too, of all his friends he alludes to his loneliness and to a sense of depression. When he got back to Philadelphia he speaks of being troubled with "blue spots" as he thinks of home. In many of the letters he writes he opens with apologies for delay. These things are

mentioned because they disappeared so entirely from his later years, when he was in the fulness of his power, that it seems surprising they should ever have been. Beneath the changes there was a great moral effort. He had resolved upon regulating his life in little things and in minor details upon some ideal of conduct, — the provision of things beautiful in the eyes of all men.

At this time the moral resolve began to be apparent. Despite the fact of producing two sermons a week, his handwriting does not deteriorate, but improves. It had always been good, though often showing the signs of haste and at times illegible. Now it was becoming uniform and graceful, even artistic. He reads his brother Frederick a vigorous lecture on the defects of his handwriting: "My dear brother, what 's the use of letting your handwriting go to wrack and ruin in this desperate way? I get a good many shameful-looking letters, but I think I 've hardly had one more perfectly outrageous in its penmanship than this of yours. Excuse my saying so, but it 's the truth."

When he reached the age of twenty-five on the 13th of December, 1860, he records his weight as one hundred and ninety-five pounds. But with his great height, he still gave the impression of being slender in his figure. As his form began to fill out with the additional weight, there came a new and unexpected ease and grace of manner, which seemed in keeping with the inward spirit. There was now apparent an exquisite physical symmetry and a manly beauty, which called for comment and description as much as did his power in the pulpit. There was here the physical basis of oratory, but there was something more, — the outer man became the reflection of the inward grace and endowment.

He had hardly been a year in the ministry when already he was known to more than local fame, as evidenced in the demand for his services. While still in deacon's orders he had been called to churches in Cleveland, in Harrisburg, Pa., and in Cincinnati. Hardly had he begun his second year in the Advent when other loud and pressing calls were received, which it was at least necessary he should consider. There

was one from Providence, R. I. Then came Governor Gibbs of the same State, bearing a call from Trinity Church, Newport, followed by a committee who urgently advocated his acceptance. Still a third call came from San Francisco, with the tempting salary of five or six thousand dollars, inwardly appealing to him, because then, as for many years after, he felt a strong desire to throw in his lot with the upbuilding of a new country. Thus from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific, from Newport to San Francisco, had his fame extended. There is something to be marvelled at here in the rapidity with which the knowledge of him travelled. It was not done by advertising as in the newspapers, for there is a limit to what advertisement of a formal kind can do, and his fame had spread faster and further than could be accounted for by such methods. He had in some mysterious way touched the very springs and sources of human life. When the ear heard him, then it blessed him. People were talking of him, and spoke of him to one another, in ways that impressed the imagination of those who had not seen or heard. The impression thus made upon the most sensitive of all modes of human communication moved more quickly and surely to its end than postal facilities, or the power of steam and electricity. One of the things which the historian Ranke noted about the posting of Luther's theses on the eve of the Reformation was the almost inconceivable swiftness with which the knowledge of the fact spread throughout all Germany. So it is when anything happens of vital moment which it concerns humanity to know, or when some new prophet arises and God is again visiting his people. But the message was not new, it was the old burden, the Eternal Gospel in its moving, living appeal.

These invitations to other more attractive and possibly more extended spheres of influence, Mr. Brooks had declined under the feeling that, for the present, his duty called him to remain where he was. But soon there came a call louder and more peremptory, to which he long refused to listen, and then at last accepted. Already in the fall of 1860 there were rumors that Dr. Vinton was to leave Philadelphia. At first they took the form that he was to return again to

Boston. So insistent was the rumor that it became necessary to deny it publicly before his congregation. But there was something in the rumor; he was not contented with his position; domestic reasons made a change necessary, and before long it was known that he had decided to resign the Church of the Holy Trinity to accept a call to St. Mark's Church in New York. Again he appears as a factor in the career of Phillips Brooks, when he recommended him as his successor to the parish he was leaving. Whether he had recommended him or not, Mr. Brooks would probably have been called to the vacant parish. He was already well known to its people. If Dr. Vinton had been intentionally preparing the way for him to the charge of the church when he should leave it, he could not have labored more directly to that end than by the frequent invitations he gave him to preach in his own pulpit, and in other ways to associate him with the parish. Not only had he preached there frequently, but the congregation of Holy Trinity formed a large part of his audience at the Church of the Advent. It had become the fashion in Philadelphia for people to wend their way to the neat little church on the corner of York Avenue and Buttonwood Street. "Crowds from all parts of the city flocked to hear his sermons, and it was not an unwonted sight on a Sunday evening to see the streets in the neighborhood of the church filled with carriages." All through the year 1861 the question was pending whether Phillips Brooks would leave the Church of the Advent for the large Church of the Holy Trinity. In April, 1861, Dr. Vinton preached his farewell, and Mr. Brooks was immediately invited by a unanimous vote to take the vacant place.

It was in the spring of this year, 1861, that the civil war began. Events had been rapidly consolidating toward this calamity from the time of Lincoln's election. Mr. Brooks had recorded in his diary for November 6, 1860, this sentence, with a line drawn about it isolating it from other sentences to make it appear as prominent on the page as it loomed up significant to his mind, — "Abraham Lincoln chosen President of the United States." For the next four

years his letters, his sermons, his public addresses, show how the awful tragedy and its issues entered and quickened his personality. His letters became a chronicle of the war. They contain nothing new; he had no special source of information. There are thousands of such letters, but these have value as coming from him. So far as they are used in this narrative, it will be, not to supplement histories of the war, nor to revive its painful memories, but as part of the story of a life, sinking its individuality in the national purpose, till the soul of the nation seemed to pass into his own. He emerged from this experience with a deeper devotion to the cause of humanity. He received its teaching as a message to himself, fusing all his powers into one intense and consecrated endeavor.

In one sense the war gave him his opportunity, — an adequate opportunity for revealing the greatness which was in him. He was roused by it to the highest pitch of enthusiasm; he became its representative and mouthpiece to the city of Philadelphia, as did no other of its citizens, till finally he spoke to the country at large in a way to be compared for its effectiveness with the speech of Lincoln at the battlefield of Gettysburg.

These letters which follow cover the first year of the war, and also the time when he was considering the transition from the Church of the Advent to the Church of the Holy Trinity. From some points of view they tell but little; they give only what he was willing to give. The inward experiences which lay behind are reserved for other occasions. They are characteristic letters; a certain boyish tone runs through them; they indicate a spirit full of happiness, for whom a future with richer results is waiting. The glory and joy of life, the pleasure simply of being alive — this constitutes their charm; amid all their reticence this was something he could not conceal.

PHILADELPHIA, September 17, 1860.

DEAR FATHER, — I was very glad to get yours on Saturday. How good the little photograph is! There it is upon my mantelpiece now. There has been an immense putting of the Brookses

on to paper within the last month. My "group" is much admired, and sets off the room finely.

Things are looking well down at the church. Our congregations are larger, and what vacant pews are still left are fast renting. The vestry are about instituting a movement by which they hope to be able to secure the payment of the church debt within two or three years. If they can do it, it will add $500 to our regular income. . . .

I have n't quite got over my vacation yet, but have blue spots every now and then, wishing I was safe at home in the back parlor among the boys and huckleberries. I can only keep saying "one of these days" and keep up my spirits.

I am counting on Fred's visit in the winter, and mean not to be disappointed about it. It will do his health good. I have no doubt he can find enough to see here to employ him for a couple of weeks. Don't think of not letting him come. He is n't much at teasing himself (witness the couch), so I must do it for him. Love to all abundantly.

September 27, 1860.

Dear George, — Your politico-fraternal letter has arrived. I am glad to see your enthusiasm keep up so well, and that everything promises so well to warrant it. You may be sure that if Colonel Curtin's election rests on my vote he will be our next governor, and then, of course, Honest Abe is our next President. I am regularly assessed and my name on the voting list. . . . Everybody is talking politics, and it is the exception when there is n't at least one political procession within hearing. There go the caps and capes and torches, up Franklin Street, through the rain.

The wigwam up at Sixth and Brown is open every evening, and you can't get into a street car without being reminded that it 's within a few weeks of Old Abe's election. No danger of a man's forgetting to vote in such times as these. Almost all Advent go with the rector. I don't know but one or two Democrats among them, and hardly a Bell man.

But enough of politics till after election. Then we 'll send a crow back and forth, and I 'd be glad to have you stop a week with me as you come on to inauguration.

I am safe at work again; lost seven pounds already since my return. Are you at the retorts still?

Philadelphia, Saturday evening, November 4, 1860.

Dear Father, — Many thanks for your kind letter of a day or two ago. I had been thinking of writing to you all the week,

but have not been very well; not sick, you know, but out of sorts and not able for any work, headachy and so forth. I am going to break my rule and preach an old sermon for the first time to-morrow. It has been wretched weather, and now it 's pouring horribly. I enjoyed the little glimpse I had of uncle John last Sunday, all the more for its being so unexpected. . . . I am very sorry that the prospect of getting home at Thanksgiving seems so slight. Perhaps I may accomplish it some time this winter. At any rate I depend on Fred's visit as soon as his vacation opens.

To-day I had a visit from Governor Gibbs of Newport, R. I., who came on to offer me Trinity Church in that place (the one Mr. Mercer had). I have not given a positive answer, but presume the look of things will forbid my entertaining any call. What do you think of it? They offer $2000 and a house. Not much of a congregation in winter and a full church in summer. Dr. Vinton advises me not to go. I don't think much of it. I am kind of pledged, though not in so many words, to see the Advent out of debt before leaving. They have almost $6000 of the $8000 subscribed, and most of it is with a sort of understanding that things are to remain as they are for the present.

I enclose what pretends to be a sketch of a sermon of mine, which appeared in the "Press" this morning. I think there is no vanity in saying that the reporter has made a wretched jumble of it. It was n't much of a sermon, but it was better than that. Still, you may like to see his account.

Friday evening, December 7, 1860.

Dear William, — There will be no time to-morrow, so you shall make sure of it to-night. Right into winter again and everything as disagreeable and bleak as it can be. Everybody blue, and prospects generally discouraging. What a time you had in Boston, Monday! I see Sanborn was in the thick of it. I don't believe in John Brown, but I don't believe either in that way of choking down free speech. It looks too much like the way they have of doing things down in South Carolina. What do people up there say about the message? Poor old J. B. [President James Buchanan.] He 's on his last three months luckily.

December 21, 1860.

Dear William, —. . . You 'll get this in plenty of time to wish you all a Merry Christmas. I would give a good deal to have a share in the family turkey, but it is no use. I am going to eat mine at Dr. Vinton's. I wonder if it 's really a whole

year since last Christmas. How they do go! Since the last time I wrote I have had another birthday. You know I am a quarter of a century old. It went off quietly, and I felt inclined to say very little about it. The Newport matter has been up again. Last Sunday there was a committee on here, and they came to see me on Monday. Mr. Abbot Lawrence and Dr. Ogden of New York. I sent them home again on Tuesday. They represent things in a pretty bad way there. I tried to get them to call Dr. Richards.

So the Union 's gone if South Carolina has the right to go; but I believe we shall see brighter times yet, and don't believe the country five years hence will repent of the Republican victory of 1860. Do you?

Saturday, January 6, 1861.

Dear William, — It 's late Saturday night, and I 'm just home from Bible class, pretty tired, but you shall have your letter before you go to bed. Till Massachusetts secedes, and the postal arrangements are stopped, you may depend upon me pretty regularly. Yesterday, Fast Day was pretty generally kept here. Almost all the churches were open. We had service at Advent, but not sermon. I understand Dr. Vinton preached a great sermon. . . .

Chase (of the "Advertiser") was here the other day. He spent Sunday, and returned a week ago. It was all Cambridge over again while I saw him. He represents things out there [at C.] as being in rather a bad way. Strong is to preach to-morrow at Medford in answer to a call there. I presume you will see him. He preached for me last Sunday morning. To-morrow morning I am going to preach a New Year's sermon from Exodus xiv. 19, and in the evening repeat a sermon which I preached some time ago, from Is. xxx. 15. Somebody sent me to-day a paper with some verses on an old sermon of mine which I believe you read last summer. They are in the "Protestant Churchman" of December 15. Have you any idea who wrote them?

Have you read the "Glaciers of the Alps"? I am reading it and like it. "Friends in Council" is an old favorite of mine, and its mate "Companions of my Solitude." . . .

Friday evening, February 8, 1861.

Dear Father, — I have been wanting to write ever since my return, but this week has been overcrowded with all kinds of business, and I have had no time. Fred wrote a day or two ago and told you, I believe, all about our journey and arrival. Since

then the parish has been feasting him to his heart's content, and I think he has been enjoying himself to his heart's content. He is n't very enterprising in sight-seeing, seems to prefer the armchair and fire, and I have n't had much time to go about with him, but I believe he is getting along pretty well with the Lions.

But what I wanted particularly to say is that we expect you to come on after him next week. You need it, and so do we. Make your plans to spend Sunday, the 17th, with us, and you shall get a hearty welcome and all the enjoyment I can scare up. Now, father, don't disappoint me about this. Fred and I have both set our hearts upon it, and when I saw the man at the Continental the other day he looked just as if he had a room all ready and waiting. Don't disappoint me, but let me know as soon as possible just when I may expect you. I count upon your coming. Don't let it fail. *Fred is n't much of a traveller and will be all the better for your escort home.*

There is no news here. The parish seems to be going on smoothly, at any rate the houses are still full and the people apparently interested.

Monday, February 25, 1861.

Dear William, — What do you think of the President-elect's sudden run from Pennsylvania hospitalities? Next week at any rate is close upon us, and then "we shall see what we shall see," in the words of the late guest of the Continental. I saw "Abe" on Thursday. He is a good-looking, substantial sort of a man, and I believe he 'll do the work. At any rate it 's a satisfaction to have an honest man there, even if he can't do much. The tumult increases about Dr. Vinton's going off. With the reason he gives, I think he is right in going. I don't see how he could do otherwise. Father will tell you what the talk is about his successor. There again "we shall see what we shall see." What a splendid day it is to-day, and was yesterday! We seem to have skipped winter here, and blundered right into the midst of spring. Why can't you run down and enjoy it with us?

Philadelphia, March 2, 1861.

Dear Father, — I have n't done thinking of your flying visit and dwelling on the enjoyment of it. This week has been a very busy one; all the better no doubt for that, as it has n't given me a chance to be homesick or low-spirited. It has n't given me time either to think much about Holy Trinity. That whole matter is *in status quo*. I have not seen Dr. Vinton since

he left us at the Continental; don't know whether he has sent in his resignation. Certainly they will not make any call at present; so that my interest in it or anybody else's is only prospective.

I thank you for your kind interest and advice about it. I feel the force of all you say, and have no hesitation in saying that if that call or any other one were made to me now, I should have no difficulty in deciding against it. What may turn up to change my mind I can't say, but I don't anticipate anything. If I were inclined to change and for a larger parish, there is none certainly that offers so many inducements as the Holy Trinity. But I have been thinking lately that if I made any change it would be probably for a smaller and not a larger field. Advent looks all bright, but there are some discouraging things about it. Still, I shall probably stay there for the present. You shall hear when I know more about things.

Saturday, March 9, 1861.

Dear William, — . . . I am expecting Barlow from New York, who was in our class in college, to come down for a few days to make me a visit. He will be here early Monday morning. As for this afternoon, I am tired. I have begun to go to gymnasium every day, and for the present always come home pretty well used up. I do it as a kind of duty matter, and believe that it has done me good already. Do you want to know how matters do at the Holy Trinity? Dr. Vinton's resignation has been accepted. Their charter requires them to nominate a new rector a month before election. I was nominated last Monday evening, and as mine was the only nomination and was unanimous, it implies an election. Several of their vestry have called to see me. As to going I am in doubt. There are some strong reasons why I should, and others apparently why I should not. I don't think the increased salary is any object with me, for I have plenty, as much as I ever want to spend, where I am.

But the prospect of being settled at once, and probably for life, in a field as large and pleasant and promising as any that one could find is certainly to be thought of. Though a large parish it is not a hard one to work, and has a noble and efficient set of men about it. As to Advent, the look of things this spring makes me often fear some other man could do their work better than I am doing it. Here 's a whole letter on this one selfish point; but it 's on my mind and you must excuse it. Let me hear what you think of it.

Yours affectionately, Phill.

Tuesday evening, March 12, 1861.

My dear Fred, — I have just got your note of Sunday evening, and confess I hardly know what to write in reply. It is just what I have hoped and prayed for, ever since that Sunday evening, and yet we have so little faith that what we desire most often takes us by surprise. At present, my dear Fred, I can do no more than thank God for you with all my heart that He has led you to a decision which I know is to be to you only the beginning of a happiness and reality in life that you have never known before. I know you have not come to the decision lightly, and I am certain that having decided it in faith and prayer the blessing of God will be abundantly upon it.

I think I understood and sympathized fully with the difficulties that seemed to be over your mind during the conversation that we had, and I believe that if they have been removed it has been only by the Spirit of God leading you directly into the truth of Christ. God bless you, my dear Fred, and help you in the life you are beginning.

You will feel more and more as you go on in it that the Christian life is the only true life for one to live. I do hope and pray for you that you may grow stronger and stronger in this your first resolve, and so get deeper and deeper into the truth you have begun to love. Excuse the desultoriness of what I have said. It all amounts to this: I thank God for you, and bid you Godspeed. Won't you write me soon again and tell me more? I promise you my warmest interest and sincerest prayers. God bless you and help you.

Your brother, Phill.

March 25, 1861.

Dear William, — Three weeks already since the new President came in. I hope we are going to see something done by and by. What do they say in Boston about Fort Sumter? Pretty hard, is n't it?

We have been back in snowstorms again this last week. Yesterday, though, was a magnificent day. Everybody out and churches full. . . . A week ago yesterday Dr. Vinton preached for me an old Boston sermon, "Remember Lot's Wife." Advent is still prosperous. Yesterday we started a branch Sunday-school a few squares from the church. We began with sixty scholars and ten teachers. I think it will work.

As to Holy Trinity I have about concluded not to go, and have signified as much to Dr. Vinton. I think there are many reasons why I ought to go, but I don't see how I can properly

leave Advent just now. I enclose you a paragraph that was handed to me yesterday, cut from the Sunday "Dispatch," — a "flash" paper of this city. It shows how absurdly the thing has been talked about here. Have you read "Elsie Venner"? How well it closes and what a smart book it is all through. I see the "Recreation" man is announced to write for the "Atlantic." We shall have something good there.

Monday evening, April 2, 1861.

DEAR FRED, — I am sure you know that it is neither neglect nor indifference that has kept me from answering your last letters more promptly. I hope you know something of the pleasures they have given me and of the interest, greater than I can begin to express, which I feel in this great work which God has done for you. It is only that the class of Lent has kept me so unceasingly busy that I have not had time before now to sit down quietly and write to you.

Does n't it seem wonderful always to look back on the way that God has led us, and to trace back his guidance ever so far before we began to have any idea that we were under it? How completely it makes one feel that the whole work is in God and not in us, from first to last that He has done it and not we. And how much more than satisfied we are that it should be all His doing. What a happy confidence it gives us that as He began it in spite of our indifference, so He can carry it on in spite of our feebleness. I am thankful that you can write and feel as you do in beginning the new life. God grant that you may grow in grace abundantly and fast. William wrote me the other day of what you had told him. I know the warmth and feeling with which he spoke would give you pleasure. When is your confirmation? Ours is not till near the last of April. I expect about fifteen candidates. The Holy Trinity matter is still unsettled. Good-by. God bless you.

Monday, April 9, 1861.

DEAR WILLIAM, — Spring is slow in coming, and here we are all getting a little weary waiting for her. Easter Day was the most perfect day we have had yet. Yesterday was way back in February again. I am beginning to look Bostonwards again. Summer is not so very far off, and the other day I had a letter from Mr. B. T. Reed, asking me to preach three Sundays in June at his new chapel in Lynn. I returned word that I could n't do that, but, if he wished, would come on and preach the second Sunday (the 9th) of June. So you may look for me about that time to be on your hands for a week or so. It will make a

pleasant trip, and the $20 that they give will pay expenses. Next Sunday I spend at Elizabeth, and shall run up to New York the first of next week, but can't get further that time. I exchanged yesterday morning with Dr. Stevens at St. Andrew's, and saw Bancroft there in church. The Holy Trinity matter is fast approaching a settlement. They gave a call last Tuesday evening, backing it with a long six-page letter from the congregation full of reasons why I ought to come. Since then I have been down with visits from them urging my acceptance. But I am not changed in my mind to stay, and have a rough draft of a letter in my drawer now, which will be copied off and sent next week.

PHILADELPHIA, April 9, 1861.

TO THE VESTRY OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY:

GENTLEMEN, — Your secretary has communicated to me the vote passed at your meeting of last Tuesday evening, by which I am invited to become the rector of your church.

I need not tell you that I have endeavored to give the call that earnest, calm, and prayerful consideration which it deserves. I have felt its importance, and you know I have not dealt with it lightly.

I feel confidence in thinking that most of the members of your body already know and appreciate the motives under which I have arrived at the decision which I ought not to delay in announcing to you.

The condition of my present parish and the circumstances of my connection with it constitute the great reason which has brought the question to a settlement, and which compels me now, acknowledging with all my heart the kindness and consideration which has marked your proposal and all the intercourse that has accompanied it, to decline the call to the rectorship of the Holy Trinity.

I trust that it is unnecessary for me to say how deep an interest I feel in the parish for which you act, and how earnestly I pray for its prosperity, and how confidently I look to see it do, under God, a great work in our Master's cause.

Accept, gentlemen, personally the assurance of my warmest regard and kindest wishes. And believe me very sincerely,

Your friend and servant, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Sunday afternoon, April 29, 1861.

DEAR FATHER, — Excuse my seeming neglect of late. I have been very busy and have not found the time to write. What

times these are! Is n't it great to see people in our degenerate days willing to go to work for a principle as our people are doing now? How splendidly old Massachusetts is doing. She has evidently got the old blood left in her yet. The feeling here is just as deep as ever. Not quite as much noise, but everybody doing what they can. Our lecture room at Advent has been a tailor's shop for the last week, with the ladies making clothes for the volunteers. This morning a company attended service at Advent and had an appendix to the sermon for their benefit. To-night there is to be a baptism in Advent of two young men who are ordered off to-morrow, and cannot wait till confirmation time. Everything now has something to do with the war.

Wise left town last Monday; his furniture has been sent off, and he will probably never return. He made himself somewhat obnoxious before leaving, and was turned out half shaved from a black barber's shop on Monday morning because he used his tongue too freely. His church is in a quandary.

We see people here from Baltimore every day. I met a lady last night just from there, who said that half the city would rejoice to have a U. S. army of 30,000 men come and occupy the city. Why don't they do it? The administration will be forced to do it yet by the strong popular pressure. You have asked once or twice about the Holy Trinity and my reasons for not going there. I had but one real reason, — I could n't see that I could leave Advent. If I had been wholly free I should have gone, and think from the peculiar nature of that parish I could have got along. I don't know what they will do. At present they are all adrift. They say that they can settle on nobody. The names mentioned have been Dr. Butler, Nicholson, Dr. Cummings, and Mr. Eccleston of Staten Island. The last seems now to have the best chance. None of the others can possibly get a vote of the vestry. Dr. Vinton preaches his farewell this afternoon. I am to read for him. He goes on Wednesday or Thursday. Mrs. Vinton went some time ago. The war fever has overshadowed all these church excitements. I had an offer yesterday to go to San Francisco, to Grace Church, salary from $5000 to $6000. If ever I move, I am not sure but that would be a good direction, but for the present I said I could n't think of it.

I congratulate you on your membership of the "Historical,"[1] and them on their new member. I know you will enjoy it, and it certainly is an honor to be associated with such men. How the genealogical fever will grow on you!

[1] The Massachusetts Historical Society.

But I only meant to write a note. Franklin Square you would n't know. It is a drill yard from morning to night, and at this moment there is a whole company on the sidewalk opposite to 701.

PHILADELPHIA, April 29, 1861.

DEAR WILLIAM, — The war is inevitable, and let it come. I repeat it, sir, let it come. It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace! Peace! but there is no Peace! the war is actually begun. We are in the midst of recruiting and drilling and arriving and departing of troops. We see the Massachusetts men as they pass through on their way to Baltimore, and in a few hours we hear of their being bruised and beaten and killed in a city that claims all the benefits of being on our side. There can be but one party in the North now. There is but one in Philadelphia. The excitement is intense. Several young men of my congregation have enlisted and are going on high religious motives. Who dare say that it is n't his duty to go when the duty is so urgent and the cause so sacred?

Of course nothing else is talked of here, and it 's hard to fix down to work of any kind. I was in New York on Monday, and things were the same there.

I still expect to go on in June. I should have preferred to take a later Sunday, but the one I chose seemed to be the only one consistent with my work here. Everything goes well at Advent. They have just voted to raise my salary to $2000, beginning next month. Our confirmation has just been fixed for the 15th of May. Till then I shall be pretty busy.

I shall think of you all to-morrow afternoon, and though miles away, my heart will give to Fred the warmest of welcomes into the church.

Saturday, May 4, 1861.

DEAR WILLIAM, — War still; quieter just now, but yet, as we all think, a fight certainly coming. How your last letter bubbled and boiled with patriotism! Is n't it a grand thing to see how the mind of the whole country has risen up to the demand of the times? Does n't it prove what, in a long time of peacefulness we are apt to forget, that the heroic qualities are true elements in human nature, and will always be developed with the recurrence of any exigency that calls for their exhibition and employment? Does n't it renew and enlarge our faith in our race?

But I 'm not going to write war again. To be sure, there 's little else. It 's hard to get away from it in sermon-writing or letter-writing.

Dr. Vinton has gone. He left Thursday. I shall miss him very much, for I have seen a great deal of him, and valued his society and intimacy very much indeed. I have liked him more and more with all that I have seen of him. And it will make Philadelphia quite a different place to have him out of it. He gave me his study table that used to be in Temple Place, and it stands now between my front windows. The Holy Trinity is still without a prospect. I am to preach there to-morrow afternoon.

May 13, 1861.

Dear George, — It has n't been neglect but business. Will you forgive me and let me write as freely as if I was answering all in good season your kind letter of ever so long ago? I hope by this time, long before this, you are yourself again and hard at work among the Medfordites, and I hope the work is prospering and you enjoy everything about the place as much as ever. By the way, I expect to look in upon you in three or four weeks. I have promised to preach at Lynn on the second Sunday in June, and you may have your manillas ready any time in the preceding week. What of the war? Is n't it grand? Your enthusiasm is no doubt as great as ours, and your confidence as strong that just the thing our land has been needing for ever so long to clear it, first of its corrupt government and ultimately of the hateful curse of slavery, has come about at last. The seminary is broken up and probably Northern students will never be on its roll again. Sparrow and Packard have gone South, May has returned North. The Northern money that has gone into those buildings is sunk. . . . At Advent all goes much as usual. I have been busy getting ready for confirmation, which comes next Wednesday evening. There are twenty-seven or twenty-eight candidates.

Saturday evening, May 18, 1861.

Dear William, — The sermon is just done, so you must excuse a very late note and a very short one. My next one I hope to deliver in person, for it is only two weeks now before I shall be on my way in your direction, unless Jeff Davis is in Philadelphia before that time, in which case, as he may like to attend service at Advent and hear what we think of him there, I should have to stay and tell him.

I had a letter from Father the other day full of red-hot war spirit and making much of Governor Andrew. It seems after all the "Courier" said that his was an election quite fit to be made. How well our Yankee general Butler comes out too. Massachusetts is ahead yet in the war.

Last Wednesday evening we had our confirmation at Advent. Bishop Potter officiated, and the church was crowded. There were thirty-one candidates. It is encouraging to feel that some work is doing. I have enjoyed this last year exceedingly, and if I can only feel that the people get as much good as I do pleasure out of our connection, I shall be well satisfied.

Lots of love to all, and tell them to look out for me.

June 26, 1861.

Dear Father, — I have been meaning to write to you since my return, but have been pretty busy without accumulating anything. We are in the midst of the hot term, many people gone and going out of town, and things pretty generally stagnated. At such a time one cannot work with full spirit, and I am looking forward to getting away again for vacation, three weeks from next Monday.

The people of Holy Trinity are going about the country hearing ministers. They are anxious to hear Dr. Huntington [now Bishop of Central New York]. I have told them I don't think there is any chance of getting him, but they are set on trying, and so I have promised to ascertain for them how they can hear him. . . .

Things don't seem to get ahead much in the war, do they? This new talk about compromise I am convinced will come to nothing, but it is a bad symptom, and ought to be stopped. I am glad to see that Massachusetts has come down handsomely with ten more regiments.

Philadelphia, Saturday, June 29, 1861.

Dear William, — How hot it is! Don't expect much to-day, for it 's the last hot day of a long hot week, a two-sermon week too, so that I feel myself pretty considerably written out. Sixty pages a week, the thermometer at 80°, is trying work.

Has Boston quite recovered from my visit, and settled down again into its normal quiet? Your New York trip has come since; I am glad to hear that you enjoyed it. Sorry to hear you speak so cheerlessly of Dr. Vinton's new position. I am afraid that he has made a mistake. I am in hopes now that Dr. Richards will be called to Wise's parish. The vestry went on to hear him last Sunday and were much pleased. It will be very pleasant for me if they call and he accepts, — two peradventures.

Another blunder down South yesterday in the death of Captain Ward. One of these days, perhaps, we shall do something to brag of, but we don't seem to have done it yet. What will

Congress do is the question. People are getting dreadfully poor here, and even ministers are beginning to economize. Where will it end?

July 2, 1861.

Dear Father, — Many thanks for your kind letter, also for the trouble you took in finding out about Dr. Huntington. I have not forgotten that this is the birthday of our Eldest Hope. Twenty-seven, is n't it? Offer him my best congratulations and my heartiest wishes for twenty-seven more happy new years. Wise's old parish have been on to hear Dr. Richards, and have concluded to call him. The call will be given this week. I hope he will accept. We are all to have service on the 4th (July) by Bishop Potter's recommendation.

From his mother: —

Boston, July 2, 1861.

My dearest Philly, — To-day is William's birthday, when I had my first child, and I have been living all day in the past. How full my thoughts and my heart have been of Willy and you in your baby days. How many recollections crowd upon me when I look back upon all the way the Lord has led me and realize how solemn it is to live. We naturally live so much in the present that it is good for us sometimes to turn back to the past. It does not make me feel sad but solemn when I think how much of my time is past and how short the journey now. I only desire to travel it well and peacefully, until we and the children God has given us shall safely reach heaven and dwell with our blessed Saviour forever. Oh, bliss unspeakable! . . . Good-by, my dear child, for a little longer. You 'll be soon among us again. Dinna forget.

Your devoted and loving Mother.

Saturday, September 14, 1861.

Dear William, — When is the great battle coming? Everybody says now before another week is over, but I believe McClellan knows what he is about, and won't fight till he 's ready, and then will whip them terribly. Philadelphia brags loudly of her son and has forgotten Patterson in her delight over McC.

How comfortably the traitors are getting housed in Lafayette. Boston has contributed nothing yet. You must have some old "Courier" men that you would like to spare that you could send to keep our precious townsmen company.

Monday morning.

What hot weather again; yesterday was oppressive, and with three services I feel pretty well used up this morning. I am

quite in the old rut again now, and everything is going pretty much as usual. I hear nothing from Holy Trinity, though I understand they have made no arrangement yet. I preached there on the 8th, but their head men were all out of town.

They say there was a great movement of troops from here yesterday towards Washington.

Monday morning, September 16, 1861.

Dear Fred, — I think the upshot of your last letter as near as I can make it out is, Will I subscribe to the "Harvard"? Of course I will. I am anxious as far as it is possible in this benighted region to keep up with the literary and æsthetic progress of our land. So put my name down, and as soon as you will write and tell me what the subscription price is, I will transmit the funds, to be returned, of course, if the machine does n't run a full year under its new engineering. I must make one condition, and that is that I am to be kept informed monthly what articles I am especially to warm up over, as emanating from the lineal successor of its first editors.

They say the great battle has got to come this week. I hope and think that we are ready for it, and from all that we can hear, believe that under McClellan we may look for, as he says, "no more Bull Run affairs."

Friday, September 27, 1861.

Dear William, — We are just through the President's Fast Day, and I have never seen a week day kept as it has been. Our stores almost without exception were closed; the churches thronged. We had service at Advent in the morning, and in the evening and afternoon joined with Mr. Cooper's and Dr. Newton's congregations for union services. The churches all three times were overflowing, and unable to hold all that came, and so it was with all the churches, I believe, all over town.

I had no sermon, only a short address. The only restraint was a feeling that I could not speak out as fully as I wished on the one great sin which is beyond doubt the chief reason of this calamity being on us, and which has got to be removed before the calamity can be lifted off. It is useless to talk round and round it, when we know and are sure that slavery, its existence in the South and its approval in the North, is the great crushing, cursing sin of our national life and the cause of all our evils. I spoke of it freely yesterday, and so far as I know without giving offence.

How strange this continual mismanagement is! What is ham-

pering our soldiers and statesmen? Another defeat and another brave man useless out in Missouri, and all apparently for want of foresight and prudence. Here 's a noble letter about the war and the country. Well, you 'll excuse it, for there is n't much worth thinking or talking of besides in times like these.

October 1, 1861.

Dear Father, — I have meant to answer your last letter before, but have been pretty busy. I got last night the "Transcript" with its cut at ——. He deserved it, and more too. The man who can insult a Northern congregation nowadays by standing up and laying the whole blame of these troubles on the North deserves all the dislike and distrust he gets.

We are just beginning to be stirred up here about the election of an assistant bishop. Bishop Potter has called a convention for the 23d, and the choice is very doubtful. Drs. Butler, Goodwin, May, Morton, and Leeds seem to be the promising names. Dr. Stevens would stand a good chance except that his loyalty is spotted. . . . I have received the first number of the new volume of the "Harvard" [magazine], with Fred for one of the editors. He seems to be holding up his end of the family rope well.

How bold we are getting in Virginia, taking possession of deserted hills and shooting down our own men! Things look badly in Missouri too. What splendid October weather we are having.

Friday, October 11, 1861.

Dear William, — . . . This is a big week in church matters here, meetings of societies, etc. Dr. Tyng has been making some splendid speeches, taking the black bull by the horns every time he could get a chance, but I won't touch on that as we both vented our Abolitionism abundantly last week. Dr. Vinton is here, but returns to-day. I was in hopes to have kept him over Sunday, but he is inexorable. By the way, the Holy Trinity call is coming the 1st of November, I understand, and Mr. Coolidge having left Providence at last I can have that parish if I want it. Between the two the choice is I shall stay at Advent. . . .

Colonel Wilson's regiment went through here the other day, and created a great deal of attention. It was called the best equipped regiment that has passed through Philadelphia. We have had a terrible week of rain, but this morning has cleared off gloriously, and everything is looking beautifully. I am just going out to try to secure some of the Bishops and other Big Boys here to preach for me on Sunday.

October 29, 1861.

My dear William, — Another defeat and another butchery. Where are we drifting to, and when is the tide to turn? I have n't a doubt that it will turn, but it is tedious waiting for it, and meanwhile we are losing time and men. Have you read the poem called the "Washers of the Shroud" in the last "Atlantic"? It seems to me very fine.

We have been busy and excited this week in the choice of a bishop. The papers have told you, no doubt, that Dr. Stevens was elected. I voted against him, and was sorry that he was elected simply because I do not think in the present state of things, and with the prospects that are before us, any man of Southern sympathies and connections, even though he may be just now professedly loyal, ought to become the mouthpiece of a Northern diocese. However, he is an able and a good man, and I shall hope the best of his administration. It was a very long and excited canvass.

There is nothing new in my own church relations. I have had an interview with the Holy Trinity people in reference to their giving a new call, and have discouraged it, at least until they have made trial of one or two persons who have been for some time before them. What will be the upshot of it I can't tell.

Friday, November 8, 1861.

Dear William, — . . . I went to hear your senator last night, Charles Sumner, on the War. He was n't very great. He has grown fat and clumsy, and has not the same fire that he used to have. Where is the fleet? Are we ever to hear from it, or has it drifted out into infinite space or gone over to secession or gone down Armada fashion in one of these gales? I have faith still, but things look badly, especially in Missouri. What a pity that Fremont's removal came just at this time, though, independently of that, no doubt it was a good move, or rather it was a bad one ever to put him there. . . .

Monday, November 18, 1861.

Dear Father and Mother, — I have resigned the Advent to-day, and shall accept the Holy Trinity to-morrow. You will not think it strange that I have not written you about this before. I wanted to have it fixed and settled before I troubled you with it again.

The call from the Holy Trinity came two weeks ago, and since then I have been in a wretched state, weighing my desire to stay with the Advent people against my apparent duty to go and work this larger field. I never want to pass another such two weeks.

I went on a week ago to-day and passed two days with Dr. Vinton. After coming back from there the matter has had much serious and prayerful thought, and has resulted finally in a clear conviction that I ought to go. The Advent people are very much hurt and very indignant about it. I am sincerely sorry to leave them, more so than I can tell, but what can I do?

And now about the details. My resignation is to take effect after the first Sunday in Advent. I have n't the heart to go right to Holy Trinity the next Sunday, and so shall accept then to begin the 1st of January. Most of the intervening time I shall spend with you in Chauncy Street, if you will take me in. I say "most" because I may be kept here a few days after I leave Advent to make arrangements about moving, etc., and also because I have partly promised to spend the second Sunday in December with Dr. Vinton. At any rate I shall be at home to keep George's birthday and Christmas.

To the Vestry of the Church of the Advent:

Gentlemen, — I hereby resign to you the rectorship of your church.

This charge was accepted by me in response to your invitation in September, 1859; since that time I need not say how sincerely and constantly I have rejoiced in the relations of perfect harmony that have existed between us and in the evident blessing of God upon our joint labors. Never has any rector been privileged to minister to a people more kind and earnest and sympathizing, or to rely upon the help of a vestry more united, more cordial, and considerate in every stage of his intercourse with them. After such an experience I cannot try to tell you how deeply I feel the painful necessity of severing our connection. I believe you all know that it has not been an easy task or one determined on without earnest, long, and prayerful thought.

But I have been led to see it as my duty to accept a field of labor which has been opened, and kept open, before me by the Providence of God. I shall go to that field in answer to my Master's call, and because I sincerely feel the summons comes from Him.

For the Church of the Advent I feel a love and care that time can never weaken. I pray for its continual prosperity, and I look with much desire for the permanence of the many close friendships I have formed among you.

To the vestry I render my most hearty thanks for all their sympathy and help, for their kind seconding of all my efforts and anticipation of all my wants, and though our official relation

ends, I prize their regard, and beseech for each of them the best blessings temporal and spiritual that our Father can bestow.

It is my wish that this resignation should take effect after the first Sunday in Advent.

With sincerest regards and strong affection, I am, dear brethren,

Your friend, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

PHILADELPHIA, November 18, 1861.

There are circumstances connected with Mr. Brooks's resignation of the Church of the Advent which are not mentioned in the foregoing correspondence, or receive only a slight allusion. It is evident that the event was a painful one to him as it was also to his congregation. It was inevitable, but perhaps it would have presented a more ideal aspect if in leaving his first parish he had been leaving it also for work elsewhere than in Philadelphia. For there was here a circumstance capable of the usual misinterpretation, that he was leaving one parish because it was poor for another because it was rich. But for nearly a year he had kept the question under consideration. Although he had once formally declined the call, yet the exigent demands of the larger church would not allow him to refuse. Some things also had become more apparent as the months went by. His church was crowded with worshippers, but they brought no strength to his parish; they came to listen, but they did not rent the vacant pews. He was in reality ministering to the congregations of other parishes. If he was to speak as his soul moved him to do, he needed a stronger vantage ground, a more prominent position. If he must preach to crowded churches, as seemed to be even then his destiny, it was better to preach in a church with fifteen hundred hearers than in one with five hundred. A power outside himself seemed to be arbitrating the issue for him. In the spirit of humility and of obedience he acquiesced, but with no sign of ambition for self, or spirit of conceit and self-sufficiency.

It was a hard and bitter experience for the Church of the Advent. He seemed to belong to them as by the divine right of discovery. They had found him as he preached in the Sharon Mission near Alexandria, and from afar had

CHURCH OF THE ADVENT, PHILADELPHIA, INTERIOR
(*The Chancel somewhat changed from its aspect in 1859*)

descried his power while all the world was in ignorance. To them he had given the first fresh devotion of his ministry, endearing himself to them by no ordinary faithfulness, going in and out among them as their very own. They too in return had given him of their best; there was nothing they would not do, or attempt to do, to show their affectionate appreciation. But they were paralyzed by these efforts, one after another, in such rapid succession, to rob them of their treasure. In the case of the Church of the Holy Trinity they were tempted to stand upon their rights, to appeal to ecclesiastical law, to refuse absolutely to let him go.

The change of a clergyman from one parish to another is so familiar and commonplace a circumstance that it would hardly seem to deserve here more than a passing mention. But this was a case which probed the issue involved in the relation of pastor and people to its deepest source. In the early history of New England the principle had been tacitly sanctioned that the relationship could be sundered only by death. Such also had been the understanding in the ancient church when the principle had been embodied in the canon law. But it had been found an ideal too high for realization in this imperfect world. In the ancient church it had passed into abeyance, surviving as a relic in the order of bishops only, and even there it was eventually overcome. The Puritan churches had also failed to maintain it, one of Mr. Brooks's ancestors, the Hon. Judge Phillips of Andover, being among the first to advocate a change in the rule. But when it came to Phillips Brooks's case, the call to leave the Church of the Advent for the Holy Trinity, the ancient principle began to be seen in all its pristine force and beauty. It seemed to the Church of the Advent as though the tie binding minister and people were so sacred that it was wrong and even sacrilege to attempt to break it, — a sin against both God and man. But much also was to be said for the Church of the Holy Trinity. From the time when Phillips Brooks first preached there, soon after his ordination, he had so won their hearts that they had at once fixed upon him as their rector in case Dr. Vinton should leave. It had been

a mistake, his preaching there so often, if he were not free to become their minister when they should call him. Already he was as dear to them as to his own parishioners, — the only man upon whom they could now unite, when Dr. Vinton had left them. While they recognized the difficulties to be encountered in detaching him from his devoted people at the Advent, yet none the less did their claim upon him seem the stronger. At great expense they had erected their noble church in the most commanding position in the city, the centre of its life and growth. The large building had at once been filled with a congregation composed of prominent and influential citizens; its social distinction and prestige was the highest. If they felt that these circumstances constituted any part of their claim, yet they did not give them a foremost place. There were those watching the proceeding who ventured to assure the young minister that if he accepted the call, he would be regarded as mercenary in his motives or ambitious of social recognition. But to the credit of both the claimants it must be said that such arguments as these were only faintly urged. Already the high character of Mr. Brooks, apart from his genius and other endowments, made such things seem out of place.

It had been left by the vestry of the Holy Trinity Church to one of its members, the Hon. G. W. Woodward, a judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, to draw up the document which should present its cause. To the preparation of this document, Judge Woodward bent his powers as an able lawyer, reviewing the situation in all its aspects. It was a masterly paper, and could not have been without its influence. It made its impression on the mind of Mr. Brooks, but nevertheless he declined the call. These events took place in the month of April, 1860. Six months and more went by, and the Church of the Holy Trinity was still unable to unite upon any one as its minister, so long as its mind and heart were preoccupied with Mr. Brooks. In November of this same year the call was renewed. Then the Church of the Advent was alarmed, for the danger was now felt to be real and close at hand. They had no great jurist among

them like Judge Woodward to advocate their cause, but they were not without resources of their own, of equal if not superior force, in making their last defence and appeal. They did not allude to the possibility of any sinister motives as having any connection with the case; they simply fell back upon the eternally human as the strongest foundation; they pointed out in simple, but most pathetic ways the divine hand, the voice of the Spirit in all these human affairs.

No more moving appeal than they offered could be conceived. They knew their man; they had not sat in vain under his teaching. They recalled to his mind their situation as a parish when two years and a half ago they had called him to be their minister. They were then in a depressed condition; half of the pews in the church were unoccupied; their number of communicants sadly reduced; their revenue far below their current expenses. Under these circumstances, the calling of a rector was to them a matter of vital importance, for a mistake meant failure and ruin. Then as a church they had prayed for the divine guidance. Was it not in answer to this prayer that one of his fellow students at Alexandria, who happened to be in Philadelphia, had mentioned the name of Phillips Brooks to one of their vestry, a seemingly chance occurrence, but mentioned in such a way that it could not be forgotten? He mentioned it to others of the vestry, and so strong was the impression borne in upon their minds that a committee was appointed to go and see him. They recalled to his mind how this committee had gone to visit the little mission house to hear him preach, or rather talk, to the poor people to whom he ministered, the impression made on them, and the conversation that followed in the garden near the humble place where they had found him; the return of the committee and their report to the congregation, and then the immediate and unanimous call. The first sermon and the impression it made upon the people to whom he was yet an entire stranger, — this they also recalled to him; then the almost immediate increase in the congregation, continuing to increase during all the time of his ministry; the earnest and crowded audiences listening to the

truth as it fell from his lips. They spoke of the large number added to the communicants of the church; they reminded him of his Sunday-school, with its hundreds of eager children's faces. In all this, so the argument ran, was there to be seen the evidence of some divine supernatural call. And here they rested their case.

But, on the other hand, the Church of the Holy Trinity was not without a similar conviction, and equally strong, that a divine and supernatural hand was now directing him to arise and depart from the smaller, more limited field, in which he could not be suffered any longer to remain. If he ministered effectively to a congregation of five hundred, was it not a divine opening when he was invited to minister, and surely with equal efficiency, to a congregation of more than twice that number? A letter came to him from a gentleman, a member of the vestry of the larger church, which tells the same simple story, making the same human, pathetic appeal, as had the members of his own congregation. He had heard him when he first preached at the Church of the Holy Trinity soon after his ordination, and had then been captured, mind and heart, by the young stranger, and his soul had gone out to him as to a son. He wrote that the opinion, under the influence of that first sermon, expressed at the moment by those with whom he talked was that Phillips Brooks must be the successor of Dr. Vinton. He urged upon him the unusually large number of young people who made up their congregation, who listened to him as they would to no other. Here he himself was virtually interested, for he was the father of young children growing up in their beauty and innocence, for whom his one desire was that they should be brought to their Saviour. And of such families there were hundreds looking to him in the waiting church.

When the call to Holy Trinity was repeated, it came to Phillips Brooks with a renewed force. It had become evident that he was not to be allowed to remain in peace where he was. He had said but little in his letters of the motives for his final decision. But this was one of them, the desire to feel that he was permanently fixed where he could do his work

to advantage. That part of the city where he then ministered was changing, and the trend of the population was away from his neighborhood. To follow the population and build elsewhere was only to divide his church, for it was needed where it was, to minister to those who would remain. But he was distressed at the thought of leaving his parish; he was distracted in mind and sore at heart when he betook himself to Dr. Vinton for advice. That visit determined the question. When he returned from New York, he sent in his resignation of the rectorship of the Church of the Advent. When Dr. Vinton heard of the decision he wrote: —

New York, November 20, 1861,
St. Mark's Rectory.

My dear Brooks, — Your letter has set me rejoicing. The Lord bless your decision is and shall be my prayer.

Nothing could give me more pleasure than to be at my old place Sunday, but our communion keeps me at home. I have written to Mr. Coffin proposing the Sunday following, the third anniversary of my first sermon in H. T. [Holy Trinity]. If that plan is agreeable to you, I shall come.

I suppose you mean to go to Boston in December. Remember my house is your home *always* in your passing and repassing, and you contract no obligation, but confer one thereby. When if ever it should be inconvenient to us I will tell you.

And now may the Lord bless and keep you, and make His face to shine upon you, and be gracious to you.

Yours affectionately, Alex. H. Vinton.

But the chronicler for the "Daily Press," apparently the same who had kept track of Mr. Brooks from the time when he went to Philadelphia, was disappointed at this decision, and gave utterance to his feelings: —

The Philistines have triumphed! Holy Trinity rejoiceth! Advent mourns and refuses to be comforted. Last week we mentioned the fact that overtures were being made by the vestry of Holy Trinity to rob the Church of the Advent on old York road of its pastor. . . . Mr. Brooks, acting as a man should do, declined the sordid bid. They called again, and still he replied nay. They then proposed to relieve Advent of an incumbrance of several thousand dollars, *provided* Mr. Brooks accepted. This we regret to learn that gentleman has done, so that the poor of

Advent are left to wander without a shepherd, that the aristocratic attendants upon Holy Trinity may be accommodated. . . . If he can reconcile the change with his own conscience and God, we have nothing to say. But the finger of suspicion will long point at him as one guided in his holy calling by temporal interests. This and more he will have to encounter. The cold-blooded aristocrats of Holy Trinity will treat him with frigid dignity, nothing more. Advent and her people took him to their bosoms, and warmed his every labor by cheering smiles of approval.

During this trying time when he was still at the Church of the Advent, before his resignation should take effect, came Thanksgiving Day with its holy memories. He could not join his family at the sacred feast, but at least he could keep festival by bringing to the altar the best offering of his genius. The Puritan feeling in which the day had found its origin stirred within him. One essential quality in the life of man was gratitude. Unless a man could give thanks for the mercies of creation, as well as of redemption, he missed the meaning and the value of life. But how to interpret the dark hour when a great nation was involved in all the horrors of a fratricidal war, so that gratitude to God might be still recognized as the undercurrent of its being — that was the problem he had to face. He took for his text the verse of a familiar Psalm: "I will sing of mercy and of judgment" (ci. 1). The sermon was reported in the daily newspapers with the brief preface: "The neat little Church of the Advent, York Avenue above Buttonwood, was filled to the utmost capacity yesterday morning." The sermon has a historical interest as a picture of the hour: —

I suppose there is not one here who has not thought more than once this morning what a peculiar tone and spirit there is in this Thanksgiving Day. Nine weeks ago to-day we met here under the proclamation of the President to hold our Fast Day services. We came then with a sense of disaster and distress. We came sadly and penitently to confess our sins, and to beseech God to remove His judgments from us. The troubles that brought us together then have not ceased; the fears that we felt then are still upon us, and the same perplexities which surrounded us then bring us together again to-day to thank God for His mercies.

It cannot be under such circumstances that our fast should be

entirely forgotten. The shadow of that day will give color to this. God's two hands — His hand of blessing and His hand of caution — are laid on us together, and if we sing at all to-day it must be a double strain, like that which David announces in our text, "I will sing of mercy and of judgment."

Monday morning, November 25, 1861.

DEAR WILLIAM, — I thank you most sincerely for your kind note of sympathy and congratulation. Yes, my race at the Advent is up next Sunday, and you can't imagine how blue it makes me. But I am rejoiced the thing is settled, and now long to have the parting over. They are beginning to feel more kindly about it, though they have not yet accepted my resignation, having twice refused to do so, and referred the matter to Bishop Potter. But as he fully approves of my course and has told them so, I think they will make no more difficulty, but accept it at their next meeting to-morrow night. Meanwhile you can imagine it is pretty hard work to keep on laboring just as before. I preached yesterday morning. In the evening I had Bishop Hopkins of Vermont.

Have now only two sermons more to write: one for Thanksgiving and my farewell for next Sunday evening. As to coming home you will see me either two weeks from last Saturday or two weeks from to-day. I am coming for a quiet little rest and for the joy of seeing you all. Mother wants me to preach while I am in Boston. Tell her she must excuse me once more. I want to drop off work altogether for these few weeks, and she must let me sit alongside of her and listen to Dr. Nicholson.

Excuse this long letter all about myself. I have been so busy about my own affairs lately that I have grown vilely selfish. With much love,

Your affectionate brother, PHILL.

On December 6 he started for Boston, staying for a few days in New York with Dr. Vinton. It was his wish, his intention, during his absence from Philadelphia to refrain from preaching. How well he kept his purpose is shown by the records of his Sundays during the month of December. On the 8th he preached in the morning at Trinity Church, New York, and in the afternoon at St. Mark's, for Dr. Vinton. On the 15th he was with the Rev. George A. Strong in Medford, preaching for him at Grace Church, morning and

evening. On the 22d, and this was a memorable day for him and his family, he preached at St. Paul's Church, Boston, in the church to which he had gone as a child since he was three years old, with his family in the old pew, No. 60, in the broad central aisle. His text was St. John iv. 28, 29: "Come, see a man who told me all things, that ever I did; is not this the Christ?" In the evening he preached at St. Mary's, Dorchester, where his uncle, Mr. John Phillips, resided. On the 29th he preached for the first time in Trinity Church, Boston, while Bishop Eastburn read the service. In the evening of the same day he preached at St. James', Roxbury. It was on the 13th of December that he kept his twenty-sixth birthday.

One would like to know what judgment his parents passed upon his preaching as he stood before them, or what Bishop Eastburn, the stalwart Evangelical divine, thought of the unfamiliar utterance as he listened from the chancel. The father was a severe critic of preachers as they passed before him in review at St. Paul's. He admired the slow deliberate oratory of Dr. Vinton, whose massive voice corresponded with his imposing figure. He had also at first been greatly impressed with the delivery of Dr. Nicholson, whose rendering of the service, solemn and emphatic and with rotund sonorous voice, he thought the finest he had heard. It must have seemed to him as though his son defied every rule of oratory, or was incapable of classification according to accepted principles. Indeed, the new preacher gave his audience no time to think about his voice, whether it were fine or not; there was a rush of sentences, one tumbling after another, and the audience had all it could do to follow, for somehow he made them intensely eager to follow and to catch each spoken word, as though something essential would be lost if their attention should be diverted. There must have been surprise and even amazement at something so novel, so unlike anything they had ever heard before. Not only was the preacher's delivery unfamiliar, but his thought was new; the old familiar thought of the gospel was in his sermons, but it came with a new meaning and force, stripped of the old

conventionalities of expression. It was the case of a prophet returning to his own country. There is some evidence that he failed to receive at once the recognition and the honor which had been accorded him in his adopted city. When he first preached at Dorchester, one who heard him thought the congregation was rather amused than impressed with the rapid manner, the stumbling over sentences, the occasional entanglement of words from which he extricated himself with difficulty. There is a tradition also that his uncle, when he first heard him, did not feel sure that he would succeed as a preacher, but thought him a young man possessed of genius.

CHAPTER XII

JANUARY TO AUGUST, 1862

THE FIRST YEAR AT THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY IN PHILADELPHIA. DISTRACTIONS OF PARISH WORK. THE NEW DIVINITY SCHOOL. VISIT TO NIAGARA

THE first duty incumbent on Mr. Brooks in his new position was to make the acquaintance of his parishioners, and to gather up the lines of work into his own hands. He studied his parish as if it were a business enterprise, revealing himself as an administrator of affairs, with a minute knowledge of every department of work, its actual condition and the possibilities of its extension. It was his aim to make the parish realize some high ideal of usefulness for the city and for the church at large.

During the first six months of his rectorship he was so absorbed and his time so occupied with these pressing demands that he found little or no opportunity for study. It must also be said that during these months the record he kept of his work shows that he wrote but two sermons. He fell back upon his old sermons, but he also was driven into extemporaneous preaching as the only method possible under such heavy pressure of engagements. If his soul had not been so full of enthusiasm, or his preparation for the ministry had not been so thorough, he could not have met as he did the increasing demands for high work in the pulpit, which his very success was creating. For the moment he utters no complaint, though he must have inwardly groaned as he contemplated the situation. During these months, his diary, faithfully kept, shows him making and receiving calls, morning and afternoon and evening of every day in every week and month. The rich and generous hospitality of his

congregation seemed to know no bounds and recognize no limits of time. It was one long ovation to the new rector. No occasion was complete without him, and the social festivities for which his presence was desired were innumerable.

But still further, his position as the rector of Holy Trinity Church and the successor of Dr. Vinton entailed other and wider responsibilities. Although a young man of twenty-six, he was taken at once into the confidence and councils of the mature and venerable men, who were charged with duties to the church at large, the leaders of the Evangelical party who at that special moment felt that a crisis was impending in the church, which called for strenuous efforts if the faith was to be maintained. From this time he was a constant speaker at meetings and anniversaries of the American Church Missionary Society, the Evangelical Knowledge Society, and to these was now to be added a third, the Evangelical Education Society. In this same year, 1862, which saw the birth of this latter society for promoting the education of an Evangelical clergy, the first steps were also taken for the establishment of a new divinity school in Philadelphia. The seminary at Alexandria having been closed in consequence of the war, and its professors and students scattered, the need was felt for a central school of theology, which should perpetuate its policy, but with greater advantages than Alexandria had possessed. Bishop Alonzo Potter of Pennsylvania has the honor of being its founder, a wise and statesmanlike ecclesiastic, who saw the need and sought to divert the wealth of the diocese into this new channel. As the rector of Holy Trinity, Mr. Brooks became one of the overseers of the new divinity school, giving freely of his time to the many preliminary meetings which the new enterprise demanded. Dr. Vinton was now often in Philadelphia to be present at these meetings. Thither also came Dr. John S. Stone, the former rector of St. Paul's, Boston, under whose direction the Brooks family had entered the Episcopal Church.[1] With these men, and the name of Dr. Heman Dyer must be mentioned with them, though many

[1] See ante, p. 42.

years his senior, Phillips Brooks now associated on equal terms. They welcomed him for his high position, and the social influence he represented, but chiefly for that fascinating eloquence which gave a new and potent charm to the cause so dear to them. His accession to the cause was simply invaluable. These older men must even then have recognized some difference in the presentation of the truth as they held it, but they were wise and large-hearted, penetrating beneath the surface and recognizing that at heart, and in all the essential quality of the gospel, he was at one with them. From this conviction they never wavered.

Such were among the first results of the change from the Church of the Advent to the Church of the Holy Trinity. Other even greater results were to follow, — his prominence, not only in the church, but in civic affairs, till he came to be one of the foremost citizens of Philadelphia. It was characteristic of him then in his youth, as throughout his life, that he met those new and larger obligations with all the gravity of age, throwing himself into every speech he made on representative occasions, so that the occasion should not fail through any fault of his. He took his part in the deliberations of the hour, never failing in his duty to be present at any appointed meeting. He was now eagerly sought after for such special events as ordinations and consecrations of churches, because thus early his presence and the word as he spoke it were felt to be necessary in order to the fitness of these solemnities. It was almost too much for any man to be called on to endure with safety. But the admiration, the adulation which now went forth towards him, the enthusiasm his presence created, he seemed to regard as a shadow from which he would fain escape. If he was *in* this world of great social and ecclesiastical functions he was not *of* it. Those who knew him well can bear abundant witness to another peculiarity, lifelong and most impressive. He was only too glad to leave the scene of his greatness, to get once more with a few well-chosen friends, as though the honor and applause which came to him were unimportant compared with the privileges which friendship brought, and he were tacitly entreating those whom

he claimed as friends to forgive and to forget these accidental distinctions of popularity and fame as having no intrinsic significance. It is an almost uniform record how, after every public function, he hastened away to this social communion. Sometimes it left the impression that he was hardly responsible for or but slightly related to his work in the pulpit, while that which constituted the value of life was to be found in social fellowship. To make the quick transition from the spiritual exaltation of the pulpit to the ordinary converse of life, which to many is slow and difficult, was easy for him and seemed to be essential to his happiness and peace of mind. There is a contrast here, not easy to harmonize, that while others were still too deeply moved with what he had been uttering to think of anything else, he appeared to have forgotten it or to regard it as an ordinary circumstance in the routine of life. To those who knew him best, the impression was not misleading or injurious. Beneath the contrast lay the principle by which he had reconciled the antagonism of the ages, the antagonism which he himself had felt so strongly in his early years. He had inherited the double portion, — the love of the human equally with the divine. He was bearing testimony to the truth of his own experience, that the joy of living, the pleasure of social converse, the talk which turned upon little things, the wit and the humor natural to man, were not incompatible with religion; that to turn from one to the other, or always to be ready for either, was only to recognize the divine purpose in God's creation, the unity of man's existence in a world which was temporal while yet conjoined with the eternal. He may seem to have carried his defiance of conventional religious manners to an extreme, but, if so, he may have felt that the singular power which he exerted in the pulpit was a source of danger to him, unless it were counterbalanced by the healthy participation in the joy of common life. He attached a mystic importance to the social fellowship, regarding it as the reflection of some aspect of the eternal reality, of things as they are, in themselves and in God.

The social side of his life, therefore, in Philadelphia, must be viewed as an important factor in his history. He seemed

to be making up for lost years of seclusion in college and in the seminary. He went to social receptions whenever he was invited, and they were many. Philadelphia hospitality, which needs no commendation so well is it known, was offered to him without stint or limit. In his congregation there were charming households which were opened to him as homes. Go where he might, he was more than welcome. Life seemed to be a perpetual social ovation. The impression which the records of these days present is that of perfect unalloyed happiness, almost too great for this lower world. In the list of these social engagements some stand out more prominently than others, among them the dinners at Mr. Cooper's every Tuesday evening, the Wednesday evenings after service at Dr. Weir Mitchell's or elsewhere, the Sunday midday meals with Mr. Lemuel Coffin, who was now to Mr. Brooks what Mr. Remsen had been at the Church of the Advent, — a man of great goodness and simplicity, upon whose unfailing sympathy and support he could always rely.

The following letter gives his first impressions as he enters upon the duties of his new position. It is characteristic, and touching also, that he calls at once for a visit from his father and mother.

Saturday, January 11, 1862.

Dear William, — It will be a chance if I don't ask you before I finish what the rent is, and how many boarders you keep. I have spent all this week in asking this question of all sorts of people all over town and am sick now of the very sight of a boarding-house. I am still at Mr. Cooper's, but hope to hear to-night that I can have some rooms at which I have been looking, and which I have promised to take if they are vacated within a week. I am impatient to get settled, for until I do I cannot actively begin my parish work, and am at present doing little more than preaching for my new people. I like them more and more the more I see of them. They are kind, cordial, and full of will to work. There is a good deal of disagreeable fashionable life among them, but many of them are earnest and devoted people. My first Wednesday evening lecture came off last Wednesday night. The lecture room was thronged, but both then and last Sunday there were many strangers on whom I cannot permanently count. I am not ambitious of a crowd, and am sat-

isfied to have the church well filled. All the pews but five or six are taken. The news to-day looks something more like work — two expeditions off. Oh, for a blow somewhere to make this monster stagger! We are having the meanest weather, rain or snow alternately, with fogs and mist and damp. Lay to this and my unsettled state the wretchedness of this letter.

February 3, 1862.

Dear Father, — I thank you for the letter which I got on Saturday. I am getting to feel at home in my new quarters, and not to be quite so much surprised at letters directed to 1533 Locust (Street). The rooms are all that I desire and the house apparently a pleasant one.

All is going swimmingly at the new church. Mr. Coffin (the "Remsen" of the new concern) tells me he rented the last sitting on Saturday, and the church is all taken now for the first time. Yesterday I began my plan of having evening service once a month, with a service for the children instead of the regular afternoon service. It went first-rate; both afternoon and evening were overcrowded. Our Wednesday evening lectures are always much more than full. So you see that we are doing well and have every reason to hope for the future. Dr. Vinton was here last week and seemed to think things looked prosperous. . . .

I want you and Mother to make your plans to come on here in the spring; Mr. Coffin is very anxious you should stay with him. I don't see but what it would be a good arrangement.

As to George's coming, let it be whenever you please, only let me know of it beforehand, that I may find him out a room. . . . Write soon and often.

Yours affectionately, Phillips.

February 8, 1862.

Dear William, — What do you think of Fort Henry?[1] Does n't it seem as if we were really going to have something to crow about one of these days? Now if the Elements will only be done fighting against us, we shan't have much trouble in driving the thing through.

Everything with us is going as quietly as if there were no war. I am getting easy in my new seat, and have about all the reins picked up and fairly in my hands for the long drive. Our church is very full and all rented. They are beginning to whisper

[1] The capture of Forts Henry and Donelson by General Grant, which gave the Union armies possession of the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, the highway to the Southern States of Alabama and Mississippi.

of enlargement, but it won't be done so long as we owe $60,000. Last Sunday I began the experiment of an afternoon children's church, postponing my regular afternoon service till the evening. It succeeded perfectly; both services were overcrowded, and I am going to keep it up now the first Sunday of every month. To-morrow I am going back to Advent for the first time. Dr. Butler has disappointed them, and I am going to take charge of their Sunday-School Anniversary in the afternoon and to preach for them in the evening. It will feel queer; some of them did n't want me to come, but I think probably the best way to break down that feeling is just by going. How I always write about nothing but myself. You must excuse it, but I am so busy I don't have time to pick up news about other people.

The absorbing duties of his parish did not prevent him from following still with deep sympathy each stage of his younger brother's career at Harvard. Frederick Brooks was now preparing to follow in Phillips's footsteps by competing successfully for the Bowdoin prize. The relations with this younger brother show what he might have been as a teacher had not his desire to follow that profession been rudely checked. One thing is clear, that the religious reserve which once made it impossible for him to speak on the subject of personal religion was now broken down. This peculiarity so marked among the New England people — the unwillingness to intrude within the sacred shrine of another's personality — had its roots in the reverence for individual freedom, nourished as it had been by generations of training in the Calvinistic theology. We may believe that it was no easy thing for Phillips Brooks to conquer this reserve, and urge upon Frederick the choice of the ministry as a profession.

1533 Locust Street, February 8, 1862.

Dear Fred, — I thank you for your note of Friday. There was n't much of it, but it was first-rate what there was. I must steal a few moments this morning to answer it. Glad to hear of you all at home so very busy. I rejoice in it. It 's good for all of us. We 'll rest by and by.

I am glad you are going in for the prize. What is your subject and tell me something of your treatment of it? As to the length that always used to be specified in the yearly Catalogue at

so many (twenty-four, I think) pages of the "North American Review." You can easily make a calculation by copying a few lines from the "Review" in your usual hand, how much that will come to in MSS., and I think it is well to come about up to the mark.

I had read your articles in the last "Harvard Magazine" before your note came. I like them both. If I made any suggestion it would be this, and in view rather of college writing in general than of any fault I see specially in yours. Almost all college writing is unsystematic. I remember the horror I used to have of anything like a scheme or skeleton before I began an essay. But I have long since found my error. Let your essay be a whole something, and not a lot of *disjecta membra*, all good, perhaps, but with no organic unity. I am convinced that the difference between good and bad essays lies not between skeleton and no skeleton, but between *two kinds of skeletons* and *two* ways of putting on the meat. I want to feel the bones when I read a man, just as when I shake hands with him. As to style and all that, what a capital paper that is of Mr. T. W. Higginson's, "To a Young Contributor," in the last "Atlantic"! That seems to say all that can be said on that point. Write me all about the progress of your work. One other word, Fred, and very seriously. Have you ever thought about your profession? It is almost time to choose. The ministry of Christ needs men terribly; so much to do, so few trained and cultivated men to do it. What do you say? Write to me about this too, and be sure that all you say shall be to me alone.

Good-by. God bless you. PHILL.

A few months later Frederick Brooks was honored by an election into the Hasty Pudding Club at Harvard, and writes to Phillips for advice in regard to the proper thing for a Pudding oration. Upon that point the older brother could speak with the force of experience, and *con amore*: —

I can only tell you what was the thing in my opinion seven years ago. What new standards a later generation may have set up I can't say. Not local, I should say first of all; that is, not local in its subject or substance. A local allusion here or there of course is a matter of taste, and is well just according as it is well done.

Light or heavy? I should say rather *not heavy* than light, if you see the distinction; there is one. If the best class of Cantabs

are what they used to be, they have a secret contempt always for a mosaic of puns and prettinesses, such as is often set before them for an oration. Take a good earnest subject. Treat it earnestly without preaching and pleasantly without trifling.

When is it to come off? Please write me word that I may make my plans if possible to be there. I bid you welcome into our little fraternity, and shall be glad to sit with you at our musty board and glory once more in my silver spoon.

Friday, February 21, 1862.

Dear William, — . . . How the good news comes in! It takes one's breath away — this hearing of place after place going the way of all rascality before the Union arms. We are all jubilant here, and are going to have a great time to-morrow. I am likely enough to have the mayor for a vestryman, and so am going to dine with the celebrities at his house.

I am mourning over the loss of George's visit. I had been depending on it. I do wish some of you could get on here this winter. I want to show you my parish. It is the liveliest and noblest church I ever saw. I met last night at a party Lieutenant Fairfax, of Mason and Slidell notoriety. He is a capital fellow. I had a very interesting talk with him, and he has promised to come and see me. I hope to know him well. I am visiting my new parish industriously; have made about one hundred calls since I took charge, and have two hundred left. I am all adrift in a sea of new faces. Give lots of love to all, and let 's hurrah together for each new victory.

Monday evening, March 3, 1862.

Dear Father, — How long it is since I have written to you! But if you could have seen my life this last two months I am sure you would forgive me. What with sermons, and lectures, and meetings, and dinings-out, and making five or six hundred new acquaintances, the time has gone very pleasantly, but very hurriedly. I find the new parish all that it was promised. There is a very great deal of wealth and luxury, but also a large amount of intelligence and refinement as well as of earnestness and devotion. The church is all taken up, and we are slowly providing for our debt by the sale of pews. Some $3000 has been sold since I took charge. The contributions in these two months are something over $2000. Then we are doing a large work among the poor, over two hundred of them being in our classes and societies. Our meetings are all overcrowded, especially our Wednesday evening lectures, for which our lecture room is much

too small. I tell you this to let you see that in spite of the "Sunday Dispatch" there is something worth while going on in Holy Trinity. We hope to do more when we get thoroughly used to each other.

My new rooms are delightful and the house is pleasant. I do most sincerely hope that you will be able to run on in the spring and give your boy a look. I had an old St. Paul's face in my congregation the other day, Mr. Amos A. Lawrence. He came to see me after the service. How well the war goes on, but now the elements are against us once again, and I am afraid the great Virginia "Advance" will suffer from this frightful weather.

I rejoice in George's prospects, though I am much disappointed not to get his visit. I hope it is the opening of great things for him.

I am very well, never better in my life; a little blue and tired now and then, but on the whole happy and prosperous.

Tell Mother I am sorry that she writes so little. Love to aunt Susan and the rest. Affectionately,

PHILLIPS.

His mother's letters were not so frequent as when he was at Alexandria. She was at this time concentrating her interest and anxiety upon George, the third son, who had not yet been confirmed. For years she had been praying and working for this great consummation, and George, who had reached the age of twenty-three, gave no sign of an awakening to the things of religion. But his mother was also deeply stirred, as was every member of the family, by the reports which were brought to Boston through friends who had been visiting Philadelphia, and who went with great expectations to hear the young preacher. The universal praise and homage he seemed to be receiving gave his father and mother a sense of disquietude lest some injury should be done to his character. His mother now wrote: "I am glad you are prospering so well in your church. I hope you will always be faithful and *humble*. Sometimes, I fear, Philly, that the praises of your friends will make you proud, for you are human; but do not let it. Remember how humble your Master was." His father was also moved to warn him against the evils of flattery. "You are in a dangerous situation for a young man, and I cannot help warning you of it.

Keep your simplicity and your earnestness, above all your devotion to your Master's cause, and don't let these flattering demonstrations you see about you withdraw you from them. Keep on in the even tenor of your ways, so that when there is a lull in the excitement it will find you the same." To these appeals he responds: —

Wednesday, March 12, 1862.

Dear Father, — I was very glad to get your letter and have just time to answer it before I go to lecture. I thank you for your congratulations and also for your cautions. I hope my letters have not looked as if I were getting conceited. You must let me know just as soon as they do. Seriously, though, there is so much to humble one every day in the sense of the imperfections with which the work is done, that it seems to me there is but little chance for a man to get puffed up with the mere outward manifestations of success. I am abundantly and devoutly thankful for all the fruits I see, but they are so out of proportion to the needs and capacities of the field that there is enough to humiliate as well as to elate.

Thursday morning, 13th.

I did n't get through my letter after all, but was interrupted and occupied all the rest of the evening both before and after lecture. How the news comes in this morning from the war! It seems rather hard to understand as yet. Either there is a general cave of the great rebellion, or else they are laying deeper plots than ever before. We shall see in a few days now. What a narrow escape we had in the Merrimac affair. . . .

Yours affectionately, Phillips.

He was now launched on the stream of a great and growing popularity, which was to gain new momentum with each increasing year. His mother discerned the coming greatness. She writes to him: "What a delightful work you are engaged in, and you seem so happy in it! No wonder. How different it seems from my life's work, so humble and so laborious. But far be it from me to complain, while God is honoring me in letting my children preach his glorious gospel. I wish He would call every one of them for his servants." But she was not unconscious that she had some share in the result, that the contribution she had made to his moral

and religious training was vital and indispensable. She encloses a short extract from a newspaper, which may have more than one application: a prospective look for him, as well as retrospective in her own case: —

> It is often a matter of surprise that distinguished men have such inferior children and that a great name is seldom perpetuated. The secret of this is often evident: the mothers have been inferior, — mere ciphers in the scale of existence. All the splendid advantages procured by wealth and the father's position cannot supply this one deficiency in the mother, who gives character to the child.

A communication written for the "Christian Times," a church paper published in New York, under the date May 18, 1862, gives a picture of one of these impressive services in Holy Trinity Church. It is entitled

A SUNDAY IN PHILADELPHIA.

In comparison with the endless whirl and confusion of New York, the quiet of the Sabbath seems ever to reign over Philadelphia. The Quaker stillness has not gone any more than the Quaker architecture, so prim and so pleasing in its uniform whiteness of steps and shutters, and the plainness of house fronts; or the Quaker marvels of cleanliness, rendering even the pavements, like the well-scoured floors of Yankee homesteads, fit to serve as tables for meals. And when the Lord's Day comes, as was the case with the pleasant one we lately spent here, how sweet the bridal of the earth and sky in their Sabbath rest. It was a perfect day of spring, fitted for high and holy thoughts and deeds; and at its close, as we looked down upon the sight of seventy-nine persons — young, middle-aged, and old — renewing in the presence of a vast congregation their vows of baptism in solemn confirmation, we felt that it was indeed a high privilege to spend such a Sunday where such sights were to be seen. The place was the stately Church of the Holy Trinity; and the earnest and eloquent rector whose first fruits were thus presented to the Lord of the harvest was the Rev. Phillips Brooks. Surely his was an enviable position that day, when at eventide there came forth such numbers as these to attest his devotedness and success. Particularly gratifying was the gathering of the poor as well as of the rich in that throng about the chancel. . . . As the newly confirmed turned slowly away from the chancel, the choir, the

best we ever heard in Philadelphia, gave expression to the deep feeling of many hearts as they rendered most exquisitely the hymn,

> Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in Thee.

Another account is furnished by a visitor from New York, who also attempts a pen portrait of Mr. Brooks. Of such portraits there were many, differing from each other, as men differ in their vision and judgment, but alike significant of the conviction that the thrilling presentation of the message was somehow connected with the personality of the preacher.

Our Sunday [writes this correspondent of the "Christian Times"] was spent both morning and afternoon in attendance upon the ministry of the clerical prodigy of our church, the Rev. Phillips Brooks. And in truth it is no common sight, even in this precocious age, to see so young a man ministering with such ability and acceptableness to a congregation that will rank among the most numerous and influential in the land. . . . In appearance he is tall and commanding, but not over-graceful; his style of elocution is rapid even to discomfort, many of his glowing periods being lost through the quickness of their utterance. His composition is marked by striking originality and comprehensiveness. His analysis is clear and simple; his diction dainty, yet fluent. A rich vein of gospel truth runs through his discourses, and an earnest desire to win souls was apparent in those we heard. The morning text was Rev. xxii. 11: "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still." . . . The afternoon discourse was a complete and most satisfactory analysis of the character of St. Peter. Whether due to Mr. Brooks's personality or the character of the people, we noticed that the church was as well filled in the afternoon as in the morning, — a statement that could hardly be predicated of any of our own churches.

There is still another newspaper version of these first months in the new rectorship. It is evidently from the same hand that had welcomed him to the Advent, that dismissed him from there with suspicion of his motives, and now uses its opportunity to misrepresent the situation. The story of the slippers invented by this writer, which gained a wide currency and was thought amusing, had no foundation in fact. The report from the same source of his engagement in mar-

riage was untrue, but it travelled far and wide, causing embarrassment to himself and to his friends at home. This was the paragraph as it appeared in a Philadelphia paper: —

> Parson Brooks of Holy Trinity Church is a lucky fellow. It was a good move in the parson to vacate the Advent and to take up his abode with the aristocratic denizens of the West End. The ladies of Holy Trinity adore Brooks. They declare he is a love of a man, and picture his good qualities with a good deal of vim. Notwithstanding Brooks is pledged in marriage to a lady in New York, our fair damsels are in no way dismayed. How Brother Brooks resists the attentions so liberally bestowed upon him by our beautiful daughters we cannot comprehend. But report says he is gradually caving in. Brother Brooks has been the fortunate recipient of one hundred and fifty pairs of slippers, numberless collars, hemstitched handkerchiefs, neckties, and those articles generally found in a gentleman's furnishing store.

Thus early had Mr. Brooks become subject to that petty personal criticism, which he afterwards spoke of as one of the most insidious of the attacks made upon a clergyman's independence. The report that he was engaged to be married was so widespread and persistent that at last his father wrote to know the truth regarding it. In his business way he gave him advice, — not to be in a hurry, to consider and weigh the matter carefully, to take time, nothing would be lost by waiting, keep his freedom and independence a while longer; he would be better pleased if it were postponed for the present. As Mr. Brooks felt no call to the single life, he may have been contemplating the possibility of marriage, but there was no truth whatever in the reports of his engagement. He promised to let his family know whenever so great an event in his experience was imminent.

In the spring of this year, 1862, his father made a visit to him to see with his own eyes the situation. He found his son complaining that under such heavy pressure of duties and responsibilities, social and ecclesiastical, no time was afforded for study. The life he was leading was unnatural, and could not go on at such a pace without disaster. An arrangement was made by which he secured a room at the church, where

he could retreat and be with himself. It was something gained, but his feeling of readiness to be at the beck and call of every one who wanted or needed him was the great obstacle to be overcome. His strongest desire was to be a student; he was distressed at the way things were going, but there was a conflict within and without. For the time being the practical administration of his large parish claimed his attention and his strength.

Saturday, March 22, 1862.

Dear William, — I leave off a few minutes in the middle of a sermon that I may not fail of my duty to you again. . . . Things slip along so quietly here that there is little or no news to tell. The church is going finely, quite as promising as ever. We are selling our pews rapidly now that all are rented, and there is no chance for newcomers except to buy. Our Lent services are well attended. I have removed our Wednesday evening lectures from the lecture room to the church, and last Wednesday evening we had the church full. I hope there is good doing.

I am at work now on a sermon for to-morrow night before the anniversary of the Children's Home, which is to be held in our church (text Matt. xxv. 40). I am ashamed to say it is the first sermon since my Introductory which I have written since I came to Holy Trinity.

Wendell Phillips has been lecturing here this week. I could n't hear him. He has made quite a sensation. What do you think of the war now? It seems to be "Marching On." I wish they would let McClellan alone, to give him a chance. He knows what he is about.

I am beginning to look forward to next summer vacation. I hope to have a good long one, as they are talking of going to work to partially finish the church. I am going to give most of it to the White Mountains. Are you ready?

Affectionately, Phill.

Vestry Room, Church of Holy Trinity,
Philadelphia, Saturday, April 5, 1862.

Dear William, — I have been trying to write a sermon this morning, but can't do it. It is so doleful and gloomy outside that I can't get up any kind of zest within, and they must put up with an old sermon for to-morrow night. We were in May yesterday, and are back in March to-day. A dull cold rain with nothing to cheer it up. Not even good news from the war. When are they coming? I have faith, plenty of it, in McClellan, but I

do wish he 'd do something; still we shall see what we shall see to-day or to-morrow, I trust.

I hope to go off for a week after Lent is over. I mean to run down to Washington to see how things look there, that is, unless our army is driven back before that time, and Jeff is throned in the capital. In that case look for me in Boston instead. The church still goes on busily and pleasantly. There is work enough to do, — more than I anticipated, — but it is pleasant work, and perhaps when I have been longer at it and got it a little more systematic there won't be so much. Our Confirmation is fixed for the 18th of May, and I am just beginning to get ready for that.

When his mother heard of his plan to go to Washington, she protested with all a woman's heart. She was nervous about the dangers he would encounter; she had heard alarming rumors of diseases contracted by those who had made these flying visits.

April 29, 1862.

Dear Father, — I have been to Washington and got back safe. No cholera, no typhus, no anything. I had a very interesting time, saw all there was to be seen, and although there is no army in that region now, yet the forts and camps and the general look of the country on the other side of the Potomac are very interesting. Our old seminary is a hospital now, and the place is terribly altered. The woods are all cut down, fences gone, and the roads completely obliterated. The whole country for miles around is trodden down with a perfect desolation. Everybody in Washington seems sure of ultimate success, and the news of this morning is certainly a great step forward. . . .

Affectionately, Phillips.

Saturday, May 3, 1862.

Dear William, — Great news this week. New Orleans and Fort Macon taken. McClellan pressing on to Yorktown, and Father coming on to Philadelphia. Next week, what with his visit and the occupation of Richmond by our troops, promises to be quite an eventful time. I am rejoiced that father is coming just now. The city is looking its very best, and this spring air is glorious. I want him to see our church before it begins to break up for the summer. So start him off if he is n't off already. . . .

Saturday morning, May 17, 1862.

My dear William, — I got your congratulations on Norfolk, written on the outside of your last letter. Perhaps before this is

sent I may have to write "Richmond" on the envelope. Is n't it great the way things are going and the way the war will be over by Independence Day? What do you think of Hunter's proclamation?

I have been very busy lately, looking forward to Confirmation. It comes to-morrow afternoon. I have eighty names on the list. After this week I hope to have rather more leisure.

We are in the midst of most magnificent spring weather. Warm and bright and beautiful.

May 31, 1862.

Dear William, — I have just seen Dr. Vinton off for New York. He has been spending several days here, and I have been with him a good deal. I shall quite miss him. This has been our Convention week — the city flooded with white cravats and the church in a tumult with great long-winded debates that never seemed to come to anything. Still it went off very well. I am glad that Father enjoyed his visit here. I am sure we all did exceedingly.

How the boys are carrying everything before them at school. . . . Congratulate them for me, and tell them to take care. There is such a thing as overdoing it.

So Banks is where he was six months ago! Somebody has got bad mismanagement to answer for there. Who is it? Stanton? And Corinth is evacuated and Richmond will be taken in a week or ten days. What a time your governor has been in. I liked his letter to Stanton, but he seems to have been a good deal scared afterwards.

The great event in the spring of 1862 was the movement of General McClellan from his winter quarters and his advance upon Richmond. His inactivity had sorely tried the faith and patience of the people, but it was then considered the orthodox attitude to believe in him. The popular imagination had made him a leader and a hero, and it resented any criticism which detracted from his supposed merit or saw any defect in his method. In this feeling Mr. Brooks also shared, as is shown in his letters, which reflect the picture of the moment, with its hopes of a great immediate victory which should bring the war to an end. While this victory was still deferred, other events sustained the popular faith, though their relation to the end of the war seemed remote, — the capture of New Orleans by Farragut, the battle of

Shiloh, and the taking of Corinth (May, 1862), which gave to the North the greater part of the Mississippi River, threatening the South with the loss of Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi. General Grant was now first heard of in the West. His name had not yet become familiar to the people, but the battle of Pittsburg Landing revealed his character and method, — the record of killed, wounded, and missing was 24,000. While these events were occurring, Mr. Brooks made his first visit to Niagara Falls.

Monday evening, June 16, 1862.

My dear William, — I am late this week, but you must lay it down to the press and rush consequent on getting home from a week's absence. All last week I was away on a Niagara trip. Mr. Coffin, my warden, was with us. We left early Monday morning, and went to New York, where we spent the day, and at five o'clock took the Hudson River cars for Albany. You know how beautiful that ride is, but I had never been over it before, and enjoyed it intensely. We spent the night in Albany at the Delevan House, and the next morning were off early by the N. Y. Central, for the Falls. The ride across New York State was not particularly interesting, and we were glad to get to the Suspension Bridge in the evening. We went at once across, and up to the Clifton House, where for the first time in my life I found myself on other than Uncle Samuel's Farm. It was dark when we got there, and so I slept all night with the roar of the cataract, which I had not yet seen, preparing me for the morning sight. When I woke up, full in the view from my room window, there it was! Greater than any dream I ever formed of it. More wonderful and awful than any sight I had supposed our world could furnish. Of the next two days I can't tell you much. They were spent in an incessant wandering, learning the miracle from every point of view, — under the falls and over the falls, up the river and down the river, from the Bridge and the Island and the Tower, and what is after all the view I remember most vividly, — that grand sweep that you see from the front piazza of the Clifton House. We went everywhere, and got ourselves full of the glory and beauty of Niagara. The most wonderful thing to me, I think, was the color, both of the falls and of the river, its changes, and depths, and brilliancy. I never knew what water was before. The last day of our stay was at the Cataract House, though we had been over on that side before. On Friday

afternoon we left for Philadelphia, coming by way of Buffalo, and Elmira, and Williamsburg, and Reading, over the famous Catawissa road whose scenery is more marvellous than any railroad in the land. It was a splendid day's ride on Saturday, reaching home about seven in the evening. Now you have got my last week in full.

I shall leave here two weeks from to-day and probably come right to Boston. I have about given up the idea of going to Newport. I don't care much about it, and want to have as much time as possible at home before I go to the mountains. So look for me probably two weeks from to-morrow morning, and then "What Larks!" Affectionately,

PHILL.

The impression made upon him by the vision of Niagara was so vivid, and his whole nature so deeply stirred, that he burst into song once more, as in his days at the seminary. These lines from the sonnet which he was moved to write express the feeling which the experience created. The message to his soul was an incentive to higher moral consecration: —

> I would not be the thing which I have been,
> O Christ, whose truth once spoke from winds and seas.
> Hast thou not still for wretchedness and sin,
> Some message speaking out of scenes like these?

After six months of hard labor in his new position, he left Philadelphia on the 30th of June for his well-earned vacation. To this he had looked forward with the eagerness of a schoolboy, to whom the holiday is the most real part of his existence. Something of this feeling inhered in Phillips Brooks throughout his life. Hitherto his vacations had been spent chiefly at home or in the vicinity of Boston, varied by excursions to the old homestead in North Andover, where his grandmother and his mother's sisters still resided. This year his holiday was a more elaborate one; he made his first visit to the White Mountains. On the way to Boston he stopped at Newport, spending a week with one of his parishioners. While there he heard the evil news of the defeat of McClellan before Richmond. Reaching Boston on the 8th

of July, he began at once to take lessons in riding. He felt the necessity for some more agreeable form of physical exercise than the gymnasium, which he had abandoned after a short trial in Philadelphia. For some reason he did not like walking, or at any rate could not be induced to practise it as a regular mode of exercise. Each day that he spent in Boston records a ride on horseback. He went out to Cambridge on Commencement Day, the 16th of July, meeting his classmates, revelling in the associations of those years when his spirit had first awakened to the richness and fulness of the intellectual life. The Phi Beta Kappa oration was delivered by George William Curtis, and the dinner followed in Harvard Hall. Then there came a week at Pomfret, Conn., with Dr. Vinton in his summer home, where there was much theological talk, inevitable where Dr. Vinton was present. Here, too, he preached as he had done at Newport; from preaching it was impossible that he should escape.

Returning to Boston he spent several days with his family, in the dear familiar way, the last time that the family would meet as an unbroken whole. Already the mother's heart was heavy with anxiety, for George Brooks was intending to enlist as a soldier. The future looked dark, after McClellan's defeat with heavy slaughter; but Boston was girding itself anew to the fearful task, no longer under any illusions about McClellan, or fond anticipations that the end of the struggle was near. Instead of dreaming of an easy victory over the South, it began to look as though the South might prolong the contest indefinitely, if not finally secure its independence. A great meeting had been held at Faneuil Hall, to aid in the work of enlistment, where Edward Everett was one of the speakers, and Phillips Brooks was present to hear. The excitement was intense, and under these motives, that the need was pressing and that the call had come to him, George Brooks enlisted as a soldier.

With his friends Richards and Strong Mr. Brooks left for the White Mountains on August 4, to make the tour, not so common then as it is now, when it was a notable

event in the lives of the three friends. The lessons in horseback riding proved of practical service. But he did his share of mountain-climbing with the others, going up Mount Suspense and Mount Hayes to get his first view of the billowy mountain tops in what seemed like an ocean of mountains. His headquarters were at the Glen House. He notes in his diary the effect upon him of the extensive views and the exquisite landscape. In the course of their wanderings the party was increased by the arrival of his friend, Mr. Cooper, from Philadelphia, and of his brother William, from Boston. Here is his record for the day in which the trip culminated:

August 12. Tuesday. Six A. M. Started on a great trip. Climbed Madison, crossed its two summits, dined between Madison and Adams, climbed Adams, crossed Jefferson and Clay, and arrived at Tip-top House (Mt. Washington) at 12.30 A. M. Tired out.

Wednesday, 13. Walked down Washington by carriage road; spent the rest of the day at the Glen, resting.

In the "Remembrances of Phillips Brooks by Two Friends," already referred to, Mr. Richards has given some interesting details of this exhausting tramp: —

Starr King's exuberant volume, his rhapsody on the "White Hills," had just been issued, and inspired us to do what was then rarely done, what was known as "going over the Peaks," though strictly it was going over the northern Peaks from Madison to Washington. There were no defined paths, no "painted trails," and guides were few. We secured a man, a farmer in the summer and hunter in the winter, from the neighborhood of the Glen House, who was said to know the way. At half past six one fine July morning, we started from the hotel, went a couple of miles or so on the road toward Gorham, then struck across the valley and up the mountain side. It was very steep, with much fallen timber flung helter-skelter, in the fashion known to mountaineers as "Jack Straws." Lifting ourselves over a huge log, we would sink to our middle in deep beds of moss. The sun was fierce, the air close, the black flies vigilant. It was discouraging for fair pedestrians to be told on reaching timber line, after six hours' severe labor, that they had walked from the road perhaps a mile and a half.

For the first part of the day Brooks took his share of the work

as well as any of us. We had reached open rock and fresher air. It was blowing half a hurricane; we had meant to make two days' leisurely work of the trip, camping at the base of Jefferson. But our guide insisted that the wind was too high, and the temperature too low, to make camping safe for heated and tired men. We must push forward. It was sunset as we stood on the peak of Jefferson, and saw the Carter Mountains rimmed with prismatic colors across the Great Gulf. There was still two or three hours of good work before us. Somewhere here, Brooks, who in those days needed double rations and had only been provided for on the scale of smaller men, began to flag. He could go no farther. He implored us not to wait for him, but to leave him anywhere under the shelter of a rock, with a shawl, for the night. It is needless to say that nobody would hear of this. Spurred on by our entreaties, he would struggle on for a few minutes and then fling himself exhausted down for a long rest. Night came on; we lost our way. The guide and the compass expressed different opinions. At last we guessed what was the trouble with Brooks; some of us fortunately had an egg or two in reserve; by careful feeding and patient resting he presently gained a little strength; the moon rose, the wind was in our favor, getting under our packs and boosting us up the last stiff climb, and at a little after midnight we reached the Tip-top House. We threw ourselves on the office floor, for every bed was taken, and we found oilcloth as slumberous as feathers. Afterwards with my brother, on the Alps, Brooks showed much endurance, going anywhere afoot and tiring lighter men.

The remaining days in the White Mountains were spent at North Conway. The ascent of Kearsarge was made on foot; other expeditions followed, some of them laborious, and the result was finally a sprained ankle, which brought his tramp to a close. Twice before, while in Virginia, the same accident had happened. He returned at once to Boston, where he was confined to the house, whiling away the time till he should be able to walk, before he returned to his work in Philadelphia. He read Max Müller on the "Science of Language," Henry Kingsley's novels, Taylor's "St. Clement's Eve," Theodore Winthrop's "Edwin Brothertoft," Mrs. Putnam's "Tragedy of Success," Browning's "Colombe's Birthday," — most of it light reading, but indicating his tendency to read what every one else was reading. As soon

as he was able to walk, he made his way to the Athenæum Library, and haunted the bookstores. Boston always stirred him with a desire to buy books; he now gratified his inclination, making many additions to his library, which was already assuming large proportions. On the 11th of September he went back to his parish.

CHAPTER XIII

SEPTEMBER TO DECEMBER, 1862

THE CIVIL WAR. LINCOLN'S PROCLAMATION. THE FAMILY LIFE. GENERAL CONVENTION OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH

It would seem as if Mr. Brooks should have been left undisturbed in his large parish, after accomplishing the removal to it from the Church of the Advent with so much difficulty. But soon after his return he was "approached" with reference to St. Paul's Church, Brookline, near Boston, then vacant by the removal of Dr. Stone to the Philadelphia Divinity School. The invitation to one of the most beautiful of the suburbs of Boston could not have been without its attractions: an exquisite church built by Upjohn, and regarded as one of his most successful works; a parish strong and devoted, which counted among other members the Lawrences, the Amorys, and the Winthrops, — a quiet rural parish, free from the excitement and rush of the large city, with ample opportunity for the intellectual culture he hungered for, near his family also, in the midst of all dear associations. The call to Brookline was the first intimation that Boston was beginning to feel the strength of its claim upon one of its own children. This opportunity declined, New York put in its case. In the fall of this year, 1862, there came an invitation to the rectorship of Christ Church on Fifth Avenue. Here too the opportunity was represented to be great, as undoubtedly it was. Dr. Heman Dyer, who knew more about the openings in the church for growth and influence than any one else, but who knew quite as well the situation in Philadelphia and the feeling towards Mr. Brooks in his new parish of which he had been the rector not yet a year, advised the acceptance of the call to New York. He

probably reasoned that the young preacher was destined in the nature of the case eventually to turn up in the metropolis, where all things great must centre, and if he was to come there ultimately he might as well come there at once. But this call was also declined promptly and without much consideration. There were causes of dissatisfaction in Mr. Brooks's mind with his position in Philadelphia, as will be seen hereafter, but these would only have been aggravated by exchanging it for New York.

Mr. Brooks had evidently returned to Philadelphia with the determination to rescue all the time at his disposal for the purpose of study and of sermon-writing. He now kept his room at the church every morning, bent on systematic reading, and almost every week records his written sermon. This year and the two following years were fruitful in sermons. He was not a prolific sermon-writer. Many clergymen could count up at the close of their ministry more written sermons than he has left. His sermons cost him prolonged effort; above all they demanded moods of creative activity, which were not continuous. Such a creative period was that from 1862 to 1865. During these years he lived at high intellectual tension, while his whole being was wound up to the greatest activity as he followed the events of the war. To those who knew Philadelphia in those days, there was nothing more wonderful in all his career than the utterances he poured forth so richly, apparently without effort, Sunday after Sunday, never disappointing his vast congregation or falling below himself. One of his youthful hearers, who was then a student in the University of Pennsylvania, and who heard him frequently, the Rev. William Wilberforce Newton, has described the scene: —

> After these days when the young preacher was a power, throned like a king in the pulpit, which had been built for his old friend and pastor, Dr. Vinton, and when the boys, whose eyes like those of Balaam were opened, were now in college, looking forward to their own coming ministry, how many and how helpful were the hours stolen from routine duties, when sitting by the door of the church on Rittenhouse Square, they listened to the voice and drank in the full, deep inspiration of that nobly

anointed nature. Many a Sunday afternoon when the wide doors of that church were thrown back, and the crowds flocked out into the open air, it seemed to those listeners coming out into the street again as if the very heavens were on fire, not because the sun was setting across the Schuylkill, but because the preacher had projected a light into the open sky of the heavens, — the light of the mystic, the light of the prophet, the light which never was on sea or land.

Even at this early moment in his history the recognition of his character, of his transparent honesty and sincerity, had won the confidence of his hearers to such an extent that anything he might say in the pulpit gained an increased force from the weight of his personality. Even if he said but little, or repeated what was familiar, or stammered under the consciousness of lack of preparation, yet he still exerted a charm by his appearance; the mysterious force of his inner being went forth undiminished to fascinate those who listened to him. A clergyman who went to hear him for the first time became convinced as the address proceeded that the preacher was unprepared, and was struggling with great difficulty, talking somewhat at random if not incoherently. But as he came away after the service was over he heard around him the usual plaudits of delight and satisfaction. Afterwards when he came to know Mr. Brooks he asked him if he had been right in surmising that on this occasion, which he recalled, there were not some lack of preparation. The answer was that up to the last moment before going to church he had depended on Dr. Vinton to preach for him. But Dr. Vinton had felt indisposed, had left him in the lurch, telling him it would be good discipline for Lent; and struggle as he might, he found he could not get into the subject he had hastily chosen for his address.

The autumn months of 1862 were the darkest in the whole history of the war. McClellan had been outgeneralled, his large army defeated with immense loss of life, while the Southern forces, gaining new hope and energy, had begun to act on the offensive, carrying the war into the North and threatening the capital. The prospect of bringing the war

to an end by the capture of Richmond vanished into the remote future. If it was to be done at all, it could only be accomplished by the conquest of the whole Southern territory, the Northern army gradually closing in upon the Confederate capital from the west and south as well as from the north. To do this, required not only the indefinite prolongation of the war, but must be attended by an appalling slaughter of human lives. The total loss in the engagements between the two armies which had ended in the defeat of McClellan (June 26–July 2, 1862) was 36,000 men, and this was but a foretaste of greater destruction yet to come. It is not to be wondered at that the country trembled at the prospect, or that many in the North who had hitherto supported the war should draw back, seeking some compromise by which the slaughter, too terrible to be contemplated, might be averted, even at the expense of Southern independence. The Brooks family had now yielded up one of its members as a contribution to the great cause, and all the more intense was its sympathy, its agony, as the melancholy situation became more evident. The spirit with which George Brooks had enlisted is indicated in a passage from a letter to his mother: "One thing you may be sure of, I shall try to do all my duty to my God and my country. Do not fear for me, but do as you promised you would, and as I hope I have done myself: commit me entirely to God, keeping trust in Him and the blessed Saviour whatever may happen."

At this time President Lincoln was contemplating his Proclamation of the Emancipation of the slaves. It was to be a war measure and justified solely on that ground, not on any principle of the inherent wrong and evil of slavery. The object of the war was the preservation of the Union. If it would embarrass the South in the prosecution of its purpose to free the slaves, then the act of Emancipation would be justified. On political grounds it might have been questioned whether such an act would be constitutional. As a war measure, put forth in an emergency, it assumed a different aspect.

Mr. Lincoln had turned the question over in his mind, not as a reformer, but as a statesman. He saw clearly that such a proclamation would unite the North and stimulate its energy to pursue the conflict. The reformers who demanded the abolition of slavery on abstract principles of right would be appeased, while others who were indifferent to the moral issue would regard it as an effective stroke for the accomplishment of the great end, the integrity of the nation. To have put forth his Proclamation immediately after the disastrous defeat of the Northern army before Richmond would have been impolitic, — a cry of distress or an acknowledgment of inability on the part of the Union forces to cope with the enemy on equal terms. He therefore held back his Proclamation until some victory of Union arms should constitute a more fitting opportunity. On September 22, 1862, the public announcement was made that on the first day of January, 1863, the slaves should be declared free in every part of the country at war with the United States. With this Proclamation, Phillips Brooks was inspired to a more complete identification of himself with the issues of the war.

Notwithstanding the duties and burdens of his large parish, he not only wrote frequently to his father and maintained his custom of sending every week a sort of family letter to his older brother, but he enlarged his correspondence to include his younger brothers, George and Frederick. His attitude was that of one always conscious of his membership in the family as if it were still his most important relationship; he was one of the home circle on a temporary absence. He had not outgrown the child life in becoming a man. Indeed, the sense of the dearness and beauty of the home life grew stronger as he now contemplated it from a distance. After the enlistment of George Brooks, the two brothers came into the closest mutual confidence.

The prospect of the war was of course the uppermost theme in the long correspondence. The letters of Phillips Brooks are in harmony with the popular sentiment in regard to McClellan. That was one of the leading traits of his char-

acter all his life, that he never failed to share in these popular convictions, sheathing his critical faculty where the people's faith was concerned, clinging even to those faiths when evidence was against them, and reluctant to let them go. He found it hard to give up his faith in McClellan, thinking that if he had only been let alone he might have done the great things which were expected of him.

PHILADELPHIA, September 12, 1862.

DEAR WILLIAM, — Safe back again, settled down in my old place, and finding it hard to realize that it was only yesterday evening that we were all grouped around the back-parlor table, eating our pears, and John his apples. We had a very pleasant night on the Sound, but did not get to New York till eight o'clock, and had to wait till the ten o'clock train for Philadelphia, so that I did not arrive here till the middle of the afternoon. Found everything here a good deal excited; troops starting off for Harrisburg under the governor's orders, and some people trying to make out that Philadelphia is in danger. Of this latter, however, there is no fear, and business, with the exception of the withdrawal of a great many men for military service, goes on as usual. Every one is counting much on the heavy rain of last night, which has made a tremendous flood, and it is hoped has hemmed in the enemy between impassable rivers. At any rate everybody here is confident and full of faith in the government and in McClellan.

Tell Fred that I met Dr. Mitchell at Newport, and came on with him. . . . He gave me an account from Dr. McClellan, the general's brother, of the general's behavior during his late suppression and of his relations to Stanton,[1] which I promised him not to repeat, but which sounds very reasonable, and certainly makes General McClellan out to be a very noble man.

So vacation 's over, and we 're back at work again! Have n't we had a nice time! Next summer we 'll do it over again.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday evening, September 15, 1862.

DEAREST MOTHER, — I feel homesick to-night, and you shall have the advantage, or the disadvantage, of it in the shape of a letter. Besides, I want to congratulate you on the good news which we have been getting all day, and which has relieved a great many anxious minds in Pennsylvania.[2] All has been very excited

[1] Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War.

[2] The collapse of Lee's invasion of Maryland, which threatened the city of Philadelphia if it were successful.

since my return — troops off for Harrisburg all the time, and everybody drilling. It is hard to think that we have been in such danger as some people imagine, but no doubt all the precautions taken were wise, and the enthusiasm they have stirred up will do much to help on enlistment. Almost all the able-bodied men of my church are off to Harrisburg.

I am comfortably fixed in my rooms again, and for the present am the only boarder in the house. I rather like it; have my meals alone and when I please, and am generally more independent than when the house was full. That wedding came off on Saturday morning. All went well; fee $20. Yesterday I preached all day; very good congregations, although the excitement was intense, and made the day a very distracted one. I went home after service, and took tea and spent the evening at Mr. Cooper's. My church is wholly done and very beautiful. The painting is splendidly executed and all in good taste. Everybody seems to like it. The people are still largely out of town, and our congregations yesterday were much made up of strangers.

My ankle has given no trouble, and seems perfectly well. I suppose George has gone into camp to-day. I shall depend on seeing him as he goes through here. My warmest love to him, and please send me his camp address. . . . Give lots of love to everybody, and keep twice as much for yourself from

Your affectionate boy, PHILLIPS.

His interest in the war would have led him to accept a chaplaincy if it had been offered to him. He expected an appointment, but why it failed to be made does not appear. His father was aware of the plan and dissuaded him from it. But these paternal remonstrances were made in the expectation that the son would obey his own sense of duty.

PHILADELPHIA, Friday evening, September 19, 1862.

DEAR FATHER, — I am much obliged to you for your letter of Tuesday which I was very glad to get. It seems so much more than a single week since I got back here. . . . We are still sending off to Harrisburg and Hagerstown, though it would seem as if the necessity were about over now. Very many of my congregation have gone, and I suppose I shall have to preach almost entirely to the females for the present. A great many families are still out of town. We shall not be fairly under way again till the middle of next month.

So the rebels, as we hear to-night, have got off again in

Virginia. I am sorry for it, for I have been in hopes that they were going to make an end of them in Maryland. Then Harper's Ferry was a bad business, and so is this which we hear to-day from Mumfordville. Still McClellan has won a victory, and we are a little nearer the end than we were. I heard yesterday that I was to be asked to the chaplaincy of a new regiment now raising here. If I am I think I shall go. I should like very much to see George in his camp life. I mean to write to him as soon as I get his address. Give my love to him, and tell him the Volunteer Refreshment Saloon is in full blast. We are having warm weather, but it is very pleasant, and people look so much more cheerful these last few days that we begin to feel as if we might get through one of these days after all. Please write soon again. Your affectionate son,

PHILLIPS.

It was a question much discussed, concerning which also opinion in the North was greatly divided, whether the object of the war was to abolish slavery, or rather primarily to maintain the union of the States in national integrity. Upon this point Phillips Brooks did not take sides, but rather combined the two attitudes in one issue. Although the question was brought before him while he was in college, whether it was not a duty to bring about the abolition of slavery by any methods or at any cost, even at the expense of civil war, yet he never quite threw in his lot with the school of Northern abolitionists, though even then he had a certain subordinate sympathy with their position. At least he did not join their ranks as he might have done, or contribute to the agitation which ultimately resulted in war. His father was one of many in Boston at the time who, while they looked upon slavery as an evil to be got rid of, preferred to keep the question in abeyance for fear it would lead to disrupting the Union. Such had been the attitude of Daniel Webster, — a willingness to make sacrifices, to postpone action, to effect compromises, rather than force the issue. The process of years, the growth of sentiment, legislative expedients, the unknown and unexpected element in human affairs, — they would trust to these for relief rather than contend for the abstract principle involved in the issue of human

slavery. Upon this point Phillips Brooks now appears as diverging distinctly and emphatically from his father's attitude. In his father's position lay the latent principle that the unity of the State was higher and more sacred than any other cause. To this his son added the conviction that the life of the State demanded the abolition of slavery as the first condition of national unity. Hence he hailed with enthusiasm the Proclamation of Lincoln, on September 22, which foretold its downfall. The devotion to moral principles and ideal truths ran in the Phillips blood. But there was no tendency thus far in Phillips Brooks to any extreme or doctrinaire advocacy of such principles. His distinguished kinsman, Wendell Phillips, could denounce the Proclamation of Lincoln, even though it was to accomplish the desired end, because it was not grounded on the abstract truth that human slavery was an evil which in the nature of the case could not and should not be tolerated. Phillips Brooks was grateful that the exigencies of the State created an occasion which justified the State in accomplishing the purpose in its own way. Whether the abstract moral principle were proclaimed or not by the State was a question not affecting the reality.

Friday evening, September 26, 1862.

My dear William, — What a week this has been in the history of the country, — the greatest in one point, I believe, since the country was born. We have heard the Proclamation of Freedom promised from the President's chair. I am sure for once we may go with the "Tribune" and say, God bless Abraham Lincoln. What do they say about it in Boston? Our troops are fast coming back to Philadelphia, who have been off to the Border and into Maryland, for the protection of the State. They have done well, and deserve the welcome they are getting on their return. What is it about aunt Susan going off?[1] I have heard nothing of it. It comes pretty hard to buckle down to work again in times like these.

[1] His mother's sister, Miss Susan Phillips, who volunteered her services as a nurse, and was for some time in a hospital in Annapolis. She was a member of the family, residing for the most part with her sister, and greatly beloved by all the children.

Friday evening, September 26, 1862.

Dear Father, — I have just received your letter and mother's in the same envelope, and I ought to write and say that I have heard nothing more as yet about the chaplaincy, and do not know that I shall. I am all ready to go, and if I get the invitation I probably shall go, but I may not get it after all. I will let you hear of it as soon as I do.

I am sincerely glad to see the President's Proclamation. We have been getting ready for it for a year. It remains to be seen whether we are wholly ready for it now. If we are as I hope we are, then it is the greatest and most glorious thing our land has ever seen. We have broken off at last our great iniquity and may go on our way with some hope of a blessing. I have just returned from attending the funeral of our friend, Dr. Mitchell's wife. She died very suddenly on Sunday of Diphtheria. I came on with him and her, from Newport, on my return from Boston.

To this letter his father replied: —

I do not go into the raptures you do over that Emancipation Proclamation. It *may* be a very good thing, it *may* do a vast deal of good, but that remains to be proved; and it *may* prove a mere nullity. One thing is certain, it was a measure of great responsibility for the President to undertake.

There are but few allusions to the fortunes of the war in the letters written at this time by the mother of Phillips Brooks. After her son George had enlisted the war was to her more than ever "a war to be abhorred by mothers." But the inward agony was assuaged by an event which in her mind counted for more than any earthly victories or defeats. That event was the confirmation of George at Trinity Church, Boston, September 28, 1862. To the end of her life she sacredly observed the day as her crown of rejoicing, the signal mark of God's great goodness. For many years she had prayed and agonized and waited for this result. She could not know happiness until it had been accomplished. She had availed herself of every appeal that she could bring to bear; for years she besought Phillips in her letters to use his influence, but all seemed in vain. She continued to hope, to pray, and to struggle, and when after the long delay the consummation was attained, it threw into the shadow of

the unimportant all other events and circumstances, even the sad parting when he embarked for the war. She could let him go with composure, for the one transcendent issue of life had been met; he had been reborn into the spiritual, and had become the child of God. To reproduce the picture is here impossible. It was for years the tragedy of the mother's life. The scene is too sacred to unveil, — the long sorrow and inward bemoaning followed by the inexpressible joy and gratitude. But something of the story may be told, for more than any other incident in her life it reveals the mother as she continued to live in the character, the preaching, the one absorbing purpose of Phillips Brooks.

George Brooks was born in 1838, and had nearly reached the age of twenty-four before his mother could rejoice in his second birth. His name recalls the founder of the Phillips family in America. He was greatly gifted, carrying himself with the consciousness of power, attractive in his personal appearance, where manly sincerity was stamped. He was good and kind in all his relationships, with a singular mixture of sweetness and strength, which made him a favorite, and more particularly at home with father and mother and brothers. If any one son was a favorite with the parents more than another, it was he. Their hearts went out to him all the more because of the discouraging failures he encountered in finding a career, — disappointments which he bore without complaint and with no diminution of courage. He did not go to college, for he had no taste for the classics, without which a college course was then impossible. Nor was he attracted by literary or professional pursuits, although not without a native capacity for literary expression. He was practical, scientific in his turn of mind, a man who wished to deal with outward nature on the closest terms. His natural inclination was towards an outdoor life. Above other callings he preferred the life of a farmer, with its simplicity and independence, its naturalness, as most befitting a man in this world. Twice he made the experiment of farming, in Vermont and in New York, but only to realize that there was no opening for him in that direction. He would have found

what he was searching for in the great ranches of the West, but this opportunity did not then exist. From agriculture he turned to chemistry, as bringing him close to the secrets of nature, entering the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard, where he graduated with high distinction in 1861. But again he was doomed to disappointment before securing a permanent position. An opening had at last presented itself through the influence of his brother in connection with the chemical firm of Powers & Weightman, in Philadelphia, where he might have had ample scope for the exercise of his native gifts, when he felt the call to join himself to the service of his country. On August 12, 1862, he enlisted in Company A of the 45th Regiment, in command of Colonel Charles R. Codman. The regiment included in its ranks young men of the best blood and highest culture in Boston, raised as it was under the auspices of the Independent Company of Cadets, — the bodyguard of the Governor of Massachusetts. The chaplain was the Rev. A. L. Stone, the pastor of the Park Street Church.

Such were the few external circumstances in the life of George Brooks. It is in his spiritual history that the highest interest centred. When Bishop Eastburn announced that he would hold a special confirmation service for those about to leave for the war, George was among those who had presented themselves for the sacred rite. The long impenetrable reserve yielded at last. Why he had delayed, why he had allowed year after year to go by without taking the decisive step, he did not, perhaps could not, tell. Phillips had gone through a similar experience. When his mother had called upon him to write to George or to talk with him in those anxious years, he had made no response, for he had hardly yet reached for himself the recognition of the spiritual as the highest interpretation of life. But now when the whole family was moved by the greatest event as yet in its history as a family, he overcame the natural reluctance to intrude upon a brother's reserve, and wrote to him from the White Mountains, where he was spending the vacation, an urgent appeal to make the supreme act of self-surrender. It was

not only a great moment in the life of George Brooks, but of Phillips as well. From this time the last barriers which hindered the full flow of the feelings seem to disappear. The tone of his letters changes; they are less formal, marked by free expressions of deeper and stronger affection; his sense of the united consciousness of the family life grows more intense. The response of George Brooks to his brother's appeal was written just after his confirmation: —

CAMP MEIGS, October 2, 1862.

Since you have been gone, Phill, I have reproached myself over and over again for having allowed your Conway letter to go unanswered, and for not having met you more heartily and unreservedly when you spoke to me of the same matter. I want you to believe me when I say that it was simple reserve and not a want of interest or determination not to discuss the subject.

What you have said to me I have thought much of, and feel it has aided me greatly to see my way clearly, as I hope I now do.

I have become convinced that with my mind in its present state it is my duty to hesitate no longer, but to confess Christ at once, to place myself determinedly among His followers, and to trust in His grace for strength to continue His servant and follower. I feel that I can trust only in Him for salvation, and know that He will accept me if I do thus acknowledge and trust in Him.

And I was most thankful for the opportunity of publicly confessing Him, which the bishop gave us at Trinity Church last Sunday morning, and trust that I may be aided to maintain by word and deed the profession I made there.

The religious influences in our company are really very great, and as we now start it seems as if we should be able to withstand the contrary influences of camp life. We have a company prayer meeting Monday and Friday evenings, and Captain Sturgis has instituted morning and evening prayers, to be conducted by himself or one of the other commissioned officers.

Please excuse me for writing so long a letter. Next time I will write less and more promptly. Please answer me soon, *very* soon. Your affectionate brother,

GEORGE.

Phillips wrote at once to his mother after receiving her letter, telling of George's confirmation: —

I can write you but a line to congratulate you on the good

news of your last letter, but I do congratulate you and rejoice with you with all my heart. I know how much you have desired and prayed for it, and I know the granting of this prayer will give you faith to trust God for all the rest as concerns George. I have just written to him. I shall think of you on Sunday.

The Sunday on which his thoughts were to be with his mother was to witness the first communion when George would kneel at his mother's side, as Phillips had done on a day ever afterwards memorable to her. When she was greatly moved she put on record her feelings. There are but few of these memoranda; they all relate to the important spiritual incidents, the spiritual victories, in her history as a wife and mother: —

September 27, 1862, Saturday evening. This has been a blessed day indeed to me, when my dear George has told me that he has decided to be confirmed. How good God has been to me! I will praise Him for it throughout Eternity. Oh, the wonderful way in which God has led him! How strange are all the steps out of darkness into light! Praised be his blessed name forever and ever.

MOTHER.

September 28, Sunday morning, six o'clock. What a happy Sunday has dawned upon me. My dear George has been confirmed. All my prayers are at length answered, — the summit of my wishes attained. How good God has been. Let my trust and faith in Him never waver again. M. A. B.

September 28, 1862, Sunday evening. What a happy, blessed day this has been to me! My dear George, for whom I have prayed and longed and agonized for so many years, has to-day confessed his Saviour in Trinity Church, at the age of twenty-three years, before he leaves us for the war. My desires and prayers have been granted. My eyes have seen the blessed sight so ardently longed for. I want never to lose the vivid impression of that beautiful scene. . . . I will never cease throughout Eternity to praise Him for this last great mercy, and for all the wonderful works He has done in my family. Four of my dear children are now safe in His fold, and oh, may the dear remaining ones be speedily brought in! And for this, and all this goodness, I will praise his blessed name forever and ever.

October 5, 1862, Sunday morning. Blessed be God for this long-desired and blessed day, in which I hope to take the Com-

munion with my dear George. God has heard all my desires, and my *groanings were not hid from Him*. Oh, forever praised be His blessed name. Let me never forget this day and all God's goodness to me. MOTHER.

October 5, 1862, Sunday evening. 'T is done, the great transaction 's done. Oh, happy day! I have had the infinite joy of taking the Holy Sacrament, side by side with my dearest George. God has at last in His own good time answered my prayers and accepted the offering of my child, which I have for so long laid on His altar, and I have been able to say to-day: Here, Lord, am I and the child Thou hast given me. How great and good God is to answer my prayers so wonderfully, and to make the poor dead heart of my child to seek his blessed Saviour! This blessing shall never grow old. It shall always be fresh as on this blessed day, and I will never forget to praise Him for it. I will begin now to sing my eternal song of praise on earth that I hope to sing with all my dear children, and the heavenly choir, before the throne throughout eternity.

And now I will commit him to the care of his Covenant God, who will never forsake His child who has fled to Him in time of danger. May He ever be near him, shield him in the day of battle, surround him with His blessing, and bring him safe through every danger to his dear home and anxious friends again. And the praise shall be His forever. But if he fall in battle or die e'er my eyes behold him again, oh, may his Saviour grant him an abundant entrance into His heavenly kingdom, to dwell with Him in glory forever.

Heavenly Father, wilt Thou grant a mother's prayer for Thy dear Son's sake. Amen.

After his enlistment George had gone into camp at Readville, and it was not until November 10 that he sailed with the 45th Regiment for Newbern, N. C., where General Burnside was then in command. Before he sailed his mother took opportunity for that converse with him which had hitherto been denied her. Of this she made a memorandum, partly for her own satisfaction and partly as a record of the family life, to be preserved for the children: —

November, 1862. Georgey said a great many precious things to me on leaving me, which are a very great comfort to me.

I told him I thanked him for having always been so good and kind a son He said, "Not a tenth part so good as I should have been."

I said to him I felt he would sometimes long for an opportunity to go to church. He said, "I have begun to long for that already." I said, "We will always pray for each other." He said, "Yes, I want you to be sure and pray for me."

I said to him I wished if ever he found he was near to dying, he would try to send me some message, telling me where his trust was. He said, "You might be just as sure about that if I could not. I want you to feel perfectly at ease about me if anything should happen to me; I should feel so myself." I said I should if I could be sure where his trust would be. He assured me it would be in Christ altogether; it could not be anywhere else.

I said to him how much he had lessened the agony of going away by his having become a Christian. He said, "I never would have gone away without religion."

These are some of the things he said, and they are everything to me. His whole manner was so beautiful and pleasant and kind and calm, it was very comforting to me.

God bless and keep the dear child, and bring him back to us in safety.

The last Sunday evening he was with us he asked for "the hymns" we are in the habit of repeating, and for "the Everlasting Memorial," which he always repeated to me, and then asked me to give it to him. What a change! God be thanked.

MOTHER.

In October Mr. Brooks went to New York in order to see for the first time the Protestant Episcopal Church assembled in General Convention. His impressions were unfavorable, for he was at this moment meditating a great purpose dawning slowly within his soul, — that it was the duty of the church and of a Christian minister to sustain, by sympathy, by act, and spoken word, the government of the country struggling in mortal throes. But on these points the sympathies of the bishops, clergy, and lay delegates of the Episcopal Church were greatly divided. The Bishop of Michigan, in his opening sermon, had declared that the introduction of politics into a religious synod would be "high treason against God."

Resolutions offered declaring the sympathy of the church with the government were tabled. The alleged reason, whether it were the dominating sentiment or not, for refusing

to act was that the church was a purely religious organization, and in that capacity knew nothing of the State or its concerns. There was also a feeling that if the Convention refrained from any action, the reconciliation would be easier with their Southern brethren when the war should be over. It may be said in explanation of this attitude of the Episcopal Church that its membership was, to a large extent, in the Democratic party, with whom the question of state rights was the chief political issue involved in the war. There were many who conscientiously held that any State had a right to secede from the Union, and that the action of the government in attempting to restrain such a step was unconstitutional. The Episcopal Church during the war, and for some years preceding, had become a house of refuge for those who disliked political preaching, such as began to be heard in the churches of Puritan descent. With this feeling was associated another tendency, inherited from the Church of England, an unwillingness to follow what seemed like doctrinaire methods, or the advocacy of abstract truths which justified extreme conclusions if they could be logically deduced from ideal principles. England had got rid of slavery within her dominions by a commercial transaction, — the payment of the slaveholders for their property. To this result she had been moved by the influence in Parliament of great reformers, like Clarkson and Wilberforce, who had denounced human slavery as a wrong to humanity. In freeing the slaves by purchasing them she seemed to admit the right to hold men in slavery, and treated them as property, but she had also in a peculiarly English way extinguished the evil and wiped out its disgrace from her domain.

But all this was impossible in America, where the question had assumed a different form. Commercial interests on a large scale were involved in the issue of human slavery. What at one time, when the Constitution was adopted, seemed like an evil which would soon disappear by peaceful means had become stronger instead of weaker. The agitation in the North for the abolition of slavery had made the South more determined in its adherence to the peculiar institution,

leading its defenders to maintain that it had the sanction of the Bible. The conflict had therefore become inevitable, and it was alike inevitable that sympathies should be divided. For a time it seemed doubtful which way the General Convention representing the Episcopal Church would move. As the days went on, the party which stood for sympathy with the government grew stronger and bolder. The politics which had been so deprecated had had their influence upon the delegates. The time was drawing near for the annual elections, and the Hon. Horatio Seymour, candidate for the governorship in New York, was a member of the lower house. It would damage the Democratic party and its candidates in New York and elsewhere if the Episcopal Church should refuse to speak, for such refusal would be interpreted as sympathy with the rebellion. Resolutions at last were passed, very moderate in tone, almost colorless, but they answered the purpose. In the House of Bishops, despite its outward decorum, there was more aggressive activity as well as a clearer conception of the situation than in the lower house. It had fallen to the lot of Bishop Hopkins of Vermont, as the presiding bishop, to draft the Pastoral Letter, wherein the bishops, according to custom, address the church at large. After he had read to the bishops the letter he had prepared, in which the vital issues of the hour were studiously waived, Bishop McIlvaine of Ohio arose and presented another letter, which was offered as a substitute, and accepted by the bishops, committing the Episcopal Church to sympathy with the government in the prosecution of the war. Bishop McIlvaine deserves to be remembered in this connection. He had been one of the three commissioners sent to England for the purpose of explaining the situation, and conciliating English sentiment in high circles toward the North. The other members of the commission were the late Henry Ward Beecher, who could speak to the English nonconformists, and Archbishop Hughes of New York (Roman Catholic), who could reach his own communion. No better man could have been chosen than Bishop McIlvaine for reaching the throne, the English nobility, and the Episcopate of the Church of

England. But Bishop Hopkins was not a man to submit quietly under this condemnation of his attitude. He published a protest against the Pastoral Letter of the House of Bishops, which was sent broadcast through the country. All this was at a moment when the depression throughout the country in consequence of Northern defeats was at its lowest, when to many the prospect seemed almost hopeless. Of this and other things Mr. Brooks speaks in the following letter to Rev. George A. Strong: —

PHILADELPHIA, Wednesday, October 15, 1862.

MY DEAR GEORGE, — By some strange mistake, I am up an hour before my time this morning. I know I saw it was almost eight by my watch, and now that I am up and dressed, behold, it is only a little after seven. You must have the benefit (?) of this unpleasant occurrence.

I reiterate the sentiment of my last letter. How hard it is to get to work again after the "Hills." Can you get up any interest in your parish when all the time you are wishing yourself so many miles away? Let 's go give our parishes to the winds, and preach to Bears and Wildcats and Willises and Calhaines up at Gorham and the Glen.

I went on to New York last week. You did n't. Perhaps you 're none the worse for it, for the sight of that Convention was n't calculated to increase respect for our Mother the Church. It was n't very interesting to see those old gentlemen putting their heads together to make some resolutions that would please the Union people and not hurt the feelings of the dear rebels. It is a miserable business, and they won't satisfy either side. I had a pleasant time enough, staying at Dr. Vinton's. I saw lots of old seminary faces, Tyng, and Homans, and Jones, and Marshall. . . .

Charles (Richards) and I dined yesterday, according to our Tuesday custom, at Cooper's. He (Charles) seemed well and cheerful; much more so he is for this summer's trip. He and I exchanged last Sunday. How I wish I had you within exchanging distance!

Do you know, we started the idea last night, and almost talked ourselves into it, that we four (you and Charles and Cooper and I) should all pull up stakes in the East, and go to California, and evangelize the country there. What do you think of it? Will you go? It is more than a fancy with some of us. To me it has some very great attractions.

PHILADELPHIA, Saturday, October 24, 1862.

DEAR WILLIAM, — I don't quite like your last letter, it 's too blue. I own that we are in the darkest moment of the war and that our elections and some others do look wretchedly, but is n't our cause just as good as it ever was, and does n't it seem as if all through the war there had been a design of Providence to put off the settlement so that when it did come it might be thorough? Certainly if we had conquered at the first Bull Run, we should have been only too likely to have put things back on essentially the old basis, on some Crittenden compromise or something of that kind, and in a few years had the whole work to do over. We hope for better things than that. I agree with you perfectly about the Convention. Its shilly-shallying was disgraceful. It was ludicrous, if not so sad, to see those old gentlemen sitting there for fourteen days, trying to make out whether there was a war going on or not, and whether if there was it would be safe for them to say so. However they may represent the learning of the church, they certainly don't represent its spirit. Some few men, however, stood out well, Vinton and Goodwin and Clarkson, Randall and others, and the House of Bishops has put out a capital letter, written by Bishop McIlvaine. I am going to read it to my people to-morrow morning. . . . No, don't give up the old church yet. She 's got a thick crust of old-fogyism, but she 's all right at the core, and I hope will show it yet.

PHILADELPHIA, October 23, 1862.

DEAR FRED, — The two provocations I have had from you lately, the letter and the Catalogue, certainly deserve some acknowledgment. I am much obliged for both. I am sorry, though, to hear you write so blue about your Senior year, and the country, and the war, and everything in general. As to your Senior year, that certainly is going all right. At any rate, it is going fast enough if that is all you want. One quarter of it is gone already. Class Day will be here before you think of it. As to the country and the war, things certainly are at their blackest now, a great deal blacker than when we ran from Bull Run. Because then we all meant to be up again and do it. Now we are beginning to ask whether we shall, or not. With such a chance for work and every day now worth a million to the country, how we are halting and waiting and letting another of these terrible winters come over us! When will it end? But I am getting about as blue as you were. I feel just as you do about George. I feel the same respect for the character he is showing, the same joy in this last crowning step that he has taken.

May God bless and keep him, and bring him safe back to us again.

How about the new President at Cambridge? I hope the old place will prosper under him. How do you like him? I see that our first scholar, Barlow, has been made a brigadier-general. He is a very smart fellow. No more now. Keep up your spirits as well as you can. Let us be trustful and hopeful.

The reference in the letter to the Rev. George A. Strong about going to California as a more desirable place of work was no mere passing idea, leaving his mind as it had entered it. It shows that he was not entirely satisfied with his position. There was in him something of an heroic purpose, a desire to do the work of an apostle in laying new foundations. For many years he continued to feel that some such work was higher than the work he was doing. Further evidence of this feeling of uneasiness is given in this extract from a letter to his brother William, written November 8, 1862: "It seems almost wrong to be going on with parish work here when there is so much of a more stirring kind going on everywhere, but I have not succeeded in getting a place as chaplain, and with this parish on my hands do not think I have any right to give up the ministry and go into the ranks." His only way of contributing to the war was by committing the pulpit to its support.

Thanksgiving Day of this year was a memorable one because of his resolution to speak his mind fully on the subject of slavery, despite the conservatism of the General Convention, — to commit himself and his congregation so far as it was in his power to the support of the nation. His text was Zechariah xiv. 6, 7: "And it shall come to pass in that day, that the light shall not be with brightness and with gloom: but it shall be one day which is known unto the Lord; not day, and not night: but it shall come to pass, that at evening time there shall be light." Of this sermon he speaks in his letters: —

PHILADELPHIA, November 21, 1862.

DEAR WILLIAM, — . . . I believe in the removal of McClellan because, much as he has done for us, he seemed to be incapable

of doing the last great thing, putting out the rebellion by an earnest, vigorous campaign, and, much as I like him, I think no man ought to be allowed to stand between us and peace by victory, which is our great object now. There was a capital article in last week's "Independent" called "The Three Periods," which I wish you would get and read. I am just beginning to think about a Thanksgiving sermon. It is a hard thing to write this year. Not that there are not enough things to be thankful for, but they are so different from the usual, and lie so out of the usual range of observation, that it is difficult to put them in a shape that will bring them home to people. My text is going to be from Zechariah xiv. 6, 7.

Have you read Cairnes on "The Slave Power"? It seems to me a most masterly and exhaustive treatment of the subject.

Then there is another book (now I am talking of Books) which I have been intensely interested in, and which I know you would like. It is "Westcott's Introduction to The Study of the Gospels," published by Gould & Lincoln. Get it and read it.

Do you remember the Rev. ——, a second advent minister who held forth from your pulpit a year or two ago? He is here now, and came to me a day or two ago with a very earnest appeal for the use of my church to preach his peculiar views. I found it hard work to refuse him, he was so terribly in earnest about the importance of what he had to say, but I did. I didn't want my congregation stirred up with a set of doctrines in whose reliability and practicalness I have no faith.

I was never so busy or so full of enjoyment in my work. My church is going nobly. Congregations good, especially Wednesday evenings, when our lecture room is crammed and we have most delightful meetings, at least to me. How the people like them I don't know, except from their coming in shoals.

Friday, December 5, 1862.

We had an anti-slavery sermon at Holy Trinity on Thanksgiving which does n't seem to have done any special harm. The church was very full, and I had the satisfaction of alluding in praise to the Bishops' letter before that old rebel, ——, who was present. What do you think of the President's message? It 's badly put together, but a very plain, straightforward, understandable document, it seems to me. If all our government was as true as he is, we should see different success, but with Washington full of corruption and treachery no wonder if it takes us two or three times as long, and costs us two or three times as much, as it ought to.

A greater tenderness and outflow of the affections accompanied the expansion of soul and intellect, as he was now assuming the burden of a prophet and reformer. Henceforth he was to be identified with the war for freedom and national unity as a leader of the people, to whom they would look as to a tower of strength. And yet it was a characteristic of him at this time, as throughout his life, that he did not allow himself to be carried away by any one issue to the neglect of other duties or relationships. He did not lose his self-possession or allow his individuality to be absorbed in the special advocacy of the great cause which lay close to his heart. Men are apt to lose their personal attractiveness when they become reformers, identifying themselves so completely with their burden that they cease to be interesting because they lose their interest in other things. He still maintained his interest in every phase of life, preaching from Sunday to Sunday, as if there were no mortal conflict waging; brooding over religious and theological questions, as the main staples of human existence; alive to all social duties and living for his friends, as though friendship were the only thing that made life worth the living. More particularly did his heart go forth to the members of his own family, to his brother in his distant camp in North Carolina, to his mother as she struggled bravely with the sorrows of parting with her son. The force of blood relationship took stronger hold of his imagination; there was to be found in it a depth, a sense of rest and peace and of consolation, to which he reverted with profound satisfaction.

Friday, November 7, 1862.

Dear George, — So you are off. I have just seen in the papers an account of your departure, and though it is your week to write, will write a welcome to reach you at Newbern. I wish you could have come through here, for to think of you on the "billowy" such a day as this is n't pleasant. I can only trust that it is n't very uncomfortable, and that your voyage will not be a long one. How strange it seems for two of us to be in correspondence at such queer places. It did n't look much like it when we used to be growing up so quietly in Chauncy Street. If your experience is like mine you will find yourself wondering about

your own identity sometimes; wondering whether you are yourself or whether you are n't somebody else. The best way when you get into such a condition is to go to work and reassure yourself by writing a long letter to some member of the family (me, for instance), and so get yourself back where you ought to be as one of the Brooks Boys.

It looks now as if there were work cut out for you to do on your arrival in North Carolina. The papers this very morning tell of an expedition from Newbern of 12,000 men, probably to Goldsboro. I hope something will come of it all. McClellan seems to be pushing on slowly but certainly in Virginia, and altogether, in spite of the elections, things look better.

I have just heard from Father, but with no special news. He gives me an account of your last furlough at home, and says that although Mother feels your going terribly, yet she bears it nobly. . . . Good-by, my dear fellow. May God bless and keep you.

Your affectionate brother, PHILLIPS.

PHILADELPHIA, Thanksgiving Day, November 27, 1862.

DEAR GEORGE, — You have n't forgotten that this is Thanksgiving Day, I am sure, and are idealizing your camp fare into turkey and cranberry sauce down on the banks of the Trent. How strange it is to think of you over there in the desolation of North Carolina. Dr. Kane used to say that there were three perfectly forlorn places in the world, — Greenland and Jersey and North Carolina. You have got into one of them, but I rejoice to see how bravely you are making the best of it. Father sent me on your journal, and I enjoyed every word of it, and quite envied you your voyage. I had full accounts from home of your fearful perils down in the harbor, and threw up my hat (figuratively) in sympathy when I heard you were fairly off.

Of course your eyes are all where ours are, — on Burnside. What a job he has in hand. Everybody has great faith in him, though Philadelphia is sore about the removal of her pet son, McClellan. Things certainly look more encouraging and hopeful; and next Thanksgiving Day I trust we may be all safe at home, rejoicing in victorious peace.

Things at home seem to be going on pretty much their usual course. I had a long letter from Mother the other day. They all miss you terribly there. My own impression, strengthened every day since I first left the paternal roof, is that we have one of the happiest homes the world can show. Don't you begin to think so?

I shall think ever so much of you on Sundays; glad you have

got so capital a chaplain. I hope his work will be much blessed. Remember, too, won't you, that there is work for every Christian in the Regiment to do.

Now I must stop and be off to church to preach my Thanksgiving sermon. I have made it as hopeful as I can, and surely there is enough to give thanks for in such times as these. . . .

Good-by. God bless you. PHILL.

His brother Frederick was contemplating the ministry as his profession, and writes for information on that very sensitive subject of theological seminaries. Mr. Brooks was still alive to the defects from which he had himself suffered in his theological training. But he was now interested in the new Divinity School at Philadelphia as one of its overseers, where he hoped that something more adequate for the needs of theological students would be provided. He also thought it a mistake to plant these schools in the country, where men were isolated from life. On these and other grounds he recommended his brother to come to Philadelphia.

November 24, 1862.

DEAR FRED, — . . . As to seminaries. Do you ask with reference to yourself at all? For you, if you should decide to turn your studies toward the church (and how it would delight me!), I should not hear of any plan but one — viz., to come on and chum with me and study at the Philadelphia seminary. Nothing else would I think of for a moment. It would make my very lonely life here happy, and give a new color to a great many things that are pretty desolate sometimes. So that is settled. For anybody else, I should still say, Philadelphia. First, it is a city, and Gambier is in the woods. Secondly, it is new and fresh, and though as yet very inchoate (I mean the seminary of course), yet it promises well. I will send you one of its circulars. Our present corps of professors is only temporary, and it is the firm resolve of the overseers to fill the place as soon as it is in active operation with young live active men. Gambier is a good school, I believe, but it has all the disadvantages, as well as the advantages, of shutting young men engaged in theological study up to their own exclusive society. That state of things I saw on the whole at Alexandria to be narrowing and deadening in its influence. I ought to warn any young man coming from Cambridge that he must be prepared to find either seminary in its scholastic tone very inferior to his Alma Mater. I am sorry it is so. A

student will get in either place little more than a skeleton of study in his classroom, and will have to flesh it out by his own enterprise. He would find but little stimulus in the rivalry and emulations of the men with whom he would be thrown. I suppose it is so with all the seminaries of all our churches.

All this about seminaries, not a word to-day of politics or war.

Good-by. God bless you. PHILL.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, December 15, 1862.

DEAR FRED, — I am shocked to see the date of your letter is two weeks ago to-morrow. These weeks go so terribly fast that to keep pace with them is wholly out of the question. You must make me one big excuse out of the constant pressure of parish work, and let it cover all my deficiencies. Who can write about anything else except the war in these days of suspense? Things look more promising, I think, than at any moment since the war began. At any rate, we do seem at last to be upon the very brink of a decision, and in spite of croaking the country will be ready to strike the last great blow at the rebellion with the Emancipation cudgel on the first of the new year. All this if things go right at the Rappahannock. . . .

As to seminaries, I agree with you fully as to the inadequate conception of its nature with which so many of our young ministers rush into clerical life. Our ministry is full of such now, and our seminaries are getting ready to contribute lots more. The evil is partly necessary. No man can wholly estimate a work so entirely of its own kind till he has tried it. But all this only makes it the more necessary that we should have the right men as far as we can. Your place is in the church. I say it with as much confidence as any one man has a right ever to use in speaking of another's duty. And if your place of labor is in the church, I say then with perfect certainty that your place of preparation is here, living with me and studying in our school. And what a joy it will be to me to have you, how it will light up my solitary life, I cannot say.

Affectionately, PHILL.

The year 1862 closed with a deep and widespread depression among the people. The fall campaign had been unfavorable to the Union arms. The loss also of life had been enormous. At the battle of the Antietam, September 7, 1862, where the Union force was defeated, 22,000 men had perished, and of these, 12,000 belonged to the Union army.

Burnside had been defeated near Fredericksburg on the Rappahannock, December 13, 1862, with a loss of 12,000, and a Confederate loss of 4000. Again, in Eastern Tennessee, at the battle of Murfreesboro, December 31, 1862, where the Union army under the command of Thomas and Sheridan at least held its own and repelled the assault of the Confederates, out of 80,000 men engaged, 23,000 was the number of the killed and wounded. The situation was appalling, and as yet the beginning of the end was not visible. The fall elections, always a barometer to indicate the public feeling, had been discouraging to the Republican party. The father of Phillips Brooks wrote to him, December 13, 1862, under a sense of depression and anxiety. His words must not be taken literally; they represent the desponding, almost despairing mood of the hour: —

> And now what think you of the war? That evacuation of Fredericksburg, what means it? We feel very blue here indeed, I assure you — a sad, desponding feeling. If Burnside will lay by and back down under that defeat, he is a different man from what I was led to expect. Where are we? What is to be done? Massachusetts has lost many noble men in this battle, — Willard, Dehon, Fuller, and I know not how many more. It is too bad. With all this slaughter and defeat I am *almost* in favor of intervention from abroad or compromise at home. . . .
>
> I have just heard of the death of Samuel Phillips, as pure and conscientious a young Christian as we had among us. He was at home quite recently, from having been at Port Royal on the Educational Commission. He returned there not well, and died of a bilious fever, another victim of the war, but not of battle. His brother John has just returned from South America; he is to go into the war, and has enlisted in the cavalry regiment: two boys that have sat before us at church so many years as to be one of us.
>
> Your Mother is anxious about George. He has endeared himself to us doubly by his absence and the character he has shown since he has been in his new position. Pray for him, my dear son.

On the last day of the year Phillips Brooks wrote to his brother George, at Newbern, N. C.: —

Wednesday afternoon, December 31, 1862.

Dear George, — I hear of you back in Newbern again, and thank God with you for your safety and His care over you. It has been an anxious time with all of us since your expedition started. We have watched the papers anxiously and heard the reports of success with an immense relief. I have not written before because I supposed of course your address was changed, and that anything sent in the old way would fail to reach you. . . .

So another Christmas has gone over. I don't know how it went with you, but with me it was hardly Christmas. We had our service in the forenoon; then I went down to my friend Mr. Cooper's and ate a pleasant family dinner, and came home and sat before my fire in the evening, and thought of you and all the folks at home. They seem to have had a very quiet time of it. I have had a batch of letters from them, and they all seem to be under a cloud. It has n't been to any of us the merry holiday time that it was last year, and yet I wonder if we may n't all hope that we are all better for what we have been through since that last Christmas time, and more able to appreciate and understand the full meaning of what we celebrate, — the birth of Christ into this world that needs Him so much.

Since I wrote you we have had one more disappointment in Virginia with that terrible loss at Fredericksburg of so many noble men. But there are things to hope in too. Down in the Southwest there is a brighter look, and if the winter's work can be the recovery of that vast region, it will well be worth while. To-morrow we shall have the Emancipation Proclamation, and then it would seem as if every soldier in our armies could stand firmer and fight and endure with a complete trust in his cause.

I presume now that you are looking forward to a winter in Newbern. I want very much to do something to make the winter pleasanter or easier for you, but I feel so ignorant about the needs of camp life that I should probably send you just the wrong thing. Can't you think of anything which I could send you for Christmas which you could find useful? books or clothes or comforts of any kind, or money? If you possibly can, I should thank you and be happier. Won't you try?

A Happy New Year to you now, my dear fellow, and God bless and keep you.

Your brother, Phill.

CHAPTER XIV

1863

DEATH OF GEORGE BROOKS. PARISH WORK. CLERICAL SOCIETY. THREATENED INVASION OF PHILADELPHIA. SUMMER IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS. PROTEST AGAINST BISHOP HOPKINS'S BIBLE ARGUMENT FOR SLAVERY. INTEREST IN THE FREEDMEN. THANKSGIVING SERMON. CALL TO A PROFESSORSHIP IN THE PHILADELPHIA DIVINITY SCHOOL

The Emancipation Proclamation issued by President Lincoln on the first day of the New Year, 1863, was an event of the highest spiritual importance to Phillips Brooks. As he interpreted its meaning, the war had for its purpose a moral issue. God was in the struggle. In the tragic scene that was enacting, there was now to be visible evidence afforded of a progressive movement in human affairs. The doctrine of human progress, of an increasing purpose in the life of humanity, he had hitherto gathered from the records of history. Now it was to be made visible before his eyes. A deeper faith, a vaster enthusiasm, a stronger sense of the reality of spiritual things, the concentration of the will on the great issue, in the confidence that God's will was thus subserved, — such were the motives that now entered more deeply into his soul. He was taking a great step forward in his own experience. A new consecration came to him, greater power and authority marked his utterances. He had no longer any misgivings about the ultimate result of the protracted struggle. The tone of despondency disappears, to give way to an inward exultation. The failure of this or that leader, disasters and defeats, were no ground for depression. He had completely vanquished the lower mood in which he had trusted to any one man to become the saviour

of the country. Thus to his father he writes on the 15th of January: "I cannot feel as blue about the war as you do. Nor is it time to look out yet for the effects of the Emancipation Proclamation. Military success is the first thing we want. We have had it already in Tennessee, and we shall see it yet at Vicksburg." This was written nearly six months before General Grant won his victory there. When Burnside was removed he wrote, "There is this comfort at least, that the more we try and find to be the wrong ones, the nearer we must be coming to the right one all the time." He had no longer any illusions about McClellan. "What did you think of Lincoln's letter to McClellan that came out in the court martial and was published in the papers of this morning [January 17]? It looks as though Old Abe was just as good a general as the young Napoleon after all."

Wednesday morning, January 7, 1863.

Monday I had to be on hand at our "Soldiers' reading room" at a little reception to General McClellan. I saw considerable of the general, and am not a stronger McClellan man for having seen him. He does n't look like a great man. His face does n't show, either, special refinement. He is pleasant and affable, and the soldiers collected to greet him were very enthusiastic. He looks like a good, sensible, bright engineer and not much more.

He was now to be called into another experience, which hitherto had been far away from him. His father unexpectedly appeared in Philadelphia on his way to the South, summoned by tidings of the dangerous illness of George Brooks. But even before the father had started on his sad journey the end had come. The telegram that his brother had died of typhoid pneumonia on February 10 reached Phillips on the 16th, and he started at once for home. There in the darkened house they waited for a week in silence, no word reaching them from the father, who was slowly making the journey home with the body of his son. With these days of waiting was afterward associated the lines of Tennyson, the prayer for the ship bearing the loved remains: —

Sphere all your lights around, above;
Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow;

Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,
My friend, the brother of my love.

While they waited at home, Phillips Brooks wrote a sermon on the text (Luke xxiv. 18), "Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to pass there in these days?" There came also a letter from the chaplain of the 45th Regiment, who had ministered to George Brooks in his illness, giving an account of the last days. The letter, which was addressed to his congregation and read before them, brought comfort and consolation to the bereaved family: —

NEWBERN, N. C., February 12, 1863.

MY DEAR PEOPLE, — There are few scenes on earth that reveal more visibly the glory of the Divine presence and the power of sustaining grace than the deathbed of a Christian. It has been my privilege to watch over the decline and the departure of one of God's dear ones in our regiment the past week. George Brooks, one of our own Boston boys, a member of Company A, recruited under Captain Russell Sturgis, Jr., now our major, was taken ill of typhoid fever about a week ago. From the first he expressed his entire resignation to the Divine will. He enjoyed the constant presence of Jesus at his side. When I asked him daily, "Is your Saviour near to you to-day?" the look upon his face had a radiant answer before his lips could speak. All through his sickness that faithful Presence cheered and sustained him. He was never dejected, he never murmured. He would say but little, as his lungs seemed congested, but by gasps and whispers one day he told me, holding my face down close to his, so that he could make me hear his lowest word, — he told me that he never had had full assurance of his pardon and acceptance till he became a soldier. He said that in the battle of Kingston, under that terrible fire of the enemy, his Saviour came to him as never before, declared His presence, revealed His love, and held his soul in His hands. As the hour of death drew on, he seemed to have three burdens of prayer. The first was quickly disposed of. He prayed aloud, "Oh, Lord, keep me, hold me fast, leave me not, let me not go!" and then all thoughts of himself seemed to be at an end. Shortly after, his lips moved again and audibly, and his second burden was laid down at the Divine feet: "My God, spare my country! oh, save my dear native land!" For a few moments silence succeeded, and the voice of prayer was heard once more, the last earthly articulation of that tongue, though

his consciousness continued till his last breath, some fifteen minutes later. This last burden was borne up on the old familiar petition, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." His own soul, his country, the Israel of God, these three interests he thus commended in his last utterances to the faithful Promiser.

How could a Christian life close more appropriately and triumphantly? He was a fine, manly fellow, his eye very dark and bright; a swarthy face, with a brilliant set of teeth and a pleasant smile; a pleasant companion and an agreeable and valued friend. He was, as you would infer, a brave soldier, and in the battle-field suffered no tremor to disturb nerve or spirit. His body is to be embalmed and sent home, but his memory is already embalmed in our hearts, and will be fragrant as long as Christian patriotism shall be honored on earth, as long as Christian friendship shall endure in heaven. If any man ever doubted the sufficiency of the gospel of Christ to transform, sustain, and elevate a human life, and help it meet its last and greatest need, let him look upon such a scene, and his skepticism must vanish like mist before the sun. One's faith becomes more settled and immovable after such an exhibition of the truth and tenderness of Jesus.

Let your prayers hover constantly over the pillows of our sick and wounded. The touch of loved fingers is far away, but your intercessions may be as the shadow of an angel's wing to faces growing white under the signature of death.

Ever and constantly yours, A. L. Stone.

These brief entries in the diary tell the remainder of the story: —

Friday, February 27, 1863. Father arrived at six A. M. with dear George's body. A sad day; making arrangements for the removal to the house. It was brought to the house and put in the front parlor in the afternoon at six o'clock.

Saturday, February 28, 1863. In the morning making arrangements for the funeral. P. M. With William and Fred at Mount Auburn to see about the grave.

Sunday, March 1, 1863. Second Sunday in Lent. Terrible storm all day. At home till afternoon. Then at Public Garden greenhouse to order flowers.

Monday, March 2, 1863. George's funeral at eleven o'clock. Services at St. Paul's. Bishop Eastburn officiated. 5.30 P. M. started by Norwich cars for New York.

On reaching Philadelphia Phillips Brooks wrote at once to his mother. In this letter we look into his soul at a moment when, touched by sorrow, the veil is withdrawn, revealing the man in his transparent simplicity and entire devotion. Extracts from other letters follow, written under the same inspiration. It was an event at this time in the spiritual history of the family when Arthur, at the age of seventeen, came forward for confirmation. It seemed like the voice of George from the open heavens.

Tuesday afternoon, March 3, 1863.

My dearest Mother, — I am back here again and trying to collect myself to go to work again to-morrow morning. Ever since I left you my thoughts have been with you all at home, and I feel like a stranger here among the things that were so familiar only two weeks ago. These two weeks seem to me like a strange sort of dream, and it is hard to realize that such a change has come over our family life since the last time I was sitting here at my desk. And yet I find it hard to be sad or mournful about it. I cannot think that George himself, as he looks at us, wishes us to be sad or mournful. I have been looking over and over again, all last night and this morning, the whole life that we have lived with him. I cannot remember one moment whose memory is painful to me. I cannot recall a single quarrel that I ever had with him, and I suppose the other boys would say the same. I cannot bring back one look that was not all kindness, or one act that was not pure and good, or one word that was not bright and truthful. I envy him his life and death. I would gladly lie down and die to-night if I could look back on such a spotless life as his, and find my faith as simple and secure for the future as his was. How beautiful his religion was. He has taught me for one, as I never knew before, what Jesus meant when he told of "receiving the kingdom of God as a little child." Such a perfect trust as his I know is in the power of any of us to reach as he reached it, and yet I do not dare to expect it ever perfectly for myself, but am determined to live and pray and struggle for it, and shall rejoice if I can have a seat at last somewhere in sight of the perfect happiness and glory which he is in to-day and will be in forever. My thoughts of home will always be different now. I shall always think of George as there among you. I do not care about Mount Auburn. I don't care ever to go there again, till I am carried as he was yesterday. I want to think of him as being about the old house and always one of your

group, making it happier and holier by his memory and influence, just as he always made it beautiful and bright when he was in the body. And I want to feel him there too, helping me and making me fitter for every duty with his own courage and cheerfulness and blessed faith.

I find work enough waiting for me, and shall go about it happily, but always looking for the time when it will be all done, and we shall be with Christ and him.

God bless you all.

PHILL.

Saturday, March 7, 1863.

DEAR WILLIAM, —. . . I have been living in a hurry since I got back here, and my sermon has been very much delayed and not finished till very late. It has come rather hard to buckle down to work again, and I am scarcely yet fully at it. The recollection of those days at home is with me always, especially that last Sunday, two weeks ago. I have been looking all over my old papers and getting together all the papers that I ever received from George. He always wrote so simply and directly that they bring back wonderfully the times in which he wrote them. In Woodstock, and at the drugstore, and at home, and later in the vessel and at Newbern. There are two or three about his hopes of getting a place with Powers & Weightman here, and the last thing he says is that as I seem not to have despaired he will keep on hoping and trust to its coming to something one of these days. Mr. Powers called to see me the other day; he was much interested in George, and told me, what I did not know before, that he was looking out for him for the charge of one of his laboratories, but finding he had gone into the war concluded to wait and say nothing about it and have a place for him when the war was over. His overseer, Dr. Aur, was very much taken with George when we visited the Laboratory together three years ago this spring. I see little chance now of my leaving after Lent. I have had my confirmation put off till the 1st of May. In June I am asked to deliver an address at the Commencement of Kenyon College in Ohio, and may go.

PHILADELPHIA, March 23, 1863.

MY DEAR WILLIAM, — I mail you herewith a copy of the West Philadelphia Hospital paper which contains Mr. Stone's letter about George. I received a note from the chaplain asking my consent to its publication. It had come into his hands by some means through Dr. Vaughan. Although I would not have

put it in myself, I felt that I had no right to refuse consent, and you will find it there. It will do good, I trust. Tell Mother I have had the dear boy's picture framed, and there it stands right in front of the table where I sit and of the door by which I enter. It hangs across the southwest corner of the room; between two windows, framed in black walnut and gilt. I have been busier this week than I remember for a great while. Next week is busier still, but all the while I am thinking of my stay at home and of George and his life and death. . . .

Easter Monday, April 6, 1863.

I know how glad you all must be at Arthur's confirmation. The fruit of George's life and death, which has begun to show itself so soon, will never cease to be seen. . . .

When the time for which George Brooks had enlisted had expired, and his comrades returned from the war, there came among them one of his intimate friends, who brought to the bereaved parents a further account of his last days, and still further evidence of his high character and Christian faith. His father writes to Phillips (September 22, 1863): —

We had a long call last evening from George's particular friend and bunkmate, Thompson. He gave us a great deal about George; much that was new and much that no one else could give, all about his early sickness, which was much what we had before.

Of his strictly religious course he knew all, and said a great deal; said George always went through the Prayer Book services on Sunday, and got him to accompany him. Kept the days and read the lessons appropriate. His reliance on his Saviour and his trust was as strong as one's could be. He knew several of the hymns George was in the habit of repeating, and particularly the "Everlasting Memorial." Says he talked a great deal of his brothers and very often got out all the photographs. "Had a good deal to say of his brother Phillips." He was a precious boy, and all these things only make us more sensible of our loss.

The work outside of the parish now becomes so extensive and prominent that it might seem as if the duties and routine of the parish minister must be neglected. But the parish occupied the foremost place then as always. He not only worked hard himself, but stimulated others to work. Connected with the Church of the Holy Trinity there was a

night school, held in the chapel on week-day evenings, a mothers' meeting, and an outside Bible class, taught by ladies connected with the parish. He was not contented to know of their existence, but he gave to them his personal presence and oversight. He continued to hold a weekly Bible class of his own on Saturday evenings, he preached or lectured every Wednesday evening in the church to large congregations, and he always gave a preparatory lecture for the monthly communion. On the first Sunday of each month came children's church in the afternoon. To the anniversary of the Sunday-school he gave special attention. Most carefully did he prepare his candidates for confirmation, not only in a series of lectures, but making it an obligation to call upon each candidate for personal conversation. Each week he tried to rescue as much time as possible for reading and study. Each week as a rule he records the writing of a sermon. For this, two mornings were generally appropriated, but it sometimes happened that the sermon was begun and completed on Saturday. So great was the demand for his services that rarely a Sunday passed that he did not preach three times, very often reading the service twice in addition. If he found himself disengaged on Sunday evenings, he went to church somewhere a third time for the purpose of hearing others preach. In the spring of this year, 1863, he was busily engaged in soliciting subscriptions for the purchase of a neighboring church in order to make it a chapel for Holy Trinity. It would involve an extension of his own labors, but he proposed to call an assistant minister to his aid. Of this enterprise, which was accomplished before Easter, he writes, "The people have gone into it heartily as they seem to do into every good work they get hold of." To those who looked on he appeared to carry his work with ease; there was an air of spontaneity about his preaching, as though it came without effort or anxiety. He contributed to this impression by giving himself so freely to outside calls for his services. But there was another side to the picture. He does not complain, but he admits his fatigue : —

Saturday evening, May 2, 1863.

It 's late Saturday night, and I have come home tired from my communicants' meeting, but I must write my letter before I go to bed. You have no idea how fatiguing this work of speaking in public is. It does n't look like much to talk for half an hour to a room full of people, but it very often leaves one tired out mind and body, and good for nothing. Thursday we had our Fast Day service. Last night our confirmation class met for its lecture, and to-night our communicants had their meeting, so that we have had services for three successive days, and I feel but little ready for the hard work of to-morrow. Still it is a pleasant labor, and I always have strength given me somehow when the time comes, so I have given up worrying about the future and just do one thing at a time. I like the work more and more every day, never more than since I came back from my last stolen visit home, and everything about the church is so encouraging that I certainly must not complain. But I shall be glad of a little vacation this summer. I am depending on it, and now it is only two months off. No news to-night from Hooker. Oh, if he might only be successful and open the way to a victorious close to this fearful war. I do not want it to end any other way, but I long to see it reach its great result. Our churches were crowded on Fast Day, and the people seemed to be in the spirit of the day. I did not preach a sermon, but just said a few words extempore, a brief report of which you will find in the "Press" for yesterday morning.

The service in his church on Fast Day alluded to so casually was marked by unusual solemnity and impressiveness. "The congregation," said the "Press," "listened with the most profound attention, and apparently gave a sincere and hearty response to his remarks." The burden of his prophetic soul was the sin of slavery. "It was not timely or proper to preach, but would it not be a mockery before God to say that we have sinned, we have broken Thy laws, we have polluted Thy Sabbath and received in vain Thy grace, without alluding to the greatest sin of all, — the blackest stain upon our country and the cause of all the ruin and bloodshed and affliction that have been visited on our land, — the black sin of slavery? Have we not that duty to perform, to pray for the removal of that great crime, that dark spot upon our country's history? And was this all? Were there not here

among us persons whom we meet daily in social intercourse, who give not even a faltering support to the administration of the laws, who are not using the means that God has given them for the suppression of rebellion and treason; men who deprecate the extermination of the evil that has caused all our troubles? Was it not as much our duty to pray for the rebuke of those traitors in the North as for the discomfiture of the openly declared enemy in the South? It was the duty of the congregation to cultivate that firm unwavering loyalty to the government that would recognize no distinction between the open foe and the secret enemy."

It was no easy task for the preacher to make an impassioned appeal like this. In view of the situation and the public sentiment in Philadelphia at this time, even in his own congregation, it called for the same courage and inspiration which moved the soldier in the field of battle. The stress and tension of these multiplied labors, with his spirit in tumultuous excitement until his strong will should see its travail accomplished, was relieved by the delightful social environment in which his days were passed. It was a repetition of the story of the preceding year, as given in the last chapter, only the friendships were grown more intimate, richer, and stronger with time. Clerical society in Philadelphia gained additional attraction at this time by important accessions. Among these were the Rev. Treadwell Walden and the late Rev. E. A. Washburn. Mr. Walden became the rector of St. Clement's Church, where the unusual tone of his preaching, and its superior character, combined with his impressive power as a speaker, drew many interested hearers to swell his congregations. Dr. Washburn, who in his day was foremost in the ranks of American scholarship as well as an interesting and powerful preacher, was also specially welcomed by Mr. Brooks, who discerned in him at once the type of a man to be admired and followed. Thus he writes: —

I have just had a call from a capital New England man, Dr. Washburn of Hartford, Conn., who has just come here to take charge of St. Mark's Church. He is a Cambridge man, of the

best kind of our ministry. He will be a great addition to our number of interesting men here.

This was Phillips Brooks's first contact with a new school of preachers and theologians which was to become known as the Broad Church, — a name originating in England in the decade of the fifties. Those who were affiliated under this designation had at first claimed the title of Catholic in contradistinction from the Oxford and Evangelical schools. It is difficult to describe them as a class, for so far as there was agreement among them in opinion, it had been reached independently, under the influence of current tendencies in thought and scholarship. One common characteristic belonged to them: they were fearless men unterrified by the discoveries of science or the results of Biblical criticism. They had not shared in the panic caused by the famous "Essays and Reviews;" they refused to join in the cry that "the church is in danger!" Rather did they see a larger opening for true religion in the fruits of an awakened intellectual activity. They held with Hooker and Bishop Butler that the human reason was the God-given faculty for verifying the divine revelation. They aspired after a larger freedom, and were interested in all methods for bringing the influence of the church to bear more directly upon the people in the upbuilding of Christian character. In a word, they were the new generation of Christian thinkers. There had come to them alike an inspiration from Coleridge and from Maurice, from Arnold and from Stanley. They found satisfaction in Kingsley and in Robertson and Bushnell, begetting a new enthusiasm for proclaiming the gospel of Christ and the kingdom of God. With these writers Phillips Brooks was familiar and in deep sympathy. Hitherto he had walked almost alone, emerging from the school at Alexandria with a consciousness of a want of sympathy with his teachers, while yet holding with deep conviction to the sovereign Lordship of Christ over every human soul. With his new friends he took counsel, interested to know by what divine paths God had led them into the larger room. There were others of a similar spirit whom he met at this time in Philadelphia,

forming with them friendships which were as enduring as life, among them Bishop Clark of Rhode Island, and Dr. Harwood, rector of Trinity Church in New Haven. It would be a mistake to suppose that these men were united by any party shibboleth or sought to accomplish any partisan aim. But they did have a common sympathy in the open mind, in their belief in free inquiry, in their emancipation from the shackles of traditional interpretation. They had an interest in literature as well as theology; they looked upon the state as sharing in a divine life as well as the church, and they refused to narrow the church to any one ecclesiastical denomination. If they had a common motto it was this: Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.

Among the phases of the larger ministry, to which Phillips Brooks was impelled by some irresistible call, was his effort to overcome the indifference, even the avowed hostility, toward the government in its prosecution of the war. That such sentiments toward Lincoln and his administration did exist in Philadelphia is evident;[1] but it should also be said, in order not to create any misimpression, that the same apathy or hostility might be found in other Northern cities, in New York and in Boston. To determine its relative proportion, or whether society in Philadelphia was more widely and deeply affected by disloyalty than elsewhere, is a question we are not here called upon to discuss. That Phillips Brooks rose up in his might to defend the war and to put disloyalty to flight does not indicate that, in his judgment, Philadelphia called for his protest more than other places. Thus he writes March 23, 1863: —

> I have been away two days this week preaching in New Jersey. It was disheartening to see the state of public feeling there, the apathy or opposition to the administration that has made that little State disgraceful. But surely things are looking very much better everywhere. It seems as if the more we suffer the more we must feel ourselves committed to finish completely the great work we have undertaken.

[1] Cf. *Phillips Brooks*, by M. A. De Wolfe Howe, in "The Beacon Biographies," pp. 26, 27.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, PHILADELPHIA, INTERIOR

How the situation in Philadelphia appeared to an eye-witness, who was in sympathy with Mr. Brooks in his effort to overcome the apathy and disloyalty of the city, is shown in this extract from a letter by the late Rev. R. C. Matlack: —

When Mr. Brooks became rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity in 1862 he found very few anti-slavery men among our clergy, and a strong secession sentiment pervading society which was well represented in his new church. A writer of the day said, "Society was in sympathy with the rebellion." Party spirit ran so high that old friends would not recognize each other in the street. The "Palmetto Flag" was published here, and openly sold on the street. The "North American" of November, 1862, declared, "The Union feeling in Baltimore is stronger at this time than it is in Philadelphia." The "Press" in November, 1862, said, "In Philadelphia we see men diligently comforting one another, consulting together, gathering strength, and quietly combining to undermine and destroy the nation. All the splendor of brilliant society and the fascinations of social intercourse are combined to accomplish this woeful purpose." A leading society man said that "unmixed society ordered matters, and that all gentlemen would soon be of their way of thinking. The President was vulgar, the administration was vulgar, and the people who urged the war were of the common sort, who would shortly receive a merited castigation from the gentlemen of the South, whom the herd was vainly endeavoring to deprive of their Biblical, heaven-derived, constitutional, natural, carnal property."

The Union League (Club) was founded to counteract this baneful influence of society. I accompanied Phillips Brooks to the opening meeting (February, 1863), and he made one of those bold, Union speeches for which he became famous, although his parish was a new organization, heavily in debt, and he was in danger of losing some of his most important members by his decided action. When most pulpits were silent and some adverse, his gave forth no uncertain sound. His manly, courageous utterances did much to turn the tide of society in favor of the abolition of slavery and the preservation of the Union.

To these reminiscences may be added the comment on Mr. Brooks's attitude by the Rev. C. A. L. Richards, who stood by his side in those days of trial: —

Through those tremendous years Brooks was foremost in all patriotic work. The times tried men, as in the fires, of what

stuff they were; his stood the proof. The times demanded heroes even in civil life. It needed manhood in those days to withstand the pressure of those who would fain have ignoble peace. Philadelphia was close to the border, and Southern sympathizers — there was a pithier word in common use — abounded. Faction ran high. Brooks did not defy it. He quietly disregarded it, went his ways in spite of it, took his heroism naturally, not tragically, as if men were always true and brave. In the pulpit, on the platform, he was earnestly and eloquently on the side of the nation, appealing to what was noblest and loftiest in her sons. . . . Presently both the educated and the illiterate rabble discovered that they were dealing with that unusual thing, a man; less uncommon at that crisis than at some other periods, but none too common in the ministry, certainly then; one whom they could not anger into indiscretion, nor threaten into subservience, nor tempt to unworthy surrender; a man of the fibre of an old-time prophet, with a message to be uttered whether the people heeded or refused it; whether they brought wreaths to crown, or stones to stone him; whether they would build him a pedestal, or dig him a grave. I despair of making the young men of to-day understand what it cost in those days to be lord of one's own soul. Through that weary time, what an overflowing reservoir of mortal force, of hope, of courage, of high resolve, Brooks was to all of us. Then, as ever, his presence was an inspiration. There were dark days, — days when, as we met on a street corner, after some bloody reverse of our armies, he could only wring my hand and say, "Is n't it horrible?" and pass on gloomily; days when it was easy to take counsel of one's meaner fears and cry for peace at any price, and try to patch up any miserable cabin of refuge from the storm which beat upon our hearts. But his heart never flinched or quailed. His light ever shone out clear.

One of Mr. Brooks's courageous utterances has already been referred to, in the address on the national Fast Day. It is a painful task now that these events have long gone by to recall them again to memory. But to omit them in a biography of Phillips Brooks would be an injustice to the man, for in a great measure he was roused by them to assert the heroic proportions of his nature. The war with its issues came at the moment when he was beginning his ministry, and helped to make him great. He went forth out of himself to become identified with a moral purpose, or rather the moral purpose entered into his soul, taking possession of all

his powers. He forgot self and his own interests in his devotion to the nation's life and prosperity. There was here an enlargement of his whole being, creating the sense of power and making him equal to the greatest emergency that can befall a nation. He seems to assume the burden of the war as if it were his own, and he were a leader raised up by God to speak to the people and lead them forth from bondage. He became a representative man, taking his place in the foremost ranks, and though still a youth in years, exhibiting the capacity for leadership, in wisdom and gravity, in directness and power, and with enthralling eloquence. People had become familiar with the ideas, and mode of urging them, of the older men who had long been before the country. But here was youthful enthusiasm combined with freshness of view, yet also with maturity of judgment. The struggle to which he was called might have seemed an unequal one, but when once committed to it, he threw into the balance that unique quality in his nature, which he did not understand and cannot be described, — the gift of oratory, strangely moving men even against their will, a mysterious accompaniment of his personality never failing him, but always at his call when the moment came for speech. He does not appear greatly to mind the inevitable opposition he encountered, the scorn and contempt expressing itself in bitter language. In a letter dated June 6, 1863, he refers, a rare thing with him, to the criticism he is meeting: —

I have nothing particular to tell you to-day about myself, and so I will let you see what other people say about me by enclosing a slip from our Copperhead journal which some kind friend has just sent me. Is n't it terrible to think of this fearful plot to fill the churches and schools with New England radicals, and gradually seize on all Philadelphia, and make another Boston of it. I suppose a part of our plan must be to get possession of the financial institutions; so just hold yourself in readiness to come on and take a radical cashiership as soon as things are ready for it. This sort of feeling is very strong here, and is making a pretty hard fight, but it can't stand. The world moves. Vicksburg is not ours yet, but everything looks promising, and perhaps we do not know how near we are to the end. At any rate the

conviction is stronger every day that, long or short, there 's nothing to be done but fight it out, and "put down the rebellion."

A victory of General Robert E. Lee, the commander of the Confederate forces, over the Army of the Potomac in May, 1863, left the North unprotected, and General Lee decided to carry the war into Pennsylvania. At first it was hard to realize that the State was actually in danger of invasion. Men refused to believe it. The Quaker sentiment, always a large contingent in the city founded by William Penn, now met the test of its strength and value. War may be wrong and a great evil, the duty of non-resistance may have its place among the Evangelical precepts, but when a great city is in danger of invasion, it is necessary that something should be done to repel the invaders. This letter describes the situation as it appeared to Phillips Brooks: —

Saturday, June 27, 1863.

Dear Father, — I suppose you must be wondering a little what is the state of mind in this poor bethreatened city. I wish you could be here and see how dead and apathetic men can be, with an enemy almost at their doors. I don't think that Lee is coming to Philadelphia, but there certainly is threatening enough of it to make us get ready if he did come. Nothing is doing here at all. Yesterday the Union League decided that it might be well to get up a regiment, but as yet, so far as I can learn, not more than 2000 men have gone from Philadelphia, and the men who are protecting the line of the Susquehanna are New Yorkers and New Englanders. I am ashamed of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, and proud as usual of New England. Of course all our town talk is of the invasion. We do not think that Philadelphia is very likely to be their aim. Evidently they are trying to delude us, and will more likely strike either at Pittsburg or at Baltimore. Some timid people here are a good deal scared. I will let you know if there is any danger. I see George's Regiment is after this new raid. How much hard life and terrible work the dear boy has escaped. I think of him always. I see Mr. Stone's letter is in the "Recorder" this week. I don't know how it got there.

Good-by — one week more (unless I am kept here by danger of a capture) and I am with you. Love to Mother.

Yours affectionately,

Phill.

Sunday P. M.

There is a little more excitement here. The rebels are at York, and the women and children are coming down from Harrisburg.

At the time when this letter was written, he notes in his diary for Saturday, June 27, 1863: "Lee's army is at Carlisle, only one hundred miles from Philadelphia, and yet the city is perfectly quiet and a terrible apathy is keeping everybody idle, just waiting to be taken." And again on the following Monday, June 29: "Meeting of the clergy of all churches to offer their services to the mayor." This last remark is illuminated by a reminiscence of Dr. Richards: —

From Cooper's study proceeded one movement that the chronicle of those crowded years should not quite lose from view. The enemy was at the gate. Lee's army had invaded Pennsylvania, was before Harrisburg, was threatening Philadelphia. The Quaker City was carrying non-resistance to its last consequence, was folding its hands and shaking in its shoes, and waiting for Providence or the general government to come to its rescue. It was a panic of stupor akin to a dumb ague. Brooks, Cooper, and the rest of us, assembled on a Monday morning in Cooper's study, waxed hot at the local inaction. If laymen would do nothing it was time for the clergy to move. We did move on the moment. We drew up a paper offering our services for the public defence. We would not take up arms, but we could shoulder shovels and dig trenches. Several clerical meetings were in session that noon, and we sent delegates to rouse them. With Brooks and the venerable Albert Barnes at the head of the procession we stormed the mayor's office, a hundred or more strong, and asked to be set at work on the defences of the city. We retired, bought our spades and haversacks, and waited for orders. The example served its purpose. The sting stung. The city bestirred itself, and the peril passed without our being called into service. But Brooks and Albert Barnes were ready, and I trust some of the rest of us.

As the situation still seemed uncertain, Mr. Brooks wrote home that he did not feel at liberty to leave his post for the annual holiday: —

July 4, 1863.

The fact is, I don't like to leave here while things are just in the present condition; not that I think there is any danger

of their coming here, but people are a good deal excited, and till the terrible battle of this week is over, and its results well confirmed, I shall not leave. It will probably be only a short delay, and I will write you next week just as soon as I see my way clear to getting off. Everything to-day looks promising; we are going to beat and bag their army, I believe, and then the war is about over. I am sorry to shorten my vacation, but I must not leave just now.

The events of these weeks culminating in the fierce and sanguinary battle of Gettysburg, Pa., where 50,000 men were slain out of 170,000 engaged, are told in the entries in his pocket diary, which, brief as they are, thrill with the excitement of the moment.

Saturday, July 4, 1863. 8.15 P. M. Services in Holy Trinity. I read and made a short address. All the forenoon down town. Great news of Lee's repulse by Meade. Dinner at Dr. Mitchell's (Weir) with Cooper and Richards. Evening at Union League. Still good news.

Sunday, July 5, 1863. Fifth Sunday after Trinity. I read, spoke, and administered the communion. During the communion service news came of Lee's rout, and I announced it to the congregation. God be praised.

Monday, July 6, 1863. Evening. Started for the battlefield under the auspices of the Sanitary Commission. Arrived at Baltimore about four o'clock the next morning.

Tuesday, July 7, 1863. Spent all day making arrangements and trying to get off to Gettysburg. Started in freight train at seven o'clock P. M., and spent the night in the cars, arriving at Hanover at seven o'clock the next morning.

Wednesday, July 8, 1863. Almost all day at Hanover. Cooper with sick headache. Left for Gettysburg at five o'clock P. M. Arrived about seven. Cooper, Kent Stone,[1] and I slept in loft of a tar-shop.

Thursday, July 9, 1863. A. M. At Sanitary Commission. Tent near the depot. Then all over the battlefield.

Friday, July 10, 1863. All day at the hospital of the Second Division of the Fifth Corps, distributing clothes and writing letters for the men. Very tired at night.

Saturday, July 11, 1863. Walked with Cooper to the hospital of the Pennsylvania Reserves. P. M. Among the rebel prisoners in the Third Corps. Terrible need and suffering.

[1] Rev. James Kent Stone, a son of the Rev. Dr. John S. Stone, who went to the battlefield in search of the body of his brother.

Sunday, July 12, 1863. All day among the rebel prisoners in the Third Corps Hospital. P. M. Went into Gettysburg and spent the night at Professor Stevens'.

Monday, July 13, 1863. All day travelling to Philadelphia. Arrived about 10.30 P. M.

In these brief records one is struck with his desire to be of practical service in the simplest of ways. Those who know what healing power he carried with his presence can appreciate what it meant when he went through the wards of the hospital. It is also beautiful to note that in this awful hour he knew no discrimination between Northern and Southern soldiers. His affection seems to have gone out to the latter.

While these events were transacting, Frederick Brooks was graduating from Harvard College. He had rivalled Phillips in taking the Bowdoin prize, he had surpassed him in his class-day appointment as odist, a distinction which the older brother would have valued. He had made up his mind to study for the ministry, but for some reason, which he found difficulty in explaining, he did not wish to begin at once his theological studies. Meantime he was casting about for some temporary employment until his difficulties should be overcome. Under these circumstances he came to his brother for advice. The letters written by Phillips Brooks to Frederick are full of wise caution and suggestion. He did not seek to inquire too closely into his brother's state of mind, but respected his reserve. He was afraid that if Frederick became engaged in other work, even temporarily, he might be lost to the ministry. He suggested that his unwillingness at once to enter a theological school sprang from a mood he had himself experienced, — "the temporary disgust with college which everybody feels about class day," and reminded him how different his life would be in the theological seminary from the Cambridge work: —

I do not believe you would see your way any clearer a year hence into the ministry than now. I believe the hesitations and doubts you feel belong to every inception of so great a work, and are best met by earnest investigation and prompt decision.

When Frederick still found himself unable to reach a decision, Phillips wrote to him again, urging the ministry, dissuading him from enlisting as a private in the ranks, for which he was manifestly unfitted, but reluctantly acquiescing in the plan that he should try the Sanitary Commission as a kind of missionary work: —

> Every day I have more and more forced upon me the immediate need of the right sort of ministers in the church, earnest, intelligent, and loyal men, who will help to make the church something of the large, liberal, progressive (or if you please, truly conservative) power that it ought to be. Can you, have you, a right to postpone, with the chance of its never being resumed, this which you have settled on as the great duty of your life?

This correspondence is a beautiful one, disclosing the reverence and confidence of the younger brother, and on the other side the large heart, anxious to be of service, studying the situation as if it were his own. He finally writes to Frederick, suggesting that he is tired with the long strain of college years, and invites him to join his party, in the summer, in a trip through the White Mountains: —

> You are just out of college; you need relaxation. Will you not accompany us to the White Mountains this summer? Richards and Strong and Henry Potter (Bishop Potter's son, a nice fellow) and I have a plan of spending three weeks in August in tramping and sightseeing among the Hills. We shall all be truly glad to have you join us. Don't say, "They 're strangers," and turn off disgusted. They won't be strangers for a half day. They 're not men you 'll mind at all, and we 'll have a tiptop time. Now, my dear boy, say you 'll go, won't you? We shall start about the first of August. Make your mind and body ready for it. Of course I shall claim the privilege of paying all the expenses for us two. Write soon; send me a copy of your Ode, and say you 'll go.

The formal year which begins on the 1st of January does not correspond with the reality in the life of a student or a city pastor. Nor does the ecclesiastical year correspond more closely. The year of work and of actual life begins with the fall, and ends with the coming of the following summer. This sense of the division of time stamped by the

university and the professional school upon the experience of youth continued to abide with Mr. Brooks throughout his ministry. His work for the year was done when he had gathered in harvest, or taken stock as it were in the candidates who presented themselves for confirmation. Then he turned his face homeward as from an enforced absence, to luxuriate in the sense of freedom from care and responsibility, but also in quiet to abide with himself, and, apart from the scene of his labors, to review his experience, to draw lessons of wisdom for the year that was to follow. And throughout his ministry the summer vacation meant to him not only the opportunity of recreation and escape from labor, but the period when he replenished his intellectual and spiritual store, feeding directly from the pastures of life. Any account of his work to be at all adequate must follow him in his summer wanderings from year to year.

Thus on the 16th of July in 1863 he returned to his home in Boston, where he remained with his family for a few weeks before making another tour of the White Mountains. The incidents of each day are briefly recorded. The first thing was to turn to Mount Auburn on a visit to the new-made grave. He began again to ride horseback. He was often at his old haunts in the Athenæum, looking into books, making acquaintance with ecclesiastical painting or modern art, so far as the limited opportunity afforded him in the art gallery allowed. Through the more ample income now at his disposal he was able to become the owner of the books which most interested him. He mentions the purchase of new bookcases to accommodate his increasing acquisitions. That he still retained his classical bias is shown in the entry for one of the days when he had been lounging in a bookshop: "Bought books, Livy, four volumes, $5.00; Liddell's 'History of Rome,' $6.00; Middleton's 'Life of Cicero,' $1.75."

Since he was last at home a change had been made by his father's family in their church relations; they had given up their pew at St. Paul's Church and migrated to Trinity Church, then situated on Summer Street. Religious life at

Trinity might be very different from what it had been, less profitable than in the palmy days at St. Paul's, when Dr. Vinton was its rector, but it was not disagreeable at least, and that was a gain. The mother of Phillips Brooks found no satisfaction in the new style of preaching then coming into vogue among the Evangelical school. It differed from the older, simpler style represented by Dr. Stone and Dr. Vinton, in the importance it attached to a minute study of the words of Scripture, in the finding of concealed or unobserved truths by the close scrutiny of tenses and cases. The Bible was becoming no longer an open book which the wayfaring man might read with ease, but a complicated network calling for concentrated effort in order to unravel the intricacy of its meaning. The preacher seemed to be engaged in an interminable argument built upon remote premises which only the initiated could follow; and if once the clue was lost, it seemed impossible to regain one's way. The doctrine of the second coming of Christ almost became the leading tenet of belief, calling for elaborate investigation to determine whether it preceded or succeeded the millennium. From these peculiarities the pulpit of Trinity Church at least was free, even if it were dull. Trinity Church had also gained for the family a sacred association in the pictures photographed upon the mother's heart of George presenting himself at its altar for confirmation.

At the invitation of Bishop Eastburn, Mr. Brooks preached at Trinity Church on the afternoon of Sunday, the 26th of July. It was midsummer, and the congregation was so small as to seem almost invisible. This was not the first occasion of his preaching at Trinity, and the meagre attendance may have been owing to the circumstance that no announcement had been made that he was to preach. But there was one present who made the occasion the subject of reminiscences in later years. He had called on Bishop Eastburn in his house on Tremont Street opposite the Common, and in the course of the conversation asked the bishop where he should go to church the following Sunday. The bishop answered: "I think you had better go to my church, for I shall have

there a young man from Philadelphia named Brooks, who is esteemed to be somebody, and I want you to hear him preach."

On Sunday morning, therefore, I went to Trinity Church, which, the reader will remember, was the old Trinity in Summer Street, then a quiet quarter, still retaining many roomy houses occupied by old Boston families. Entering its gray portals I perceived that I might sit where I liked, for there was scarce anybody in the church. . . . When the time for the sermon arrived, a person who had been sitting silent in the chancel, muffled in a black gown, emerged — or rather projected himself — in the direction of the pulpit. A tall, thin figure rushed up the pulpit steps. Before fairly reaching the top of them a voice called out the text, and instantly broke into a speech of most astonishing rapidity, quite beyond anything I had ever experienced or imagined of human utterance. . . . As soon as I recovered from my surprise, and the mind could catch its breath, so to speak, and begin to keep up with the preacher's pace, I perceived that what I was hearing was a wonderful sermon, such as would oftenest be called brilliant, perhaps, but is better described as glowing and lambent. The text was the verse of St. Paul about seeing now "through a glass, darkly; but then face to face," and the discourse contained material for a score of sermons, so rich was it in high thought and apt illustration and illuminative turns of phrase. I fancy that in those days Dr. Brooks used illustrations more profusely than in later years. . . . Possibly I myself might find that sermon too ornate for my maturer taste, but I know the impression it then made upon me was not of over-ornamentation, but of thought intrinsically and aboundingly rich, and I believe that if it shall see the light among any forthcoming collection of Bishop Brooks's literary remains, I shall gain from reading it the same impression that it produced so many years ago.

The writer of this account was impressed with the contrast between the few hearers who listened to Phillips Brooks on that midsummer day in 1863 and the thousands afterwards, in the glorified new Trinity, who dwelt on every note of his voice, — between the young Brooks who was thought to be somebody and the man who became the successor of Bishop Eastburn. But appearances are deceitful. In Mr. Brooks's diary for the following Monday, it reads, "Mr. George

Dexter [the senior warden] called to talk about my coming to Trinity Church." It took six years before this result should be accomplished, but it is interesting to note how long the parish had kept him in view.

On the second day of August he started on his trip to the White Mountains, accompanied by his brother Frederick, by Mr. Richards, and by Mr. Stillé.[1] In the course of his tour he met his friends the Coopers, the Ashhursts, the Lapsleys, and the Mitchells. The tour was interspersed with rowing and bathing, and occasional resorts to horseback riding. There was mountain climbing; from the Glen they went up Mount Washington, and came back to North Conway.

A few days were spent in Boston after his return from the mountains, during which he wrote a sermon in order to be ready for his first Sunday in Philadelphia. When he reached Philadelphia on the 5th of September he records his arrival with a sigh, "So vacation 's over!!" He returned to find the city "quivering with excitement." The time for the fall elections was near. Governor Curtin, the Republican candidate for governor of the State, was opposed by Judge Woodward as the Democratic candidate. Not only did excitement run high in political circles, but in ecclesiastical also, for things were happening which roused the indignation of the Episcopal clergy. The story is now a curious one merely, relating to the action of Dr. John Henry Hopkins, the Bishop of Vermont, and referred to here because of Phillips Brooks's connection with it.

Bishop Hopkins had resisted the action of the General Convention in 1862, when it gave its approval to the war and its support to the government. This he considered introducing politics into a sacrosanct assembly, and therefore a profanation of holy things. He had written a book, the "American Citizen," wherein he presented his views of political duties and relationships. He had been wont to travel over the country, delivering lectures on these topics, for his diocese was small and poor, obliging him to resort to

[1] Professor C. J. Stillé, the accomplished teacher of history in the University of Pennsylvania, and one of his parishioners.

these and other measures to raise funds for his various undertakings. Among his distinctive views, he held that the Bible sanctioned slavery, an opinion to which he had given expression in his "American Citizen." But although slavery was a divine institution, yet he thought it should be abolished, and that this was the destiny reserved for it. His connection with Pennsylvania was a close one, for he had lived many years in Pittsburg, and was widely known throughout the State by clergy and laity. He was very acceptable as a preacher, and was often called upon to perform Episcopal duties in the State at the request of Bishop Potter. The Democratic party in Pennsylvania now proposed to make use of him in the heated canvass between Curtin and Woodward. Six gentlemen of Philadelphia had requested his permission to republish his well-known views on slavery, which he had given in a tract issued in 1861, and known as the Bible view of slavery. The original motive in writing this tract had been to cool down if possible the fiery zeal of the abolitionists. When he was thus approached, Bishop Hopkins gave his assent to the reissue of the tract, and in June, 1863, it had been reprinted by the Society of the Diffusion of Political Knowledge in New York. Soon after it was taken up and circulated by the Democratic clubs throughout the country, but chiefly in Pennsylvania as an electioneering pamphlet.

It was manifest that such a proceeding could not go unchallenged without committing the Episcopal Church in Pennsylvania to a tacit approval of this extraordinary document. The clergy of Philadelphia were called together by Bishop Potter, a protest was drawn up and entrusted to a committee who should procure signatures to it. Of this committee Mr. Brooks was a member, and by no means an inactive one. Indeed, he was so prominent that he was incorrectly suspected and accused of being the author of the protest. But he did what he could to procure signatures for it, directing circulars with his own hand to be sent broadcast throughout the State. The protest was signed by one hundred and sixty of the clergy, a very large majority of those in the diocese. This prompt and decisive action may have had

its influence on the election. At any rate Governor Curtin was reëlected by a majority of 20,000; Judge Woodward was defeated, and withdrew from Holy Trinity Church. It had been he who had done more than any one else to induce Mr. Brooks to become its rector, when he was in serious doubt as to his duty.

Saturday evening, October 3, 1863.

I have just got home from our monthly communicants' meeting. It is the first lecture we have had since I 've got back, and somehow it has used me up. I have been at work all day on my sermon for to-morrow night (1 Cor. ix. 26). Last Sunday afternoon I went out and preached to our colored regiment at Cheltenham. It was new sort of work, but I enjoyed it. They are splendid-looking fellows. To-day they have been parading through the city, and seem to have surprised everybody by their good soldierly looks. Nobody talks about anything now but the election. We flatter ourselves that Pennsylvania is of considerable importance this fall, and we feel quite sure that she is coming out all right. Curtin will no doubt be elected by a handsome majority. Have you seen what a stir has been raised up by Bishop Hopkins's slavery letter and by our clerical protest against it. It may look to you like something of a tempest in a teapot, but I can assure you that the letter was doing a great deal of harm, and that our remonstrance has been widely welcomed. One of the Copperhead papers the other day did me the honor to assume that I had a good deal to do with it, and read me a long lecture on the modesty becoming young clergymen. I had no connection with it beyond signing it.

The father of Mr. Brooks was anxious to get a copy of Bishop Hopkins's tract, for he was given to collecting historical documents. His son writes in reply: "Did you see that Bishop Hopkins has replied to our Protest? His answer is very angry and very silly. I am sorry that I cannot get a copy of his first pamphlet. I have not got one myself. They are hard to get hold of now." To his brother he gives further particulars regarding the recent election: —

October 17, 1863.

Dear William, — I have just come home from a long horseback ride. Congratulate me. We have been gone all day, and

the parish has had to take care of itself in the meantime. Mr. Cooper and I took the cars early this morning to Norristown, seventeen miles out of town, where Yocum met us with horses, and we put off over the country, which is magnificent in its autumn fires. I wish you could have been with us. I rode a big gray mare, and though not up to Robin she certainly put me through well. What do you think of last Tuesday? Twenty thousand majority is n't to be sneered at here, and Ohio has done better still. It is worth another victory of our armies thus to have conquered disloyalty here at the North, and to have got our heel on the neck of the Copperhead.

If you had been here I think you would have been as much surprised as I have been at the *radical* character of this campaign which has just closed. And it has been not merely Republican, but anti-slavery; not merely anti-slavery, but abolition all the way through. If this war had n't done anything else so far, at any rate it has made us an anti-slavery people, and begun the end of this infernal institution. As it is, Three cheers for Pennsylvania! and may she do ever so much better next year. I spent Tuesday night at the League House, and have seldom seen such an excitement as there was when the news came in and the result gradually became certain. Judge Woodward has resigned his seat on my vestry, and advertised his pew for sale. I am sorry, for he is a very pleasant man, and has been one of my kindest friends. I presume we shall get along without him, but I wish he could have stayed among us. . . . Your rector, Dr. Huntington, preached for me yesterday morning, — a splendid sermon. In the evening a better one still before the divinity school, in my church. I recongratulate you on such a man for your minister.

A new and difficult problem in American social life had been created when the Emancipation Proclamation of Mr. Lincoln had produced its inevitable effect. Thousands and hundreds of thousands of negroes were now thrown adrift: free indeed, but unaccustomed to the use of freedom; hitherto cared for, with no sense of responsibility for their maintenance, and now obliged to seek their own support; ignorant, untrained, unfit for the burden placed so suddenly upon them. To have shirked this problem after his enthusiastic advocacy of the abolition of slavery would have been unworthy in the last degree. Mr. Brooks was among the very first to recognize the importance of immediate and extensive action. His interest in the colored people seems at this time the foremost

object in his mind. He became an active member of the Freedmen's Relief Association. He makes mention of frequent visits to the negro regiment in camp near Philadelphia, watching them on parade, addressing them at their Sunday services. He took special pride in a colored Sunday-school under the superintendence of Messrs. Ritter and Clay at the corner of 13th and Race streets. This entry in his diary for November 3, 1863, illustrates how deep was his interest, but the brief expression "I spoke" needs great expansion to do justice to its force: "Reading all the forenoon about Port Royal and the Freedmen's Relief work. Dined at Cooper's with the usual party. Evening meeting at Concert Hall in behalf of the freed negroes. I spoke."

These speeches in Philadelphia seemed to excite equal interest in Boston, for his father writes to him two days afterward: "I noticed by the papers to-day that you were engaged in the cause of freedom night before last, and 'made a powerful address with marked effect upon the audience.'" Much of the information which fed his enthusiasm on this subject came from his brother Frederick, who had gone to Washington in connection with the Sanitary Commission, in order to see a life of practical service in the world before entering the ministry. Mr. Brooks was anxious to see the Episcopal Church identified with this philanthropic work. He writes to his brother: "How strange this monopoly by Unitarians of all the philanthropy of our time is! It comes partly of Orthodox neglect and partly of Unitarian assertion. It will be part of your work to give it a practical refutation."

It goes without saying that this devotion to their interests by Phillips Brooks was gratefully recognized by the colored people in Philadelphia and elsewhere. Their worship of him as their champion and hero would show itself in amusing ways, as at evening parties and receptions, when it was understood that no one could expect much attention from the colored waiters if Phillips Brooks were present. Long years afterward, his acts of kindness to the colored people in 1863 were gratefully remembered. After his death a monument

to his praise was set up in these resolutions of the Bethel Literary and Historical Association of Washington, D. C., which may be introduced here as showing more distinctly the nature and value of the service he had rendered than any contemporary document: —

Resolved, That we the members of the Bethel Literary and Historical Association of Washington, D. C., spread upon our minutes the sense of the great loss that has come to them in the death of that eminent servant of God, the Right Reverend Phillips Brooks, Bishop of Massachusetts.

It will be the pride and duty of others to elaborate in stately and measured words a eulogy of this saint and scholar, humanitarian and great preacher; to portray his many high and great qualities. Be it ours to bring the sobs and lamentations of a race he loved so well and served so faithfully, and thus demonstrate that however destitute we may be of the higher possession of intellectual gifts, we are not poor in that loftiest and finest attitude of the heart, — gratitude.

We thank God for the example of a life so useful and exalted, and so thoroughly consecrated to high aims and noble purposes, which gave him that clear vision to see the right, and the great heart to sympathize with the woes of our race; making him eyes to the blind and strength to the feeble. We recall with thanksgiving his noble and brave words for freedom and enfranchisement in the dark days of the war, the prominent part he took in opening to us the door of the street cars in Philadelphia, which up to that time had been closed against us, and this at the risk both of personal violence and social ostracism.

His majestic form we shall no longer see, his kindly voice we shall no longer hear, yet his memory will be to us strength and inspiration in our march to that higher manhood and wider influence which he so nobly represented.

As Thanksgiving Day approached in 1863, Phillips Brooks was preparing himself to give expression to a nation's gratitude, interpreting the nation to itself, lifting it up to some higher mount of vision whence it could discern the way it had been led through the years of darkness, of inexpressible agony, and of untold sacrifice. This capacity for being greatest on great occasions has already been noted. It had shown itself in college when he gathered himself up for examina-

tions with the highest success. It was a natural peculiarity of his constitution now to be consecrated to the highest end. He summoned himself and examined himself as the day approached in order to be ready with the lesson of the hour. Already he foresaw the beginning of the end. The victory of General Meade at Gettysburg, and the capture of Vicksburg by General Grant, in July, followed by the advance of Grant and the significant results at Chattanooga in November, pointed to one conclusion, — the object of the war had been really gained, however long the time which must elapse before its full acknowledgment. The war should have ended here.

Again the great Church of the Holy Trinity was crowded to its utmost capacity, seats were placed in the aisles and many were standing, as the preacher announced his text: "Therefore, behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that it shall no more be said, The Lord liveth, that brought up the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt; but, The Lord liveth, that brought up the children of Israel from the land of the north, and from all the lands whither he had driven them: and I will bring them again into their land that I gave unto their fathers" (Jeremiah xvi. 14, 15). The next day, November 27, 1863, came the request for the publication of the sermon, signed by some sixty names of the leading citizens of Philadelphia. It was immediately issued with the title "Our Mercies of Reoccupation." There are some features of this sermon which have now only an historical interest, but even in treating these the sentences glow with the splendor of the preacher's deep conviction, his exuberant vitality, his rich imagination. He could not refrain from mentioning Bishop Hopkins by name, his Bible argument for slavery, and also the clerical protest against it. He laments that the Christian church did not take the lead in the protest against slavery. "Year after year the church stood back while they who fought the battle went out from her, and the whole movement against slavery became not only unchurchly but openly infidel, disowning all interest in every presentation of that Christianity of whose spirit and operation it was nevertheless of itself the legitimate result." He rejoices that in the Episcopal Church, the

most conservative of all conservatisms, the clergy of the diocese of Pennsylvania had given utterance to their condemnation of the Bible argument for slavery in a manner which no man could mistake.

As name after name was added to that Protest, as the assent came in so unanimously from every direction, — from the mission chapels in the hills, from the cathedral churches in the city, from the seats of our schools and our seminary, and above all, thank God, from the honored dignity of the bishop's chair [Rt. Rev. Alonzo Potter], made dear by our love for him, who we pray may long sit in it to do true things like this, — it seemed to me as if every new assent wiped from the vesture of the church we love some stain of her long compliance, and gave promise of the day when she shall stand up in her perfect and unsullied excellence, and, wreathing her venerable beauty with an ever fresh and verdant love for all God's truth, be such a church as there is not in the land.

There were those who rejoiced that slavery was disappearing, but "*our* rejoicing," they said, "is for the *white* man; it is not for the negro we care." To this the preacher replied: —

It *is* for the negro we care. It is our fault, and not his, that he is here. It is our fault, inherited from the fathers, that has kept in most utter bondage, and most cruel bondage too, generation after generation of men who have proved themselves the most patient, long-suffering, affectionate, docile race of servants that ever lived, and who now, in the little glimmering of a chance that is given them, are standing between us and the rebels, fighting battles, receiving wounds, dying deaths, that belong more to us than to them, fighting splendidly, working faithfully, learning eagerly, enduring endlessly, laying hold on a higher life with an eagerness that has no parallel in savage history.

He warns his congregation against the fragments of old prejudices still clinging about them: —

Let us get rid of these. If the negro is a man, and we have freed him in virtue of his manhood, what consistency or honor is it which still objects to his riding down the street in the same car with us if he is tired, or sitting in the same pew with us if he wants to worship God? Brethren, the world is not all saved yet. There are a few things still that "ought not to be."

But the great charm of the sermon, its literary power as well as its irresistible human appeal, lay in the application of its subject, the Mercies of Reoccupation. The preacher grasped the fundamental principle of life, which gives fascination and potency to the world's highest literature, that the reoccupation, after the loss and deprivation with its accompanying struggle to regain, is greater than was the first occupation. He applied this truth in various ways.

When this war began you know how heavy the air was with gloomy prophecies of the ruin that was to come upon us here at home in the derangement of labor, in the scarceness of supplies, in the stoppage of business, in the insecurity of property. The war is almost three years old, and industry was never richer, homes were never happier, trade never paid so well, harvests never crowded the bursting barns more fully than in the abundant prosperity of this battle-autumn. . . . This prosperity is not like other prosperity. . . . It has made many a man, careless and utterly thoughtless before, take his unexpected fortune with something like reverence, as if he took it directly out of the open hand of the Almighty. This is the first reoccupation. We enter this year into our barns of plenty, and so much of the solemnity of the time clings about them that we tread their floors as if we trod a church's aisle. . . . I know the exceptions as well as you do, — the sickening frivolity, it is worse than that, the foolhardy impiety, that is daring to desecrate these solemn times with the flaunting of its selfish finery and the wretched display of its new-made money. Every dollar made in these war times ought to be sacred. A man who is coining money out of his country's agony must feel like a very Gehazi. Is it a time to receive money and to receive garments and oliveyards and vineyards and sheep and oxen? . . . But there is a better side, — there is great sanctification of ordinary life and ordinary blessing by the extraordinary light that falls on them out of the supreme interests of our time. The best prosperity of our country in years to come will be that which has shared in the transfiguration of these sacred times, . . . which has roused itself, as, when God had been speaking words of blessing to him in Bethel, Jacob waked out of his sleep, and said, "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not."

He turns to the reoccupation of the national territory. He thinks it strange that men should talk of the slowness or ineffectiveness of the war in view of what has been gained by the victories of the past year. "It is hard to keep up with

telegrams that tell us day by day of the progressive occupation by the power of the government. . . . The great river, which *is* the lordly West, flows open with the light of the Union on it from source to sea. . . . The vast domain west of the Mississippi with all its untold possibilities; those two States, Kentucky and Tennessee, constituting the keystone of our broad arch, the sweep of Union victory has reclaimed forever to freedom. . . . In our own fair State we have a tale of reoccupation too to tell. The silent graves on that hill front at Gettysburg are voiceful with the promise that, come what will, our Northern soil has felt the last footprint of the oppressor and invader. . . . This reoccupation is to be greater, to make the region which it gives us more distinctly our own, than it was by the first occupation. The nation is just coming to its inheritance. . . . Those who come after us will look back and see that the work of this year was of greater moment in the history of the world than that of any revolutionary year. They will see that those years inevitably came to be nothing without the completing process of these."

But infinitely more important than the mere reoccupation of territory is the resumption by this American people in a higher sense, the full occupation of the government of their fathers, the reëntrance into the principles and fundamental truths of the nationality which they inherited, but which up to the beginning of this war they had not begun worthily to occupy and use. . . . More than fourscore years ago this nation declared itself free and independent, — the new ground of a new experiment in national, social, and individual life. . . . How very partially that bright announcement has been fulfilled. We have never half claimed our independence. In our timid regard for foreign opinion, in our blind regard for foreign methods, . . . we have only very slightly made our own the high privilege of independent life. Believe me, it will not be the least of the blessings that God send us, if by any means, by a development of our own powers, by new exigencies leading us into the necessity of untried methods, by the individuality of suffering, . . . by the terrible disappointment which discovers the shallowness of loud-mouthed European philanthropy, by the selfishness of the old worlds that will not, or the blindness of old worlds that cannot, see how grand and holy a task a younger world is called to do, — if by any means He gives us out of the isolation of our national struggle a larger entrance into the inde-

pendent life, the separate and characteristic development of government, art, science, letters, practical religion, and social character, which is the wide domain into which He led our nation, and whose splendid size it has taken us almost a hundred years to find.

There is another reoccupation in the circumstance that party lines in the republic have been broken, and that loyalty to the country has taken the place of all other issues. But the highest of all the reoccupations which by God's grace we have been permitted to make this year is the reoccupation of the disused duties and privileges of justice, liberty, and human brotherhood.

You do not expect me, I do not think you want me, to stand here to-day without thanking God that the institution of African slavery in our beloved land is one big year nearer to its inevitable death than it was last Thanksgiving Day. On that day certain hopeful words were spoken from this pulpit which groped about in the darkness and timidly thought they saw the signs of light. To-day, will any man or woman blame us, as we stand in the anticipation of certainty, and cry above the opened grave of slavery, that only waits till its corpse be brought to it with the decency its reverend age demands, Thank God! thank God! the hateful thing is dead! I am speaking solemnly; I am speaking earnestly; I am speaking as a man whose heart is too glad for utterance, in the washing from his country's robe, even though it be in the red water of her children's blood, of such a stain as she has worn before the nations through these years of her melancholy beauty. What has done it? Not the Proclamation of last New Year's Day, though we ought to thank God, as not the least mercy of these times, that we have had a man to lead us, so honest and so true, so teachable at the lips of the Almighty, as to write those immortal words that made a race forever free. Not any public document, not any public act, has done the work; nothing but the hand of God, leading back His chosen people into the land of universal freedom, into which he led the fathers, and out of which the children went so woefully astray. Which God is greater, — He who led the fathers in, or He who leads the children back? At any rate, the Lord grant us to be truer to the new charter of emancipation than (we own it with shamefacedness and contrition) we have been to the declaration of freedom and human equality which the fathers wrote.

This analysis, these extracts, do scant justice to a sermon

which was a masterpiece of inspired oratory. The mighty torrent of the feelings, the impassioned will lashing itself against its barriers in order to bring up the congregation to its own high vantage ground, the clear intellect which discerned the issues of life, all these conspired, working at their best and fullest, to make the utterance great. The soul of the preacher expands beyond itself to become the mouthpiece of the national life. He goes outside his own personality, or rather identifies it with the soul of the nation. In the ambition, in the capacity thus to identify himself with a life that was larger than his own, lay the foundations of the greatness of Phillips Brooks.

The sermon was at once recognized as something more than a sermon, an event in the history of the times. The knowledge of it spread widely and rapidly, forging another link in the chain which bound the country to the man in love and reverence. But from this public recognition of the sermon one may turn aside for a moment to follow its effect in the home circle, where its echo resounded in quick succession. "*I want*," wrote his father, "*a dozen copies* of that sermon. Don't let your modesty stand in the way; *I want them* and *at least* that number." Happy and proud in the consciousness that he had now evidence indisputable of the greatness of his son as a citizen as well as a preacher, the father sent the sermon to his kinsfolk and acquaintances. He had only heard of it when he asked that copies should be sent him, and had not read it. After he had read it, he wrote, "I should have two years ago repudiated much of its doctrine, but now go almost the whole of it." Those to whom he sent it were not all of one mind about its doctrine. He collected their testimony and sent it to his son: —

Dr. Reynolds says he has read it aloud twice, and admired it. He says it has converted his wife, as she has always thought the war was unnecessary and had not viewed it so much in regard to the sin of slavery. But she is convinced by your argument. Wendell Phillips says it is "first-rate." He has read it once, and was to take it again to-day as his Christmas sermon. "Capital," he says, and he was glad to see the names of Phillips and Brooks so well connected in a good cause. Edward Everett says —

what? A friend had previously said he liked it for its manly and independent tone and its argument, although it went further than he could go in some respects. He spoke very handsomely about it. When I went home I found a note from him, of which I will give you a copy. . . .

Summer Street, December 24, 1863.

My dear Sir, — I beg you to accept my best thanks for the copy of your son's sermon on Thanksgiving Day, which you have kindly sent me. I heard much of it while in Philadelphia from some members of his church, and the perusal of it has more than confirmed the expectations of it raised by them. With sincere congratulations to you and Mrs. Brooks on his rapidly growing usefulness and fame, I remain, dear sir,

Your kinsman and friend,
Edward Everett.

I sent one to my friend Robert C. Winthrop, also. So much for the sermon; not quite yet, however; Dr. Dalton [a classmate of Phillips Brooks at Harvard] is extravagantly well pleased with it, and says he shall buy a lot to send to his friends.

It was announced in the last "Witness" that you were to preach at Tremont Temple next Sunday morning. I wish it were so, and so do many others, if I was to judge from the inquiries made. Yesterday the bishop sent his warden (Mr. Dexter) to me, to say he wanted you to preach all day at Trinity. I had to disappoint them all.

Christmas afternoon, 1863.

Among other letters acknowledging the sermon was one from the Rev. N. L. Frothingham, pastor of the First Church in Boston, then situated on Chauncy Street. He and Mr. Everett were kinsmen in the same degree to Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, both having married sisters, who were daughters of Peter Chardon Brooks. For a year or two after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Brooks had continued to attend his church.

January 7, 1864.

My dear Mr. Brooks, — I have just been listening to the "Mercies of Reoccupation," a rich and noble discourse that justifies all the high praise everywhere accorded to the preacher.

I had long been desirous of having a "taste of his quality," and here is a full and great draught.

I cannot help writing this line to congratulate you and your good wife in having such a son to rejoice in.

Yours very truly, N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

Another kinsman, Dr. Nathaniel Hall, pastor of a church in Dorchester, also writes a letter of congratulation: —

DORCHESTER, December 24, 1863.

MY DEAR COUSIN, — I thank you for allowing me the privilege and pleasure of reading your son's sermon. I have just finished the reading of it, and I cannot refrain from expressing to you something of the high gratification, I may say the admiration which have followed from it. My heart is in fullest sympathy with it all: that you can believe. And it is truly a noble utterance, full of truth, full of beauty, full of true eloquence and a holier than patriotic fire. I cannot tell you how much I like it, how much I feel like thanking and honoring in my heart him who thus feels and speaks. Heaven's blessing be upon him more and more, and may his dear life be spared to be more and more the blessing which I am sure it must be to others. It is the first taste of him (so to speak) I have had, though I have heard through others of his gifts and graces. I can well believe, from this word you have kindly caused to reach me, all that I have heard. It has the savor of true life, and of a holy, consecrated power. . . . Give my love to your good wife, and please accept, both of you, the congratulations and good wishes which belong to this holy season from,

Your affectionate cousin,
NATHANIEL HALL.

The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop acknowledges the sermon, but to him as to Mr. Everett it was hardly the utterance with which he could sympathize. His letter expresses the hope that it will not be long before Phillips Brooks comes to Boston as the rector of one of its churches. At a later time they were to stand in the intimate relations of a sacred friendship when this hope should be realized. "Oh, that we had him at St. Paul's!" was the exclamation of another reader of the sermon.

The notices of the sermon in the newspapers outside of Philadelphia, in New York and Boston, while giving an abstract of it and expressing admiration, agree in commenting upon the fact that such a sermon should have been deliv-

ered by an Episcopal clergyman, and in the wealthiest, most fashionable church in Philadelphia. One attentive observer who was studying the effect of the sermon mentions, as a circumstance to be noted, that the congregation left the church in subdued silence. If it had been any one else but Phillips Brooks it might have been called an heroic, courageous act. But he seems to have been under no such impression. It was not he who had offered himself for voluntary martyrdom, with the possibility of being driven from his post. The honors of martyrdom belonged to others, ministers in country parishes or in weaker city churches where tenure of position was not strong, who spoke out their minds and then saw their congregations depleted or were called upon to resign. That was not to be his fate.

The sermon had a large circulation, being placed for sale in the principal bookstores of the large cities. In a letter to his brother he gives the reasons which led him to print it: first, because of the list of men who asked for it. But "besides this, I found myself so misreported, represented to have said such horrid, radical things, that I thought I had better print in self-defence to show how very moderate I was. Of course, as we all say, the sermon was written 'wholly without view to publication.'"

Saturday, November 28, 1863.

Dear William, — So you think my letters are not as jolly as they used to be, — not so jolly as Fred's are now? I presume you 're right. I used to have the spirit to go at a letter as a literary performance and try to write a good one. Now you have just to take what there is left of me after my work is over and the sermon done. Still I don't think I am any less jolly than I used to be; you don't find me so in summer, do you? I am perfectly happy, and everything goes with such lovely smoothness that I should be a rascal to be anything but happy.

Hurrah for Grant! What a magnificent victory we have had at Chattanooga. It lighted up our Thanksgiving Day gloriously. Now if Meade only does n't get into mischief, and if Bragg is really scattered, then the fight is over; a little more fighting perhaps, but we see daylight, and God be praised! Thanksgiving was a lovely day and everybody in good spirits. Everybody went to church. Ours was crowded, pews and aisles. I dined at Mr.

Cooper's, and went in the evening to a party given to General Wild, a Massachusetts man, and a splendid fellow. Before next Thanksgiving the thing will be over, and Uncle Abe will have been elected for another term.

The fall of 1863 was a productive one in sermon-writing, despite the growing multiplicity of engagements and the exhaustion waiting upon public speeches, which, while they created with apparent ease such boundless enthusiasm, were yet accompanied by inevitable reaction. Only rarely do we get hints of his reading, but these are important. He mentions without comment Renan's "Vie de Jesus," and he is studying the writings of Pascal. That he was not quite satisfied with himself, or was inwardly groaning under the burden, may be inferred from a letter where he gives a full account of a week's work in order to show how his time was occupied: —

1533 Locust Street, October 31, 1863.

Dear William, — If there is any cheerfulness in my letter today, it will have to come from inside, and not outside the house. It is raining as hard as Philadelphia only knows how to rain, and all the curtains up hardly give me light enough to write by. Fortunately my sermon is done, or it would be hard to keep it from turning into a very gloomy homily on such a day as this. What shall I write about? Suppose I give you my biography for a week, so that you can know pretty much what all my weeks are. Well, Monday morning I got up pretty tired with Sunday's work, and went down town after breakfast, as I generally do nowadays, to do up my limited business, paying bills, shopping, etc. At one o'clock I went to one of our hospitals to see some Boston men who had found me out, and sent to me to help get their discharges; sick and wounded they needed help and sympathy bad enough. Then all the afternoon I went about making calls in my parish, and spent the evening studying in my room. Tuesday I had a funeral to attend, which took me almost all the morning; then I went, as I always do on Tuesdays, and dined at Mr. Cooper's with Strong and Richards, and spent the evening at Dr. Mitchell's. Wednesday was my morning to receive visitors at my study in the church on all sorts of business, religious and secular, from men begging money to men joining the church. Then I went out and made some more calls, and in the evening made an address to a Christian Work Association in St. Philip's (Mr. Cooper's) Church. Thursday I went to work on a sermon which

I am to preach to-morrow night before the Bishop White Prayer Book Society. It did n't go very well, and I labored over it all the forenoon. I went and dined at Mr. Ashhurst's, and in the evening, after making one call, settled down before my fire and read and studied till twelve o'clock. Friday I went at the sermon again, and, with lots of interruptions which kept taking me away, worked till dinner time. After dinner made a few calls, and went and took tea with a new parishioner, whose wife, by the way, is a sister of Mr. Whitney, the superintendent of St. Paul's Sunday-school in your city, a Mrs. Lewis. Home by nine o'clock, and at the sermon again for an hour. This morning, being sick and tired of the poor old sermon, I got up and finished it off before breakfast, and since breakfast have got ready my lecture for to-night, and my sermon for the children to-morrow afternoon. Pepper that over with lots of people coming to see me on important business, and you have my week's work. It is about a type of all, a quiet, humdrum, and not unpleasant life, with an extra sensation now and then. All this letter about myself! You must excuse it, but you told me once to write about myself, and so it is your own fault.

Among the other demands upon his time, not here alluded to, was the attendance upon frequent meetings of a committee appointed to prepare a Sunday-school service book. The interest which he felt in children and in his various Sunday-schools led him to appreciate the importance of such a task. In the singing of children he took great delight. It was part of his duty as a member of this committee to pass judgment not only upon the hymns to be selected for the new service book, but also on the tunes, and to the importance of both these requirements he was alive. However limited may have been his knowledge of music, he knew what he liked, and was not slow in expressing his opinion. Mr. Lewis H. Redner of Philadelphia, who was the organist of Holy Trinity Church as well as a personal friend of its rector, writes of Mr. Brooks in this connection: —

I don't think that Brooks had any theoretical knowledge of music, neither was he much of a singer; but when a strain of music pleased him it impressed him so that he was constantly singing it. He was a member of the committee appointed by Bishop Alonzo Potter in compiling the first Sunday-school Chant

and Tune Book. The committee met regularly at my house for two winters, selecting hymns, tunes, chants, etc. Brooks used to loll in a big chair in my library, reading some storybook, and every now and then he would rouse himself up at a certain tune, and say, "I like that," and the tune that Brooks liked was generally a good one. When the little book was published he was over the water. I mailed him a copy of the book, and he wrote me afterwards that he walked around the walls of Jerusalem, singing from it Miss Mulock's Christmas carol "God rest ye, Merry Gentlemen" to the tune I had composed.

I differ with those who think that Brooks was insensible to the charm of music. A man of his heart and genius could not be, but he was fond of simple music. I remember meeting him in London in the summer of 1866, and he was wild with delight over the two new hymns and tunes just published and being sung, "Jerusalem the Golden" and "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty."

However fully his time might be occupied, or his mind absorbed, and his imagination fascinated by the rich suggestiveness of his life there was no diminution of interest in his Boston home. He writes still as if a boy in the family with all the others, as though neither death nor absence made any change in the dear familiar circle. Great changes were gradually taking place there. George would no longer return. Frederick had left, and the mother had been called again to her loving but painful task of packing the boxes in preparation for his departure. Arthur was now in his first year at Harvard. Only John, the youngest son, was left at home. It was consolation indeed that all the children were doing well and sustaining the honor of the family. "We are a small figure indeed," so writes his father to Phillips, "since Fred left; only Will and Mr. John at the table. It is lonesome indeed after our long table we have enjoyed so many years. We look forward now to Sundays when Arthur comes home. By the way, I will not tell you what Professor Peabody says of him for fear you and Fred would be jealous."

Saturday evening, December 5, 1863.

Dear Father, — I feel moved to write you a little letter tonight, not because I have anything very particular to say, but because I was so glad to get yours the other day, and would like

just as soon as you please to get another. Fred seems to have completely cut me out of any epistolary reputation that I used to have, and I suppose I must submit. I should like to see some of those wonderful letters of his. Do keep them and have them bound. I am rejoiced to hear such good accounts of Fred. Mr. Lewis, the manager of our branch of the Sanitary Commission, was in Washington the other day, and told me on his return that he had seen Fred, and that he was hard at work. He said his work was the most troublesome and vexatious that fell in the way of the Commission, and that he was doing it with a great faithfulness and acceptance, in other words, I suppose, just as a Brooks Boy ought. Good for him. I came pretty near going down there this week on the Freedmen's Committee, but was kept at home to attend to a wedding, and some one else took my place.

Henry Ward Beecher has been here this week, and spoke to a tremendous crowd at the Academy of Music. I went of course. It was very curious to hear him applauded and see him petted by all the old fogies of Philadelphia. Mr. Everett has been here too, dividing his time between the loyalists and the Copperheads with beautiful impartiality. I was invited to meet him on Thursday evening at tea at Mr. Hazlehurst's.

All is going on at this church as usual. One pew offered for sale immediately after Thanksgiving Day, and four applicants to buy it at once. We are weeding out fast, and I have now an almost entirely loyal church with not an inch of room to rent.

The month of December brought to Phillips Brooks more than its share of anniversaries to be kept. After Thanksgiving came his own birthday on December 13, and the birthday of George followed on the 18th. Christmas was the great day of the year. But as if all this did not suffice, he added the night of December 31, keeping it by a vigil in the church. For some reasons it would have been well if he had not counted so closely the revolving years. To one who hoarded life as the richest of treasures, there was danger of too intense and ever present consciousness of its flight. There was a mixture of mirth with the memory of old associations as he came up to the festivals. But the mirth predominated while the sadness lurked in the rear. Yet he noted too curiously whether the celebration of the feast was adequate, whether he had risen to or fallen short of its demands. There is a touch of depression in these following letters as in

others which have preceded them, on which his brother had commented. They said at home that Frederick was writing the more interesting letters. For some reason he was not at ease in his mind.

Monday morning, December 14, 1863.

DEAR WILLIAM, — I am twenty-eight years old. The melancholy day is over! I stood it as well as I could, but it depressed me of course, and I feel a little exhausted after it this morning. Still I had a very nice day yesterday. Dr. Vinton spent the day with me and preached twice, and did his very best both times. I never saw him in better case or heard him preach better. He is spending a few days here. . . . I had my salary raised the other day. It is to be $4000, commencing with the 1st of January. The parish has been gradually getting stronger and stronger, and I am glad they feel able to do their duty by their beloved rector, at a time when living is so high.

On the 18th of December he wrote to his father: "The approach of Christmas is making me homesick. Oh, that I could be with you. Let us remember our last Christmas together two years ago. . . . To-day is George's birthday. Not a day passes that I do not think of George. Oh, to be as good as he was and some day to be what he is."

Saturday, December 26, 1863.

DEAR WILLIAM, — How did your Christmas go off? Ours was splendid. I gave Mother the account of it yesterday down to dinner time. I dined and spent the evening quietly at Mr. Cooper's, with Richards and Strong. To-night I have a Christmas tree for the children of a little negro Sunday-school which I started a few squares from my church. We have got about a hundred of the funniest little darkies there that you ever saw. I wish you could be with us. They sing like larks. Speaking of birds, I had a cuckoo clock sent me for a Christmas present. Do you know what they are? It has two doors just over the clock face, and whenever the hour strikes, two little cuckoos appear and tune up. It 's very pretty. Next week we have a big festival in church for all our Sunday-school, and are expecting a great time. I am glad you liked my sermon. I send you with this the criticism on it of ——, one of our great Copperheads, which appeared in the "Age" a day or two ago. I have just been reading over Dudley Tyng's famous sermon of seven years ago. What a brave thing it was to do! Thank God anybody can do it now.

So Christmas passed, and then came watch meeting on the last day of the year, which was kept at Mr. Cooper's church, where he was present and made an address. The deeper seriousness in the tone of his correspondence, of which his brother William had complained, becomes more intelligible when we learn that he had made up his mind to resign his charge of the Church of the Holy Trinity, in order to accept the professorship of church history in the Philadelphia Divinity School. He must have had the change in contemplation for several months, although no allusions are made to it in his diary or in his letters. While Dr. Vinton was in Philadelphia, he may have discussed the subject with him. The first allusion occurs in a letter to his brother Frederick, dated December 20, and on the 26th he mentioned his resolution as formed to Mr. Coffin his senior warden: —

> I have decided [he writes to Frederick], although the decision is not mentioned yet to any one, and you are to accept it in perfect confidence and not mention it to any one, *not even in writing home*, to give up my parish, and take the professorship of ecclesiastical history in the Divinity School. . . . I shall make the change in a month or two. Remember, you are not to mention it to anybody. Let me hear what you think of it.

CHAPTER XV

1864

CALL TO THE PHILADELPHIA DIVINITY SCHOOL. EXTRACTS FROM NOTE-BOOK. SPEECHES IN BEHALF OF NEGRO SUFFRAGE

The election to the chair of Ecclesiastical History in the Philadelphia Divinity School would not have been made, it is safe to say so, without the knowledge of Mr. Brooks, or if the trustees of the school had not been encouraged by his tacit approval. Indeed, it is not impossible that he should have made the suggestion. As one of the overseers of the school, interested in its work, his desire in the matter could hardly fail to be apparent. The subject had been in his mind for some time before he mentioned it, or before the call was formally extended to him. A certain unusual soberness or even tone of depression in his home letters indicates that he was absorbed with the gravity of some great decision. Upon this point, therefore, as revealing the character of Phillips Brooks, it is necessary for a moment to dwell.

It must be assumed that he knew his own mind when he decided to accept the call. At this moment he was at the height of his popularity and success in Philadelphia; his church was thronged with eager hearers; no cloud so big as a man's hand was visible on his horizon. If some prominent citizens had left his church because of his anti-slavery teaching, yet many others were waiting, anxious to become purchasers of any vacant pews. His power as a preacher, or as a platform speaker on special religious or philanthropic occasions, was widely recognized, his services were in constant demand, and whenever he spoke he never failed to rouse the enthusiasm of his audience to the highest pitch. It had become almost a commonplace in the newspaper reports to

say that *the* speech of the occasion was by Phillips Brooks. Everywhere he went, there was a strange curiosity to see, as well as to hear him. Even at this early moment he seems to have taken the lustre off from other guests or speakers who might be associated with him. There was something strange in it all, and difficult to be accounted for, but it was very real and genuine.

When we ask, then, why he should have been willing to abandon such a position for the comparative insignificance of a chair in a theological seminary, just starting into existence, with only a handful of students and where a meagre salary was offered, hardly more than a third of what he was receiving, we have asked the leading question, whose answer must give us the man as he really was in himself, and not as he appeared to the world. The strongest tendency of his nature was at this time an intellectual one, could he have been free to give full play to his choice. It had been his ambition when he left college to fit himself for a chair in some higher institution of learning. This purpose appears in his college course, giving unity and solidity to his college career, even though he does not seem to have been a hard student, or so spoke of himself in his after years. In reality he was laboring directly, as by a true instinct, for the mastery of the implements of learned investigation. Greek, Latin, and German had been the studies on which he concentrated his strength. His enthusiasm mounted to the highest point when he began to discover the world of humanity, by coming at first hand, and not through the imperfect medium of translations, to the thought and life of the ancient writers. Great as were his later triumphs through the gift of speech, they never eclipsed the memory of that earlier triumph. Then he had become conscious of his power. Scholarship he saw was a means to some greater end, opening the way into a deeper knowledge of life. He saw that each man must come for himself direct to the sources of knowledge, gaining the conviction which comes from the immediate contact of mind with mind, if he would add to the world's possessions. For the sciolist who pre-

tends to knowledge, or makes a display at second hand, he had a feeling of contempt. It also became more and more apparent to him that history was the one study on which all other learning was based. It gave him a deeper interest in theology that it was connected with the world's history and the experience of man. To find out what that connection was, to enter into the thoughts and experiences of man as man, reading it in dogmas or in institutions, was to study the history of the church. Thus far his preaching had been in that line, the fresh interpretation of formulas that seemed outgrown, or commonplace, or had become so familiar as to lose their meaning. But at every step he took he felt the need of a more extensive and thorough learning; and for that learning which was insight and power and profound self-satisfaction, which brought him also close to the heart and mind of God, he thirsted, as a traveller in a dry and thirsty land where no water is.

But it was not only the satisfaction of his own mind he sought. He never would have been content to have rested there. What he gained he must impart. To be a teacher re-appeared before him as the highest, most desirable, the most natural, calling of a man in this life. He did not wholly like the publicity of the life he was now leading. To do some great work, but to do it quietly without ostentation, to come in contact with other minds in the intimate relations of teacher and pupil, to act quietly as a leavening influence till the whole should be leavened, — this if he had any ambition was his. It could be done in the teacher's chair better than in the pulpit. Other men might be found who could guide the activities of large churches, but the men with a divine calling to become teachers were rare. He dared to believe or to hope that he was one of these. It was in his blood, too, the mysterious appeal of an inherited ancestral force which had wrought great things for the cause of education, — the Phillipses, who had formed the academies at Andover and Exeter; who had combined to impoverish the family in order to establish a theological seminary. His heart rejoiced at the thought of a school, a college, above

all a theological seminary. And here the opportunity was at his hand, the opportunity of a lifetime, the one department of study he most coveted in a higher institution of learning, in his own church and under auspices most favorable. He could not have had any doubt in his own mind what his decision should be. These letters to his father and brother tell briefly but clearly the situation: —

Thursday morning, January 7, 1864.

Dear Father, — I want to write to you about a very important matter (to me), probably one of the most important I shall ever have to meet. It has been vaguely in prospect for some time, but not in such a state that I could speak about it until now. You know we have a new Divinity School just starting here, with great promise of success. A gentleman in New York has just endowed a Professorship of Ecclesiastical History, and I have received the appointment to the chair, and have decided to leave the Holy Trinity and accept it. You may be sure I have not settled this in a hurry. I want you and Mother to understand just exactly what are my reasons for such a decision.

In the first place the great need of the church (you surely know it) is for ministers. And any one who can go to the root of that difficulty, and help to train the right sort of men, is doing a better and more fundamental work than any mere parish minister could do. Then the great need of our seminaries is young men for professors. We have always had old men. We want younger ones, and I have got youth and energy, if nothing else, to give. Again, the parish is much more easily provided for than the chair. Any man they choose to call will take the Church of the Holy Trinity, with its splendid congregation and its $4000 a year. There are not a great many, certainly none with families, who can afford to come to the obscure professorship at $1800 a year.

Then a more personal reason. I need it for myself. In the whirl of this life which I am living now I get no time for study. Everything is going out, nothing is coming in, and I find myself needing a quieter and more studious life. I shall both do more and get more good in my professor's chair.

These are the reasons why I have decided on the change. I hope you will approve of them and of my step. I hate to leave the parish. It never was more perfectly prosperous or more dear to me than it is to-day, but I don't see how to help it. I *ought to go*. It will involve a great change in my way of life. The

endowment is only $30,000, yielding $1800 a year. I must get along on that. I shall go to West Philadelphia to live, and settle into a much quieter and less conspicuous existence than I have been living. I shan't mind that.

Bishop Potter approves the step. Nobody knows it in the parish yet but Mr. Coffin, who is very sorry, but perfectly friendly. Let me hear what you all think.

Yours lovingly, PHILL.

Saturday morning, January 9, 1864.

DEAR WILLIAM, — . . . I have not been able to write a sermon this week. The matter of which I wrote Father and Mother the other day, my leaving the church for the Divinity School, has kept me very anxious and unsettled, and put steady writing out of the question. I am more and more decided to go. My parish is very dear to me, — I did not know at all how dear until I began to think of leaving it; but this other work is so important, so immensely needs aid and can find so few to undertake it, that I seem very much inclined to think it is my duty to accept the call. What do you think of it? I am delighted at your thoughts of coming on. If I change my position, I may not be able to offer you as sumptuous a reception as I otherwise should, but you shall have the warmest welcome that ever brother had. Don't come just yet, for the city and country are miserable in their winter's dress, but come towards spring, when horseback is possible and the country is glorious. But come whenever you can. You can never miss a welcome. You are certainly right about "Jean Ingelow." It is a great book. I wonder who she is.

There was consternation in the Church of the Holy Trinity when it became known that the inclination of Phillips Brooks was to abandon the pulpit and become a professor in a theological seminary. It may be different in the Episcopal Church in this respect from what it is in other churches. Among Presbyterians and Congregationalists it has sometimes been regarded as an honor to be called from high places, from large and wealthy churches, to such positions. A call to Andover or to Princeton is a call to go up higher, no matter how great or rare may be a man's success in the pulpit or in parish ministrations. But if a Phillips Brooks had appeared among them, it may be doubtful what would have been the verdict in regard to his duty. At any rate, in the Episcopal Church the traditions were not in favor of

such a translation. Mr. Brooks had said that a parish is much more easily provided for than a teacher's chair. The congregation of the Holy Trinity were unanimous in their conviction that the reverse was true, that many could be found to fill the teacher's chair, while few, indeed, if any, could be found to succeed him as their rector. Among the many letters that now poured in upon him there was not one that sustained him, or encouraged him to maintain his decision. In some of the letters there is manifested almost a feeling of indignation against him that he could be so oblivious to the divine will and the manifest tokens of divine approval. Again, as in the earlier years of his life, the world spirit rose before him, and seemed to bar the way with its flaming sword to the tree of life. It took the shape of earnest protests and pathetic appeals from his congregation as a whole and from its individual members. And Phillips Brooks was so constituted as to find it impossible to resist these appeals. When it came to a moral principle to be advocated or any truth enforced, he had no difficulty. But when it was a question of other things, or of how he should act when there was a choice of paths to be followed, each of which promised the highest spiritual vantage, then he was very much at the mercy of his friends, and followed what seemed the loudest call.

It is strange, however, to find that he does not value, or seem to be aware of, the gift of speech with which he had been endowed. In none of his letters or in private records does he give any sign that he values the possession of this power which the world seems to value beyond all other gifts. He must have known it, but he held it low in comparison with the reality he was aspiring after. To be a scholar, to penetrate to the very core of human learning and throw new light upon the march of humanity through the ways of life, that was the thing he coveted and prized; for that, too, he dared believe that he was fitted. But this is not the world's estimate. It has not greatly cared for its scholars, who by laborious efforts of a long life have contributed some slight accretion to the store of real knowledge. It has not heaped its

highest honors upon an Origen or a Jerome. But those who have enthralled it by the charm of the spoken word, these are remembered and commemorated down through the ages, as though the voice of their eloquence was still resounding, as though they were types of the divine voice appealing to men, evidence that God was speaking to the world and man had been compelled to listen and obey. Chrysostom and St. Bernard, Savonarola and a few others, take rank with inspired singers, with great artists, with the masters of literature. Into this small circle of the great world's favorites he was entitled now to enter, and yet for the privilege of doing so he does not greatly care. But at least he was compelled to listen to the world's judgment and finally acquiesce in its decisions. Here is the protest which came from the vestry of the Church of the Holy Trinity: —

January 12, 1864.

Resolved, That the vestry of the Church of the Holy Trinity do hereby present their warm, affectionate, and earnest remonstrance to the Rev. Mr. Brooks against any action which would terminate their close and endearing connection with him, and deprive the people of this church and this city of such an element of power as he now possesses; and they add their own warm desire that both with reference to his own usefulness and to their spiritual welfare and that of others, the rector will see fit to decline the position which it is proposed to offer him.

JAMES S. BIDDLE,
Secretary of the Vestry.

It is impossible to do more than refer to the many personal appeals he received from individual members of his congregation, — pathetic, affectionate appeals not to desert them, resolutions adopted by the numerous societies in the parish, which owed their origin to his impulse, declaring that they could not go on without him. It would have been very difficult to resist this pressure had there been no other argument against the proposed change in his life. But there were also other ways of shaking his confidence in his new purpose before it should have ripened into a final decision. His friend, Mr. Stillé, then provost of the Univer-

sity of Pennsylvania, offered suggestions tending to undermine his faith in the relative greatness of the opportunity open to the professor's chair as compared with the pulpit: —

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 13, 1864.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I hope you will not think that I have gone in very strange quarters for arguments against your "translation," but I was so struck with the sensible, judicious, and wise views of Dr. Bellows on this subject that I begged him to write to you. . . . I wish you could hear Dr. Bellows talk about it; he does not hesitate to say that he would consider your withdrawal now a public calamity, although he cannot say how far the calamity may be compensated for by activity in the proposed sphere. He tells me in general terms that he considers a theological professorship a complete extinguisher of that sort of influence which you wield so wonderfully, and which you expect to extend by going into the new sphere. He tells me that Mr. ——, who both before and after he held the appointment of —— professor at —— exercised great influence, wilted away during his incumbency. Bishop Clark of Rhode Island, who is here, . . . authorizes me to say that in his opinion the proposed change would be most unfortunate in every way. Professor Bache will write you on the matter. . . .

Sincerely and affectionately yours,
C. J. STILLÉ.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 13, 1864.

REV. MR. BROOKS:

DEAR SIR, — My friend Mr. Stillé has conversed very freely with me in regard to the danger of his church in losing the valued services of its rector, by his transference to a professorship in a new theological seminary about to be opened in Philadelphia. Having watched with interest and admiration the successful pulpit career of said rector, I take the liberty of saying, as a friend to the Christian pulpit, that it would in my judgment be a great error if any man of high pulpit gifts should imagine that he could serve the Christian pulpit in any way half as effectually as by illustrating the power and graces of Christian eloquence in the pulpit itself. Every earnest and attractive minister does more to make his profession attractive to young men by exhibiting the work itself before their eyes than the best teacher or professor could do by unfolding the learning or the rules by which the neophytes are fashioned. The truth is that preachers, like poets, are born, not made, and that a true-born preacher is one of the rarest of Heaven's gifts, and can least of all be spared from his

peculiar vocation. . . . Let me, an older, not a better soldier of the cross, beg you to consider very seriously how you can forsake a career you have shown yourself fully competent to continue with usefulness and success for the untried field proposed to you; where I should fear that the loss of freedom, incitement, and direct contact with practical life might stop some of your sources of intellectual and spiritual supply and freeze over the general current of your soul. It is only as a preacher addressing a preacher in the common interest in the highest of all professions that I venture to intrude these lines upon you.

Very truly yours, H. W. Bellows.

Professor A. D. Bache also wrote to him from Washington, moved by the appeal of Mr. Stillé: —

I know that the general argument of a geometrical progression in the professor's action is a specious one, but if the intensity of the action upon a congregation is compared with that possible upon the general run of pupils, I do not think the direct usefulness is in such a ratio. I have no doubt you will succeed as a teacher from the chair and give that its full value, but as a wanderer over many points of the United States I must bear testimony to more remarkable deficiencies rather than successes among preachers, and intend no flattery by the expression that in classes of minds such as you have to deal with, there cannot be greater success in giving good and full impressions than under Providence has been allotted to you. It is a class of ministerial effort so rare that it cannot be too highly appreciated and cannot be replaced. I feel most earnestly desirous that such ministrations should not be lost to our communion, and would beg a most earnest consideration by you before changing your position.

Inquiry was made into actual cases, whose history was known, and whose circumstances were parallel, where successful preachers with large congregations had abandoned the pulpit in order to teach in theological seminaries. Here was a precedent of a most discouraging character which was sent to Mr. Brooks by a leading member of his parish: —

Dr. —— some thirty years ago left one of the most active and influential churches in this city for a professorship in —— Seminary under a great pressure from his co-presbyters. Within two years he told me that, though at the time he thought he was doing right, it had been the mistake of his life. The —— Presbyterian Church was destroyed and sold in consequence.

Arguments like these must have carried weight. Perhaps also the old, never forgotten failure in the Latin School did not tend to increase his confidence. Meanwhile during these critical days no further pressure came from the Divinity School, or those who represented it. They had perpetrated a daring act and then seem to have timidly withdrawn from the conflict, leaving their nominee to struggle alone. His fellow clergy did not encourage him. The following letter was from an Episcopal clergyman much older than himself, whose opinion carried weight in the community. Its plain speech and matter-of-fact manner were at least calculated to dampen one's ardor : —

PHILADELPHIA, January 11, 1864.

MY DEAR BROTHER, — Don't accept the professorship. Pardon my freedom in talking with you; it is my way. I say, don't accept it. It seems to me that your peculiar talent as a preacher makes it a real call of God to you to be in a position in which you can exercise that talent to His glory. Do not the crowds who attend your ministry and who would not attend other men show that your mission is to them? What right have you to leave those whom God sends after you? Did the Saviour do so when the five thousand came to Him in the wilderness? Did He not feed them by such power as he had? Your case is peculiar enough to make it quite evident that you have a call in this direction. Whenever any man has extraordinary success in any given line of Christian duty, it is a mark that God intends him for it. How do you know that you will be so favored in any other place? Are there not a great many men who can take the history chair — is there one who can stand in your shoes? There can be no doubt that there is not one.

If you cannot *visit*, *don't* visit. Let the congregation understand that you will make no more visits, except to the sick, the troubled, or the dying. Let these be the terms upon which you will preach. If after a year you find it will not do, *then* give up preaching for a professorship. . . . I am sure you ought not to take this professorship. Moreover, to be as plain as truth, I don't think you the man for it, although I believe you could fit yourself for anything. I know I ought not to write in this way to you, for I have not been thrown with you enough to take the privilege of intimacy. But I seem to be speaking for the Lord, who, I think, says, "Keep to Holy Trinity Church."

But this was not all; a step yet greater was taken, when the congregation of the Holy Trinity was summoned as a synod to consider the question, — their first meeting in such a capacity. They came to the place of assembly prepared to make great sacrifices if only they could retain their minister. Already it had become widely known in the parish that there was one thing they could do, — they could refrain from calling upon him during certain hours of the day, thus leaving him leisure for study, and they could excuse him from the necessity of making calls in the parish beyond what necessity demanded. These concessions they gladly made. It is also interesting to note that Phillips Brooks's great friend, Dr. Vinton, had become entangled in dark suspicions, and took the opportunity to clear himself of any complicity with the transaction. This was the letter sent by the congregation to their rector: —

The congregation of the Church of the Holy Trinity, having learned with deep emotion and regret that the rector, the Rev. Phillips Brooks, has entertained a proposition that he should become Professor of Ecclesiastical History at the Divinity School in West Philadelphia, have assembled in general meeting to express the painful surprise with which they have received this announcement, and to take such action as may be deemed advisable, with a view to avert from the parish so great a calamity as the dissolution of the happy relations at present existing between themselves and their beloved rector.

The congregation are perfectly aware that the only mode in which they can hope to succeed in retaining the services of Mr. Brooks, and avoiding the evils likely to arise from a second change of rectorship in so short a period of its existence, is to produce the conviction on his mind that the usefulness of Mr. Brooks to the Episcopal Church in this diocese, viewed in any true and comprehensive light, requires that he should remain in his present position rather than accept the vacant professorship. The congregation do not for a moment doubt the imperative necessity of the increase of the number of earnest, cultivated, and active men in the ministry of the Christian church, nor the great importance of sustaining the Philadelphia Divinity School, as an agency for supplying the acknowledged need, and confidently hope that this church may prove a valuable aid to this institution in future years, nor are they insensible to the high appreciation of charac-

ter and services of our rector which has led to his nomination. We are none the less convinced, however, from an experience extending through the last two years, that the true sphere of usefulness for our pastor is at the head of this parish. During his occupancy of this position, every day's experience has confirmed our belief in the peculiar fitness of Mr. Brooks for preaching the gospel. His talents seem to us to qualify him in an unusual degree for success, not merely as a preacher, but for the development of those great schemes of church work without which no parish can live or prosper in any sense. His efforts during his incumbency to establish Trinity Chapel and extend the missionary work, and to undertake all those varied labors by which a true Christian life manifests itself in a parish, have met with wonderful success; due in a great measure, it seemed to us, to the sympathetic ardor and enthusiasm of his character, combined in a wonderful and most unusual degree with the wisdom and judgment which has marked all his plans.

His great popularity and success as a preacher, particularly in the case of those persons of culture and position who have seldom heretofore attended the public services of our church, lead us to the belief and conviction that his influence in extending the power of the Christian church, and in bringing into its fold many who may hereafter become through his agency active and earnest ministers of the church, cannot be overrated. We do not hesitate to avow, as our deliberate opinion, that in this way he will exert a far greater influence in increasing the power of the church, and filling the pulpit with ministers of the highest qualifications, than he could possibly do by efforts within the very limited circle of any theological school.

Finally we conceive that Mr. Brooks's present position enables him to exercise an immense influence for good as a citizen, which we should be blind and ungrateful not fully to recognize. In view of all these considerations, and of many others equally obvious, which we cannot here enumerate, it is impossible that we should consent to sever the tie which his ability, devotion, and earnest interest have formed between us, and thereby entail a sorrow which we cannot contemplate without the deepest emotion.

In considering this subject, it seems proper for us respectfully to request that our rector shall set apart certain hours daily, say from ten A. M. until three P. M., or such other hours as he may select, exclusively for his own study, during which he shall be free from any interruption by the congregation, who shall be properly notified of this arrangement.

Resolved, That a copy of this minute as an expression of the

earnest and unanimous wish of the congregation of Holy Trinity Church be furnished to the Rev. Mr. Phillips Brooks, by a committee to be appointed by the chairman.

By January 16 the question was decided, and the congregation was again summoned in formal conclave. The meeting was opened with prayer by Mr. John Bohlen. The following is part of the minutes: —

Mr. L. Coffin read to the congregation a letter from Dr. A. H. Vinton, contradicting a report that he had been instrumental in the nomination of the Rev. Mr. Brooks to the professorship at West Philadelphia.

Mr. Coffin then announced to the congregation that Mr. Brooks had declined the nomination, which information was received with great demonstrations of gratification.

Mr. Bohlen offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted: —

The congregational meeting of the Church of the Holy Trinity, the first ever convened, assembled for consultation in view of the apprehended danger to the congregation which the resignation of the rector would cause, are now called upon, instead of the action proposed before they assembled, to render devout thanks to Almighty God, the giver of every good and perfect gift, that He has been pleased to avert from us this threatened danger, and to renew our assurance of confidence in, and thanks to, our beloved rector, whose ministrations are now to be continued, we trust for many years, to the congregation.

We humbly and devoutly render thanks to the Giver of all good, for His continued favor to us, and we desire to assure our rector of the sincere joy which his determination has caused us; to give him our thanks for the fidelity, earnestness, ability, and purity with which he has preached to us the precious gospel of our Redeemer; and to pledge to him the coöperation of the congregation in all good works for the spread of the gospel within and without our limits, and our trust that we will by our own faithfulness to our God and Saviour, His gospel, and our own duties give him to see the fruits of his labors, and the good which by the Holy Spirit he has been, and may yet be, enabled to do to the cause of religion at large.

On motion of Mr. C. J. Stillé it was resolved that a copy of the above resolution shall be transmitted to the rector, and also to the vestry for record in the minutes.

Mr. Whelen stated to the congregation that during the discus-

sion of this subject by the committee, it had been determined to recommend that the rector be requested to set apart certain hours daily, say from ten A. M. until three P. M., or such other hours as he may select, exclusively for his own study, during which he should be free from any interference by the congregation.

On motion the meeting was then adjourned.

JOHN M. READ, *Chairman*,
EDWARD S. WHELEN, *Secretary*.

PHILADELPHIA, January 16, 1864.

So it was decided that Phillips Brooks should remain in the pulpit and not be lost in a professor's chair. The whole event is full of significance. Those familiar with his history will look forward to another crisis in his life, when seventeen years later he was called to the professorship of Moral Philosophy in Harvard University. Then he went through the same severe struggle for the second and the last time. In each case his own natural preference was against the decision that was rendered. So late as 1881 he had not finally abandoned the ideal of his youth to be a teacher. It was a great sacrifice which the world was demanding when it asked that he should give up the instincts and high ambition of the scholar, for no less than this was involved in the essential limitations of the pulpit. No one knew better than he what those limitations were, or mourned more deeply that he must submit to them, when the last and final decision was accomplished. But meanwhile he was not fully convinced that the demands of the pulpit, or of his own personality as a preacher, required so complete and absolute a sacrifice. In this there was an element of hope and of greater power. He still kept the two ideals before him as not radically incompatible. Opinion will differ as to whether he took the right course of action, in this critical moment, when his life was still before him. When the call to Harvard came it was different, for many years had then passed over him, and what he might have done with ease at first was then more difficult. The wider consensus of opinion will acknowledge with gratitude the action of the Church of the Holy Trinity in Philadelphia, by which the unexampled preacher was saved to the church, to the country, and to the world. But there may be

some who will lament that the teacher's chair lost not only an ornament, but that scientific theology and the scientific interpretation of ecclesiastical history then suffered a loss which can never be repaired. Few men with such gifts of insight and sympathy, natural endowments, and acquired training in scholarship, ever went to the work of a teacher with better prospects of success. His decision to remain with his church is thus alluded to in a letter to his brother: —

1533 Locust Street, Saturday, January 22, 1864.

Dear William, — . . . I am settled down after my little promise of disturbance, and parish work is going on pretty much as usual, except that by an understanding with my people I expect to get more time for my own study, and to get rid of what I hold to be very unnecessary work, the spending the best part of the day in running about making calls.

It was while the question of his call to the Divinity School was still pending that he was induced to consent to the publication of a volume of his sermons. Dr. Vinton had given his approval to the scheme. Arrangements had been made with the firm of Lippincott & Company, the making of the book had begun, and half of its pages were stereotyped, when he concluded to withdraw it. The subject is alluded to in the family letters, but vaguely. His father was strongly opposed to the project. Mr. Brooks explained that in view of his narrow income in the Divinity School, he should find it necessary to depend upon his pen, and for this reason he had made the venture. Whether it was the urgency of the publishers, or the wishes of his congregation that he should offer to the public a volume of his sermons, is uncertain. Perhaps it was wiser that the book was withdrawn. A few copies were bound up, to give to intimate friends, and at some expense to himself the venture terminated. This subject and other points of interest are mentioned in the following letter to his father. He speaks of a visit to him by the boys, the two youngest brothers, Arthur and John, in which he took great delight. He has a large project on hand to raise an endowment for the new Divinity School.

1533 Locust Street, Saturday, March 12, 1864.

Dear Father, — I write in haste, knowing that I ought to have written before, but then I am always in haste now. Yours was received, and was very welcome. About the book you must say no more. Of course I pay the cost. It won't be much, I don't know just how much yet; Lippincott has not made his calculations yet, but I can stand it. I have n't got boys in school and in college, and though I am not doing a smashing hardware business, I am getting a salary quite sufficient for my wants, and can afford it very well; so no more on that subject.

The boys' visit still lingers like the odor of an old pipe or an old Andover MS., just which you please. I like the first better than the second. You like the second better than the first. At any rate it was very pleasant, and I like to think of it. I hope it did them as much good as it did me. We are in the midst of Lent, and hard at work. My church goes on beautifully, was never so harmonious and so active. I am making it my winter's work to endow a "Holy Trinity Professorship" in the new Divinity School. It will take $30,000. I have $15,000 already subscribed, and see my way clear to at least $5000 more. Money was never so easy to beg as when men are pouring it out in all directions very freely.

Dr. Butler has just been nominated to the chair in the school which I declined.

Affectionately, Phillips.

As to the endowment of a chair in the Divinity School, there was no difficulty. The congregation of the Church of the Holy Trinity quickly and gladly responded to the appeal, felicitating themselves as they did so, it may be, on having escaped the danger of losing their rector. He was calling for their gifts, who would have preferred to give himself, to the cause of theological education, and there was no alternative but to respond. When the fund had been raised it was to be presented on the condition that the rector of Holy Trinity should have the right of presentation to the new professorship. This was no slight contribution to a cause so near to his heart, though a pale negation compared with his defeated purpose.

Mr. Brooks was now at liberty to improve the time at his disposal, when his mornings were left free for study, and he no longer was expected to make the rounds of his large par-

ish in annual visitations. Whether he was quite contented with the new situation is another question. The trouble had its origin, not merely in the invasion of his working hours by those who were anxious to see him, but quite as much in the reverse attitude, — an invasion by those whom he was anxious to see. Even thus early in his ministerial life, it was almost an axiom with him that the man who wanted to see him was the man whom he wanted to see. He had to struggle against himself when he shut himself up to work. There was a contradiction in his nature, this insatiate desire for knowledge and determination to get at its deeper sources, and on the other hand this strong attraction to be with people, to enter into the present life of humanity by reading the revelation which every human soul presented to him. It was an unsettled question which was the most important study, as bearing upon the mission of the preacher. He wanted both, and without both he felt he could not live. He possessed to an extraordinary degree the gift of observation. He noticed everything that came under his gaze; he was reading and studying while meeting people, or walking the streets, or at an evening party, or in the unbounded pleasure he felt in the society of intimate friends. Nothing escaped him; a casual remark might have for him the hint of a sermon; from a conversation he could extract what others would require a book to teach. If he were to be a master of human learning, the authoritative expounder of theological science that he wished to be and was capable of becoming, it would have been easier if his life had been ordered for him in the cloisters of a theological school. But then he would have missed also something vital, — the living book of human life, in which he became an expert, so as to have no superior. There was here an unavoidable conflict. Meantime he has undertaken the double task, and will do the best he can to give to each an impartial hearing.

He now laid out for himself a course of reading and study. The subject which he chose was Mohammedanism. He made himself familiar with the literature of the subject, buying the available books in English, French, and German, and for

a year or more pursued his inquiry. He also returned to his practice of keeping a note-book, wherein he recorded reflections on his reading, and disclosed also the process of his mind as the subject opened before him. It is important to dwell on this point for a moment, not only as giving a glimpse of the student, but still more because of the significance at this particular moment of his life of the topic on which he had fastened. Why should he have selected Mohammedanism? In many respects it was a wise choice, for one may learn as much of Christianity in its essential meaning by studying the workings of a religion which denied its fundamental postulates, as by poring over the letter and text of General Councils against which Mohammed was protesting. How has a religion worked in practice which is based upon a denial of Christian convictions such as the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Atonement? Wherein lay the secret of Mohammed's unquestioned power? What motive did he supply when invoking the human will? What light does the Koran throw upon the method of the Christian revelation? Such were some of the questions he kept before him.

But the choice of topic is significant for other reasons, which may be partly suggested here, but can only be fully seen in his later development. He was studying the working of the will, as the vital element in man, in relation to life and religion. That inquiry which he had raised in his own mind when beginning his theological studies in Virginia, how to turn truth into motive power for the will, again stood out before his imagination as he sought to understand the power of the preacher. Where lay the secret of what we call power? This power he must have been conscious that he possessed, as he was not aware in those bewildering days of his humiliation when he had turned to the ministry uncertain whether he were fit for its exercise.

There was in Phillips Brooks an inborn admiration for power when exercised on a vast scale, that power which moves others simply by its natural quality, — the greater manifestations of physical force, the gift by which the orator

sways the wills of his audience, the subtle quality constituting the hold of art or literature on the imagination. Into the secret of power he sought to penetrate. But above all he loved to feel it, to experience the answering sensation it awakened, to stand, for example, as close as he could to the engine of an express train passing him at its highest speed, as though that were the index of the power within him. He rejoiced in the exercise of power whenever he witnessed it. Once, many years later, when he was asked what he would rather have been if he had not become a clergyman, he answered, in a jocular mood, that he would like to have been the captain of a great ocean steamer, or, better than that, a young girl in her teens, awakening to the consciousness of her beauty, and without effort subjecting to her sway those who came into her presence.

It was this feature in the constitution of Phillips Brooks that drew him under the spell of Carlyle. He was a close student of other literary teachers in his own age, Ruskin and Tennyson, Browning and Coleridge, but Carlyle spoke to what was deepest in his nature, — that ingrained admiration for the application of power. Like Carlyle he rejoiced in the appearance of the strong man in history. "Heroes and Hero Worship" was one of his manuals. Among the heroes whom he most admired was Cromwell. To Martin Luther he was drawn by the same deep instinct, as the one man who by the power that was in him had overthrown the papacy and the domination of the mediæval church. He had struck then an interesting vein of history when proposing to inquire into the rise of Mohammedanism, the source of its power, its manifestations, and the causes of its decline.

His note-book indicates that his research was governed by this inquiry. Now that he was studying history with a special object in view the task was simplified, so that many books were read and assimilated. He took large books, and was not content till he had gone through them. He called it a study of Mohammedanism; in reality it was a study of Christian history, in the strangeness of its development. He was penetrating beneath the surface of familiar traditional

interpretations, Protestant, Anglican, or Roman; he was judging of men and events and institutions for himself, and drawing his own conclusions. Clearness of insight, sanity, and common sense, comprehensive views, the capacity for large generalizations, with the ability to detect the weakness of false generalizations, mark his steps as he proceeds. He sits in judgment on the teachers whom he had revered. He finds that Carlyle overstates and colors his facts, while others labor under rancor and prejudice. These mark the two extremes in the method of studying the Arabian prophet. He is not satisfied wholly with Savary's "Abrégé de la Vie." Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" he read faithfully, alternating in his condemnation and his praise: "How strangely bitter without a bitter word, how malignant with its seeming courtesy to Christianity, is that fiftieth chapter of Gibbon!" He appreciates Renan's subtle and ingenious comments, but thinks him guilty of overstatement. Foster's "Mohammedanism Unveiled" he read with curious interest because of its point of view, drawing much from it despite his repugnance to its methods. He went through Milman's "Latin Christianity" with admiration; it was then a fresh book which all were reading. Many hints he gained from Neander, Gieseler and Hase, and other German church historians, from Stanley also in his "Eastern Church," from Maurice's "Religions of the World;" and he did not neglect studies in reviews. He browsed over Weil's "The Bible, the Koran, and the Talmud," and his "Mohammed der Prophet, sein Leben und seine Lehre." Of Sprenger's "Life of Mohammed" he remarks that "for careful, thoughtful fact-telling it is worth all the rest together." He would give a good deal if he could get hold of another promised work of Sprenger's, a chronological history of the Koran which will trace the religion philosophically in its growth, for it would give what he can nowhere find. Sale's "Koran with Notes and Preliminary Discourse," Gagnier's "La Vie de Mahomet," Washington Irving's "Mahomet and his Successors," Boulanvillier's "Life of Mohammed," these also were put under contribution to the total picture in his mind. The list of

books he consulted was not of course exhaustive; there were many to which he had not access, but it is sufficient to show how widely he studied his subject.

In this course of study, which continued through the year 1864 and the first half of 1865, his mind and whole nature was expanding. It became the foundation of later historical studies. He realized his valuable gift of the historical imagination, which enabled him to see things as they were, to live in them and reproduce them. The same power by which he read the men of his own time helped him to know the personages whom he encountered in history, till he thought of them as personal acquaintances and friends. He recognized the romantic interest in history, quickly detecting the picturesque possibilities which make it live to the imagination. He was haunted by the strange, mysterious personages that flitted over the scene, whose motives he could not fathom. He was tempted to indulge in reconstructions, — how things would have gone if there had been the slight change in their antecedents so easily conceivable.

It is curious to ask if the Jews had accepted Mohammed and Jerusalem had continued the Kebla, how far Islamism and Judaism could have coalesced.

The deficiency in the theistic idea of the Mohammedans, says Neander, was a lack of intimate power of connecting between the human and the divine, robbing Islam on its Hebrew side of any power such as came from a Messiah, and on its Christian side making it impossible to acknowledge a Trinity.

It made the doctrine of the infinite sublimity of God its basis, as Gieseler says, but in a way so one-sided that an absolute dependence of man on God resulted from it, and ideas of a likeness and an inward union between God and man, and consequently the fundamental principles of all the higher morality, found no place in the system.

Nothing could convince us like the extreme accuracy of Sprenger's "Life," etc., how human Mohammed was, and how divine his descendants thought him.

Among the picturesque scenes which strike the imagination are the conversation of Mohammed with the Nestorian monk at Bosia; Heraclius, the Roman emperor, receiving Mohammed's letter, and putting it under his pillow; Chosroes, the Persian king,

receiving his and tearing it up; Mohammed in the first violent attack of his last illness addressing the tenants of the graves.

The fine picture of the idols, questioned at the last day whether they or the idolaters were to blame, and the fault cast on the idolaters.

The Arabs when charged with stealing give for an excuse the hard treatment of Ishmael; they are only getting their rights. Subjective character of sin; its influence by habit.

Converted slaves become freedmen.

The dogma of the Immaculate Conception is borrowed from the Koran.

When Mohammed expelled the images from the holy house, among the banished gods was a Byzantine virgin painted on a column, holding her child in her arms.

The whole story of the sacrifice of Isaac is told of Ishmael with very great particularity.

Take these figures, the "Sun" of Christianity and the "Moon" of Mohammedanism, and do not their relations in many ways sustain the metaphor?

The nobleness of Mohammed's last days.

Why may we not say this about Mohammed? What was true in his faith he believed truly, but it was not his; he found it in the spirit of his people and his time. What was untrue was his, but he never believed it wholly and truly. There was always a mixture of imposture in it. Thus in him, as ever, the eternal difference of truth and a lie is vindicated.

The state of the Christian church, with its infinite sects and heresies, when Mohammed appeared would seem to explain much of his perplexity in reducing its doctrine to shape. His epitome of it is in many points certainly remarkable.

It is a striking fact that the two great powers of the Papacy and Islam should have arisen together, reached their meridian grandeur together, and together have declined, with the rise of Protestantism.

Look at the Neoplatonism of Ghazzaly, the Plotinus of Islam — how it repeats Alexandria at Mecca, and shows us the eternal sameness of error.

Ever this new faith touches with the old. It is not a new faith; it is the old. It is another Judaism, more human, less divine. It is the neo-Judaism of decay; and Mohammed is to Moses what Plotinus is to Plato.

Why should a prophet with miraculous powers have suffered hardship? Jamaly, a mystical poet, gets over this difficulty by representing his life as an allegory. It was a play acted in reality,

and expressive of the nature of God and the laws of the universe. Not so untrue, O Jamaly, of this man's or any man's life.

The affinities of Islam with modern Unitarianism, their attempted reunion, and especially that strange story of the visit of Servetus to Africa.

See Leslie's Works, i. 207, for the celebrated address of the English Unitarians, in the reign of Charles II., to Ameth Ben Ameth, ambassador from the Emperor of Morocco. "Ce qui distingue le Socinianisme de la religion Mahometane est si imperceptible qu'il n'y a que des intérêts humains qui puissent retenir dans sa secte un Socinien bien instruit."

This too is striking. "The heretical sects of Christianity uniformly incline towards Mohammedanism; the heretical sects of Mohammedanism generally found to incline toward Christianity."

I gather from his story this, — that he was at first a religious enthusiast of the practical order, truly, humbly, earnestly attempting the work of reforming the national faith; that his enthusiasm was strong enough to overbear personal difficulties and disgraces and make him unselfish in the consciousness of a mission; that he deduced at that time from the Christianity and Judaism with which he came in contact a scheme of faith wonderfully simple and true when compared with many of the Christian heresies of his time. The change comes with the Hejirah. He loses with the unexpected access of power, first, his intentness, second, his simplicity and singleness of action, third, his unselfishness. Passion of power and self-indulgence sweep him unstably into their control, but the better spirit is underneath all the time and will occasionally burst out. The Koran comprises the record of both spirits, and its personal aspects must be judged by his history. All his powers were made weak with unsystematicalness and instability.

What shall we make of the opposite accounts (cf., for instance, Renan and Carlyle) of the amount of belief of Moslems in Islam. What but this, — that although the amount of special faith in Mohammed and his teaching was but slight and confined to a few, the truth of Islam, its central and more general truth, was needed and seized in a more personal faith by the people who were by God's training ready for it. Mohammed has done vast harm. I should dishonor God if I did not believe that Islam had done good.

Where did this sublimity come from into the Koran?

"The East became too strait for them, notwithstanding its spaciousness,

And their souls became straitened within them;
And they considered that there was no refuge from God,
Otherwise than by having recourse to Him."

This is Christianity, come it whence it will.

These extracts from his note-book, while they have an intrinsic value, are given here chiefly because of their significance as hints in his theological development. The effect upon him of these studies was more important than he could have known at the time, continuing to manifest itself long after he had dropped the subject. To know any line of investigation thoroughly is to have put one's self in relation with other branches of inquiry, so that one is able to adjust his position in reference to other issues. He was now sounding the depths of theology for himself, its problems were before him, — the relation of the will of God to the nature of God, the definition of humanity and its affinity with God, the mode of the divine revelation when God is speaking with man, the place of the book in the history of revelation, the spirit of a true worship of God, the significance of character as the medium of divine communication, the value of the special doctrines or the creeds of the church, above all the person of Christ in the accomplishment of human salvation. As we cannot appreciate our own things without knowledge of the things of others, so we cannot understand our own religion without the knowledge of other religions. To get the differentia between Mohammedanism and Christianity is to enter more deeply the Christian sphere. In these inquiries he also kept in view one distinct purpose of his own, which was to become the unifying principle of his method, — the nature and source of power, how it was to be fed, how ideas and truths and beliefs were to be transmuted into power.

That he was already on the right road for the solution of his problem was shown by an address which he delivered in the spring of this year before the Evangelical Education Society, then recently organized. At a moment when the feeling was rife that the Christian ministry could no longer

compete with other agencies for the amelioration of society, he maintained that the pulpit possessed a vast advantage in that it could bring to bear the power of personality, the mightiest force conceivable, in coöperation with the moral appeal. Behind this utterance, which left an impression on those who listened of an unwonted message for the hour, there was an increased inward preparation of which he did not speak, the secret of which he could not yet reveal. He was to wait for years before he was ready to give the message in all its fulness.

In many ways this year 1864 was most prolific in the spiritual history of Phillips Brooks, when all the conditions of life, of theology, and of religion were coming together in a focus. In some respects they were greater than what followed, because he was now in the glow and beauty of what seemed immortal youth, the freshness of the morning of divine revelation. At this time, also, he was outgrowing what had seemed like physical weakness, springing from the susceptibility and delicacy of his nervous constitution. His portrait reveals the inward happiness and satisfaction of his whole being, a face whose beauty shone with the light of a growing holiness, — that quality which is the "absolute harmony of inward desire with outward obligation." The inward consecration to a perfect obedience brought him into loving relationship with God and man. This inner life of his manhood hid with Christ in God he carefully shielded from observation, but it was revealed unreservedly in the pulpit. He took the world of humanity into his confidence, however reserved in his private conversation.

If there had been traces of depression in his home correspondence in the previous year, they have now disappeared. There is, to be sure, the same sensitiveness to the weather, the invariable comment on the day or the season as bright or dark; he even dreads a long railway journey. But for the rest, there is the freedom and light-heartedness of a buoyant, happy youth. Life was constantly growing richer and fuller, bringing new friendships and expanding in every direction. Among those whom he met for the first time were Bishop

McIlvaine of Ohio, and his family, with some of the members of which he maintained afterward a close friendship. He met the late Elisha Mulford, rector of a quiet parish in New Jersey, deeply interested in following the war, and already maturing in his mind his work entitled "The Nation," and the Rev. William R. Huntington, rector of All Saints' Church in Worcester.

The year was rendered richer and happier in other ways. He was reading Greek with his young friend James P. Franks, afterwards the rector of Grace Church, Salem, and between the two there was an intimate friendship. Then his brother Frederick came at last to the Divinity School, bringing with him, as it were, part of the old home in Chauncy Street, Boston. Through Frederick he entered into closer relationships with the theological students, making them his friends, eager to know how their minds were turning in that day of changes in religious thought.

His interest in humanity and in human personality shines out more and more distinctly. He liked to meet people. It was an event with him to know Mr. Goldwin Smith, who was then visiting Philadelphia. He had another peculiarity in that he liked to listen to public speakers and lecturers. Earlier in his life he recorded his conviction that the lecturer has a great opportunity. When a man of ability and reputation gathers himself up for a public utterance, he seems to have felt it not only a duty, but a privilege to be there to listen. In this respect he resembled his father, whose way it was to learn from living men; for the man and his message were intertwined as if in organic relation. Thus he listened to many lecturers, to his kinsmen, Edward Everett and Wendell Phillips, to Richard H. Dana, and to Henry Ward Beecher. All through his life he kept this practice, sitting as a pupil at the feet of the living personal oracle. It seemed to stimulate his mind and all his powers as no book could do. But he was engaged in an inward process while he listened, putting things together which others separated, making studies in every failure as well as in every success.

The chief event in the history of the war was the appointment of General U. S. Grant, in the spring of 1864, to the command of all the forces of the United States, with the title of lieutenant-general. With the approval of General Grant, the movement of an army of 60,000 men was accomplished under General W. T. Sherman, through the Confederate States from the mountains to the sea, from Atlanta, which was captured, to Savannah; then northward to Charleston in South Carolina, and thence further northward to Goldsboro, in North Carolina, thus isolating Richmond from the South. General Grant himself now initiated the last stage of the war, but a year was yet to elapse before the final surrender of the Southern capital. In the months of May and June came the terrible battles of the Wilderness, of Spottsylvania, and of Cold Harbor, in which perished 70,000 men. Activities on a vast scale were projected in the Northern cities, under the auspices of the Sanitary Commission, for the purpose of assisting the government in the care of sick and wounded soldiers. The great fairs in Philadelphia and New York, Boston and elsewhere, were gigantic undertakings, rousing popular enthusiasm, and tending to unify and solidify the Northern sentiment. These things and others of a similar character were prominent in the mind of Mr. Brooks as the home letters testify. He continued to write home every week; but at this time the letters from his mother were rare.

PHILADELPHIA, March 12, 1864.

Among other sensations comes our great fair. Immense preparations are making, and people are talking about $500,000. Dr. Bellows and Bishop Clark spoke at a sensation meeting on the subject the other evening at the Academy of Music. All the girls are making afghans and all the men are begging money, and the whole thing promises splendidly. Come and see it. What do you think of the Richmond atrocities, — "The Barbarism of Slavery" as your worthy senator called it, — of whom, by the way, I think more than you do. What an accursed system it is with all its fruits in crops and character, both black. Are n't you glad of Chase's noble letter of withdrawal? Of course Wendell Phillips and the Commonwealth will blaze away, but I believe in Old Abe still, just as I did that night at the Academy. By the way, I am

to appear on their boards again next week at a meeting in behalf of the poor wretched Cherokees. How well Boston is doing for the loyal Tennesseeans. I am glad you have got Edward Everett at your good work. It is pleasant to see people working up their old waste material. We are getting ready for confirmation, which is to come about the middle of May. Don't forget the Holy Trinity.

Easter Sunday, A. M., March 27, 1864.

You were very considerate in thinking that I should be pretty busy this past week. So I was, but it is over now, and I don't know how I can keep this half hour of Easter Sunday before it is time to go to church better than by a few words with you. What a glorious Easter Day it is! Yesterday up to midnight all rain and mud. This morning bright and fresh and glorious. Truly, the world itself keeps Easter Day. I have enjoyed Lent very much indeed. Have had my regular two services a week, and this last week services every day. Thursday evening we had the communion service. To-day I am going to preach on Acts xxv. 19.

I am going on to New York next week if I am not kept here by an impending wedding. At any rate I am to exchange with Ewer of Christ Church, Sunday after next. In May I am going to Pittsburg and perhaps further West; and between now and then I am going on to Washington to preach in the Hall of Representatives by the invitation of Mr. Channing, their chaplain. So you see I am pretty well used up this spring. Besides this I have got a sermon to write for the Anniversary of the Sunday-school Union in May. Now you certainly can't complain that I have n't told you enough about myself in this letter. Every paragraph has begun with "I."

Tuesday evening, April 12, 1864.

I am just back from New York, called home rather sooner than I had expected, to attend a funeral. You must forgive my neglect of last Saturday. Dr. Vinton's is no place to write letters from; in fact, it is not a nice place for anything but just to talk and talk and talk. Very nice for that. I enjoyed my visit ever so much, but still am rather glad to get back again to work. The New York fair is fine, particularly the collection of pictures, which is the finest I ever saw. That is the great object of attraction. What a great place New York is.

Saturday afternoon, April 23, 1864.

Oh, if I were only in Boston. Three months yet to wait. But if you 'll always write as good letters as your last one was, they 'll go off pretty fast, and I shan't mind them much. It

was one of your very best. And then I have got Father's and Mother's visit of week after next to look forward to, — that is my great sensation now. If I can make them enjoy themselves they certainly shall. They will be here right in the glory of our spring weather. Tell them to let me know as soon as they can just what day they 'll be here, so that I can secure them a good room. We are busy in the church now. Last Sunday afternoon we had our Sunday-school Anniversary. The church was loaded with flowers and children, and everything went off very happily.

I am sorry Fred could not stop. I should like to have seen the boy. I am very glad he has made up his mind to come here. Dr. Butler has accepted the professorship which I did n't take, and will be just the man for it.

Saturday, May 7, 1864.

The visit is in progress! The Folks are here! Philadelphia rejoices and swelters as if it were July. Another of my seasons of haunting the Continental has begun. I dine there every day and get on familiar terms with the man at the office. They arrived yesterday afternoon in very good condition, and after dinner I brought them up and carried them all over the church and brought them to my rooms.

We are almost listening to-day for the cannon on the Rapidan. The greatest fight of the war is going on, and God only knows its issue. Before you get this we shall be either close on peace, or way back with half the work to do over again. But we 'll do it, either now or ten years hence, whenever God wills. . . .

Great expectations had been raised when General Grant took command of the army in front of Richmond. The month of May, however, proved to be one of the most fearful months of the long struggle. Even Grant did not meet with success. It began to look as if Richmond were never to be taken. In his diary Mr. Brooks records the fleeting impressions of those days of suspense and horror: —

May 7. Grant moving against Richmond. Great suspense and anxiety for him.

May 8. Good news from Grant.

May 11. Great excitement all day in receiving news from the army in Virginia.

May 12. Good news from Virginia. Grant is driving Lee.

May 16. All day doubtful whether to go to the Army. Had to give it up at last.

Saturday, May 21, 1864.

I suppose the good Pa and Ma are safe home by this time, and have told you of our meeting in Broadway. I came back here on Thursday, and settled down to work. Next Monday I am off again to Pittsburg, where I shall spend the week of Convention. Fred, I suppose, is still at Fredericksburg. I am so glad he has gone. It will be a great pleasure and a good thing for him. I have heard nothing from him. I am writing my sermon for the Sunday-school Union. It will be preached tomorrow night. I do not know how it will go. I have told them plainly that it is their bounden duty to teach the children of the country the duty of loyalty and the sin of slavery, that if they shirk that duty they will be in part responsible for some future generations having to go through this fearful education some day again. It will be printed unless they think it is too radical. I will send you a copy.

Our hopes are all in front of Richmond, and there has been nothing yet to dampen them. God grant there may not be. I am sicker and sicker at heart every day for this fearful loss of precious life. It must bring something. We have not got Richmond yet, nor shall we have immediately. We must be patient. It will come in time, we must believe. Meanwhile we can do nothing but wait and pray.

Our winter's work here is pretty much over. The people are beginning to go out of town, and the church work is finished. I sent Mother our report yesterday. Last Sunday was our confirmation at the church and the chapel. We had large classes at both.

While he was in Pittsburg, attending the Episcopal Diocesan Convention, he delivered his sermon on the Prayer Book. It had been written as one of a series, first given in St. Mark's Church in New York, and again delivered in Grace Church, Providence. The movement known as Ritualism was then in its early stages, seeking for its sanction in the Book of Common Prayer. The plea urged in its behalf was the need of some strong, tangible protest against the unbelief, the skepticism, the prevailing materialism of the age. Mr. Brooks called attention to another and a better way. His text was from Exodus xxv. 22: "And I will commune with thee from above the mercy seat." He maintained that what the skepticism of the day needed is not new proof of

abstract truths, but new demonstrations of their personal power; not more study, but more prayer. The Prayer Book furnished an antidote to secularism in the thought of the Fatherhood of God, making an atmosphere so pure that in it secularism cannot thrive. The Prayer Book made truth evident, not so much by the clearness with which it defines it, as by the light with which it fills it. It turns the stories of the Bible into the parables of common life. The only way to make men orthodox as to special beliefs was to make the great Christian truths self-demonstrated by the vigor with which they shape themselves into Christian duty and Christian life. The Prayer Book is full of doctrines, and yet fills them through and through with the interest of human life. It never tells men what to believe without telling them what blessing will come from such a belief. He urged a more intellectual study of the Prayer Book, and a higher intellectual estimate of its value. It had in it the eternal power of the Bible to meet all ages, and to suit the newest circumstances of the newest age the best.

But the convention at Pittsburg was a grievous disappointment to Mr. Brooks in its failure to adopt a strong anti-slavery position. "The anti-slavery resolutions presented by Dr. Goodwin were supplanted by Dr. Van Deusen's substitute. Shameful!" So reads his diary. In a letter to his brother he recurs to the subject. Pittsburg would not perhaps have looked to him so dark, if it had not corresponded with some inner mood of shame for the defeat of his cherished ideal.

June 4, 1864.

I have been to Pittsburg and am home again. Congratulate me. I had so many things to do at home that I was obliged to give up my plan of going further West. Pittsburg is a horrible place, black and muddy, the filthiest hole on earth. I am scarcely clean yet after it. The ride there was magnificent. We went the first day to Altona, where we spent the night, and early the next morning crossed the Alleghanies. Cooper and I were fortunate enough to make interest with the railroad agent and rode on the engine over the mountains. It was very grand indeed. Our Convention was a shameful failure. We asked that

body of Christian ministers and laymen to say that treason was wicked and slavery a sin. They declined, and substituted some feeble platitudes done up in wretched rhetoric which meant nothing and said it. I was ashamed of my church. Never mind; the salvation of the country does not depend on the Episcopal Church, and glad as I should have been to see her as a body on the right side now, she will have to come there by and by when it will be no honor to herself. Oh, how I hate this miserable conservatism. I almost cried for the church at Pittsburg.

I have been very hard at work since my return upon my sermon. Everybody is crazy about our fair. It opens next Tuesday. It will be very fine and make a million dollars.

Neither at this time, nor at any time in his life, did Mr. Brooks take an interest in ecclesiastical conventions. He attended them, but it was a burden to his soul. To escape for a moment from their dreary sessions in the glad converse with a friend, sitting down on the doorstep of the building where the ecclesiastical process went on, seems to have been almost essential to enable him to endure them at all. In later years he strove to overcome this repugnance, submitting patiently, keeping his place without intermissions, and occasionally taking part in the discussions. But even so, it was all a thing apart from the spirit within him.

As the summer approached, he was looking forward eagerly to the return to his home, as though he had been an impatient exile.

Saturday, June 18, 1864.

You must engage *three* horses, not two. Two weeks from next Tuesday afternoon at five is the time. Where shall we go? You are expected to be our guide. Before that time, perhaps, we shall have hurrahed for Richmond, and thanked God for Grant. Everything certainly looks full of promise, and 't is hard to see how we can fail.

I had a letter from Fred this morning at White House, expecting to start off for James River. He is a good specimen of a Brooks Boy. I am going to spend Sunday, a week from to-morrow, in Elizabeth, N. J., then come back here for a week, and be off the Fourth. I hope it is n't wrong to travel on the glorious anniversary, but I feel so anxious to get home that I feel it would n't be very wrong to travel on Sunday to get there. We have had Old Abe with us this week at the Fair. He was look-

ing well and seemed to enjoy himself. I heard him speak, and shook hands with him. Is n't it good to think that we are going to have him for our next President?

Our Fair is a great success. It is incessantly crowded, and is making an immense amount of money. The whole city is alive with it, and I think it is going to do good in more ways than one. It keeps people's loyalty alive and their sympathies active. We are having a glorious summer so far, scarcely any warm weather yet, good weather for fighting and for sermon-writing. I hope also for bank-lettering.

This is my last regular letter to you before I come home. Do you realize it, old fellow? Hurrah!

Before leaving Philadelphia he preached an ordination sermon, June 30, at Grace Church, from Revelation xxii. 13: "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." A writer for the "Press," commenting at this time on his preaching, says: "There is something so genuine in Mr. Brooks's sermons that we no more feel that we are praising *him* when we are admiring *them* than we do when we admire ripe fruit, and pluck and eat it with relish and feel refreshed by it, that we are praising the soil out of which it grows. His sermons remain in the mind, not as pictures of plants in a parlor or conservatory, but as the plants themselves, with all their life and greenery and fragrance."

The first month of his vacation was spent with his family in Boston, and the routine of happy days went on as in previous years. He rode horseback through the suburbs; he indulged in fishing and in bathing at the beaches in the vicinity of Boston. He went out to Cambridge to see his brother Arthur in college, and attended the Commencement of the Harvard Divinity School, listening to an address by the late Dr. Hedge. He visited the old homestead in Andover, with his mother; he gave a few days to Dr. Vinton at Pomfret in Connecticut. All the time he could command was given to the Athenæum, where he sat a voracious reader of all the new books on its tables, and renewed his familiarity with its theological alcoves, lest anything in its shelves should escape his notice. Again, he was at the

bookshops, recording purchases for his library in his diary. One new incident was important to him, as to so many others at that time in Boston and elsewhere, — the Great Organ, as it was called, which had been recently placed in Music Hall. He was fond of the organ as a revelation of the power of musical sound. The month of August was spent camping out in the lakes of Maine, where he was accompanied by his friends Cooper and Strong. He speaks with enthusiasm of the glorious campfires in the evening. But, as on previous occasions, he did not linger in the scene of enjoyment until the last day of his vacation should expire. He returned to Boston on August 25, with five days remaining before he must return to work, and in those days again he wrote his sermon to be preached on the first Sunday after his arrival in Philadelphia. He could not have done this if already in spirit he were not present in his parish.

The routine of parish life began on the first Sunday in September: the writing of sermons, and his studies in comparative religion of which he began to see the scope when he looked into the meaning of Islam. He resumed his reading in Greek with Mr. Franks, his place on the musical committee with Mr. Redner and the Rev. Mr. Walden. Although he had been excused from making calls on his parishioners, yet he did not abuse his freedom, but rather was stimulated by it to greater diligence in parochial duties. He gives a backward glance as he nerves himself to a greater year of work, to the achievements of a greater success than he had yet realized. Among minor incidents was the change of his rooms from Locust Street to 1333 Spruce Street.

1333 Spruce Street, Saturday evening, September 3, 1864.

The church is all ready to open, and a variety of little alterations have resulted in a very decided total of improvement. The people are largely out of town still and we shall have thin houses to-morrow. It rains to-night.

Here I am talking away about myself as if I did n't care anything about the splendid news from Sherman to-day. Is n't it glorious? A few more steps like this, and we shall have peace earlier than the Copperheads could bring it, and a better one than they want to see.

I 've had a splendid vacation. The best part of it what I spent at home.

To his father, who had been guilty of some lapse from his own strict rules regarding the necessity of observing the conditions of time and space, he sends a reprimand: —

PHILADELPHIA, September 12, 1864.

DEAR FATHER, — Once there was a gentleman in Boston, and he had a son who was a minister in Philadelphia, and he used to upbraid his son and tell him he was an unpractical, unbusinesslike fellow whenever he got a letter from him which did n't have the date in full, and all about the place it was written in, and all that. But one day the minister in Philadelphia got a letter from the hardware merchant in Boston, enclosed in the envelope with the queer direction which you will find with this. And after that the minister did just as he pleased about the dates, and all that, of his letters, for he thought he had got the practical, systematic, businesslike merchant pretty fairly. Don't you think he had?

I was glad to get your letter anyway, unlikely as I was to receive it with that direction. William's has just been brought in. I judge from both that things are going on in the old smooth, nice way at home. I wish I were there very often.

People are slowly getting back. The church is filling up, yesterday it was quite full. People were evidently expecting a political sermon, but they did n't get it. I read the Proclamation and all the Thanksgivings I could find. Mr. Coffin is still away, so that the church does n't really seem like itself.

As to the seminary [his father had asked him what his expenses were while at the Virginia seminary]: board there was $100 per annum. It cost me that for two years. The last year the board was covered by my teaching in the preparatory department. My expenses outside of the board I think were $100 a year. I lived cheap there.

The new rooms are first-rate. Everything goes smoothly and I am very happy. Love to all.

Your affectionate son, PHILL.

The Thanksgiving Day above referred to was a special occasion appointed by President Lincoln on September 11, to commemorate the victories of Sherman and Hood, — the capture of the important city of Atlanta, which closed the campaign in the West, and the beginning of Sherman's

march to the sea. The entire Union army of some million of men was now at liberty to concentrate its strength on the reduction of Richmond. The chief political event in the fall of 1864 was the reëlection to the presidency of Abraham Lincoln. McClellan was the rival candidate, and in Philadelphia had a large following. There was a small party in the country, composed of extremists, who were dissatisfied with Lincoln because he had not assumed a more definite attitude in regard to slavery. These cast their votes for Fremont. Mr. Brooks, although inclined to extreme views in regard to slavery, and recognizing the object of the war to be its extinction, yet also kept in view the maintenance of national unity as a high spiritual aim, and on this ground was an ardent supporter of Lincoln. These events found mention in his weekly letters to his brother.

PHILADELPHIA, September 19, 1864.

I had a full but very pleasant day yesterday. Read and preached in the Holy Trinity in the morning. In the afternoon went out to Camp William Penn, and addressed two regiments of colored troops who leave for the front this week, and in the evening preached at Cheltenham, near the camp, where I spent the night with some parishioners of mine at their summer place. I had a splendid audience of negroes. They are a noble-looking set of fellows. What do you think of politics and the election? People here seem very confident that Lincoln will carry Pennsylvania by a very large majority, — 50,000, I have heard cool, well-informed people say. May it be so. We shall see next month. The McClellan men had a great demonstration on Saturday night; they were out in immense numbers and looked formidable. I believe it is going to be a hard fight. I had an application the other day to speak at some church anniversaries which are to come off in Boston next month. I would like to come on of course, but don't want to speak, so I declined.

Saturday evening, October 1, 1864.

Again before Richmond. Let us hope and pray on still that more may come of this new move than of any before. At any rate we have a great deal to rejoice and be thankful about in Sheridan's splendid campaign. I dined the other day with an English clergyman, and saw in perfection the superciliousness and self-conceit which has characterized the most chivalrous and

philanthropic of people all through our war. I don't want to see another Englishman till we can hold up the argument of a free, united country, and point to it and just say, "There!" Everybody here who ought to know seems very certain of a triumphant reëlection for Mr. Lincoln.

Saturday evening, October 29, 1864.

While I write the city is all alight and noisy with the great Copperhead procession; the streets are blocked up with it. I have been ever so long getting home from an errand uptown, through endless crowds of the unwashed who were cheering for the rebels M. and P. most vociferously. Well, wait till after the election, and then let us see. Our men are working hard and are very confident, and say there is no chance except of one result. Last night Fred and I went to hear your townsman, Mr. Dana. He made a capital speech, and was followed by Governor Brough of Ohio, who is a brick of the biggest size. I see you have been enjoying Philadelphia eloquence in Boston. Mr. —— is a Copperhead, who sold his pew out in my church last year, because he said he was n't black enough to go there. He is a pompous old humbug, and his orations are great fun here. Dan Dougherty is a "broth of a boy," a great favorite with the crowd, and a very effective speaker.

The State of Pennsylvania went Republican by about 15,000 majority, instead of 50,000 as was expected. This was in the state election. Then came the national election on November 8, to which there is this allusion in the diary: —

Tuesday, November 8, 1864.

Election Day. Nine A. M. Voted for *Lincoln and Johnson.* Cooper called, and I went with him and Yocum to see how the election was progressing. Dined at his house with Strong and Yocum, and in the evening we all went to the League to hear the news, and to National Hall, where George Francis Train was speaking.

The Union candidates are triumphantly elected. *Thank God!*

Saturday evening, November 12, 1864.

What a great week this has been; we shall not forget it soon. I feel too much impressed with its grandeur to go off into raptures about it. Enough that it has saved our country, and you and I will have to thank God for it all our lives. Old Massa-

chusetts did splendidly. I am prouder of her than ever. Oh, if all the country were as true. And yet no part deserves reproach. All have done well. Surely Pennsylvania has shown that she is all right. Now we can look ahead and hope. We have thought and talked of little else than the election all this week. Sermons for to-morrow have been crowded into corners. It seemed as if all we could do was to sit still and be thankful. I am going down to Washington on Monday on Freedmen's work, principally to see our schools there, preparatory to another meeting in their behalf week after next. I wish you and Arthur could be with us again to give *éclat* to the occasion.

Nothing new in church matters, except that our organist has resigned and we are fast getting into a muddle about music. Does that interest you?

The relation between minister and organist had hitherto been of the happiest kind, and Mr. Brooks was most unwilling that it should be severed. When Mr. Redner, tired with his onerous labors during the week, and with his Sunday work of superintending a Sunday-school and teaching a class of young men, proposed to resign his position as organist, Mr. Brooks wrote to him in urgent protest: —

Sunday evening, November 5, 1864.

My dear Redner, — I cannot go to bed without speaking to you again about the organ. I believe the wardens have seen you, but I do not know whether you have given them an answer. Whether you have or not, I beg you before it is too late to think of it again. The vestry does not meet until to-morrow evening. The more I think of it the more certain I feel that we are plunged into a sea of troubles by your leaving. I do not plead the pleasantness of our personal connections. You know all that I feel about that so well that I rejoice to know that I need not speak more about it; but I plead for the good of the church and so for our Master's cause. I felt to-night that your music was just what we wanted. Is not your call to the organ as evident and divine as any minister's can be to the pulpit? Can you abandon it and do right?

Let me speak plainly. I fear you have some idea of a dissatisfaction in the church and that it is influencing you. I tell you honestly that I believe that there is no chance, not the slightest, of securing music which will be to our people what yours has been. I think it is just what we want.

I know the pressure of your Sunday work. But even if you give up your morning class, I think you ought not to let go the ministry of the organ.

If you go, I owe you for the past a debt too large to tell you. But you *must not go*. My dear friend, do look at it solemnly in God's sight and decide for Him and us to stay. May He direct you.

Your sincere and anxious friend, P. B.

Mr. Brooks was still a young man under thirty, but he stood before the community and the nation as a responsible, influential leader. He was the champion of national unity, and as such took to his heart the army and its leaders, and especially Lincoln, its commander in chief, revering them as the servants of a divine cause. It is impossible to describe the activity he displayed in the service of the soldiers in and near Philadelphia. He made himself their pastor, or was constituted such by them, visiting constantly their camp and their hospitals, preaching to them as opportunities were given, baptizing them and preparing them for confirmation, giving himself as freely in their service as though no other duty was incumbent on him. But particularly was he interested in the negro soldiers, and above all in the cause of the freedmen. He felt the burden and the gravity of the situation. He was studying in advance the problem of reconstruction, which would become the issue when the war was over. His eloquence was due in some measure to the fact that his soul was expanding with the hour, so that he poured forth his convictions with all the power and freshness of new truth. In his sermon before the American Sunday-School Union, in June, 1864, he had urged that the children be taught the sacredness of national life, and the hatred of slavery as wrong in itself, as well as an evil which hindered the development and consolidation of the nationality. In his sermon on Thanksgiving Day, 1864, he took what was then regarded as most extreme ground in advocating that emancipated slaves should be put in possession of the ballot. This sermon was one of his great utterances. He was speaking to the whole country, as no one

else was speaking, when he stood on that day in the pulpit of the Church of the Holy Trinity. The air was full of excitement. Representatives of the newspapers were present, who would send his words broadcast over the country. Again the observers watching the scene were struck with the contrast between the richly appointed church, with its soft cushions, the dim religious light from the stained-glass windows, the unintrusive tones of the organ soothing the worshippers to reverie, the cultivated, fashionable congregation, and the church filled with the vast crowd long before the service began, waiting in eager expectancy, and on the other hand the thrilling uncompromising words of the preacher. It seemed all out of place in an Episcopal Church. He began by giving a history of the war in a brief summary. "The devil of slavery had kissed the strong shoulders of the Republic, and the serpents sprung from her defiling lips were preying upon her life. It was agony to tear them off, but it was death to let them remain. Despite our anguish, we had taken courage to rid us of the abomination." Such were some of the sentences which made the hearers shudder as they listened. Then the speaker came to the social position of the negro, attacking the prejudice against color, rebuking with righteous indignation the Street Car Directory of Philadelphia, pleading with pathos mixed with satire, and most solemnly, for negro suffrage. "We ought to make, not to be made by, the spirit of the times," he said, when alluding finally to the opposition, in church and state, to the cause of the fullest freedom for man.

In a letter to his father he speaks of this sermon, and of other similar efforts he was making to create a sentiment in behalf of the full emancipation of the negro, which could only be accomplished by giving him the right of suffrage: —

Wednesday, November 23, 1864.

Dear Father, — . . . To-morrow is Thanksgiving Day. I have been busy all day on my sermon. It is from Ps. cxviii. 27: "God is the Lord, which hath showed us light: bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar." It is what some people call Politics; what I call National Morals. . . . We had

a great Freedmen's meeting at Concert Hall on Monday evening. It rained torrents, but the hall was full. I sent William a "Press" with the report, but beg you most earnestly not to believe that I said all the foolish and contradictory things which the reporter there puts in my mouth. Next Monday I am going to Pittsburg to speak before a meeting of the same character. The western part of our State has done nothing, and we want to wake it up if we can. I had a most interesting visit in Washington, though it was very short; but I saw at once the magnitude and the feasibility of the great work we have undertaken. . . . Lots of love to all.

Your affectionate son, PHILL.

In the midst of this excitement, when the tension of his being was at the strongest, he comments to his brother on the inevitable birthday, — the 13th of December. Although it could have been only a mere casual suggestion entering his mind lightly and then forgotten, yet the coincidence may be noted that he puts the limit of his years at fifty-eight.

PHILADELPHIA, December 12, 1864.

DEAR WILLIAM, — I am twenty-nine years old to-morrow, just think of it! How we are getting along. Well, there are very few fellows who get to be as old as we are and have such a good time generally all the way along. We had a nice time before we went to school, a nice time at school, and a nice time since we left. Let us hope the rest of our time, till we are fifty-eight and sixty, will go as smoothly as the past, and then we can say Good-by to the world as to a very kind old friend. What splendid cold weather! Philadelphia actually feels like Boston this morning. Yesterday was a horrible day. Rain and sleet overhead, slosh and mire under foot. I preached at the chapel in the morning and at the church in the afternoon, and at the evening was at a meeting for a Colored Sunday-school, — a good full day, you will see. Fred was with me, in good spirits, taking the world easily and apparently having a good time. I was out at his room last week. It looked comfortable and he seemed very much at home there. He seems to like the fellows at the seminary, and he is making himself a good name there. Why don't we hear from Sherman? Is he stuck there in the depths of Georgia, or thundering at the gates of Savannah? We must wait and see, but let us hope for the greatest and the best.

His father also remembers the birthday, and writes to him

that he was not forgotten at home, and that his mother was full of thoughts about him. His father was becoming anxious lest his son should carry his "radicalism," as he calls it, too far. At this time, also, his mother had her misgivings, but they sprang from another cause, and will be alluded to hereafter. An extract from his father's letter gives the attitude of sober conservative men, in Boston and elsewhere, in regard to negro suffrage: —

BOSTON, December 13, 1864.

MY DEAR SON, — . . . We have seen the notices of your Thanksgiving sermon in the "Independent" and the "Anti-Slavery Standard." You seem to be in favor with the radicals of that stamp. Don't go too far. It will require all your best judgment and caution to know just how far to go. Remember you occupy a prominent position and your course will be watched. Don't make it too much "one idea," or you will split on the rock so many ministers have before you, of making your situation as a minister of the gospel a secondary matter. How thoroughly has Ward Beecher done this! Do you suppose his congregation go to hear him as a Christian minister? No, it is all for his allusions and quaint expressions upon his one idea, and they are followed up by *applause*. It is sad to see the house of God and the pulpit so debased. Cheever is another instance; how essentially has he lost his character as a Christian minister. Are you not going too fast to advocate the entire freedom and equality of the negro, even to the right of suffrage, as I understand from those notices that you do? I cannot believe that it is best or advisable to introduce another foreign element into our elections; it certainly cannot raise the standards of our right of suffrage or the character of our candidates. Let us keep the ballot box as pure as we can. However you may argue the point of the races being intellectually equal, yet politically to my mind there is no question. I hope I shall never live to see it, and for the sake of my children I hope it will never be done. *Don't go too far.* How many good causes have been injured, nay ruined, by that. Go on in aid of the Freedmen as much as you please, but such a measure as that is not to their aid in the present stage of affairs. . . .

Yours affectionately, FATHER.

To this letter Phillips replied soon after. The allusion to "Miss Susan" (Phillips), his aunt, is interesting, for it

throws light on the characteristics of the Phillips family. When the call came for help she went forth where she was needed. It was part of the humor among the children to imitate their elders in speaking of her, now as "Susan" and then as "Miss Susan."

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, December 19, 1864.

MY DEAR FATHER, — Thanks for your note. You seem quite troubled about my radicalism. Don't let it disturb you. There is no danger. I certainly think the negro ought to be free, and I am sure he is going to be. And I think he ought to vote, and am sure he will in time; but neither of these things is the subject of my preaching, except on rare occasions. I trust I know my work too well for that. I preach what I was ordained to preach, — the gospel, nothing else; but as a part of the gospel I accept the rebuking of sins, and public sins as well as private. One of these days Utah will try to come in with all her shameful customs and institutions, and then I shall preach against Polygamy. I know not how to work on any other system. My Thanksgiving sermon is not going to be published. It is radical, but quiet, calm, and I think Christian. I did not see the notice in the "Anti-Slavery Standard."

I wish you had been with me the other night. I went out to preside at a Sanitary Commission meeting at Germantown. One of the speakers was a Rev. Mr. Whittaker, just from Annapolis, and before I knew it he was in the midst of a glowing tribute to "Miss Susan." He laid it on thick. Painted her as an angel, as she is almost, and closed up by saying that she was *sister* to the venerated founder of the great Phillips Academy at Andover. That would make her out about how old? You can tell. . . .

Affectionately, PHILL.

Saturday, December 24, 1864.

DEAR WILLIAM, — A Merry Christmas to you. I hope you will get this in time for Monday's turkey, so that you will be able to tell Everybody in the family Circle how much the Exiles think about them and wish that they could be at home among you.

I am surprised at the way in which both you and Father pitch into me for over Radicalism. I thought nobody could outgo you two now. Do you know that our conservative brother Frederick endorses my position? I tell you we must come to it. Republican government does not know such a thing as an unvoting subject. It has no place for Obeyers and Supporters who are not

Governors and Directors too. We have got either to eradicate the Negroes or to integrate them. The first we can't do, the second we must. Next week I go to Pittsburg again.

I have had an application from the Church Home in Boston, but it will be impossible for me to spend a Sunday there.

In his speech at Pittsburg on the 29th of December he gave himself loose rein, speaking out his full conviction with glowing earnestness. What he said briefly in his Thanksgiving sermon, he now enlarged upon, and urged with all his power, — the necessity of giving the negro the ballot in order to the completion of his freedom; the responsibility resting upon the North to provide the possibilities of the amplest education; the crisis at hand when, untrained and unaccustomed to care for himself, in his ignorance and laziness, he might become a menace to the country unless the people should give him the conditions of essential manhood; the faith in the negro, as ready to respond with gratitude and devotion, and as having already shown the capacity and the promise for a great future. The address was extempore, and no record of it has been kept beyond the report in the newspapers. We may believe that it did the true work of a speech, and that the deep impression on the large audience resulted in creating a new conviction and purpose.

On the last day of the year he kept the watch meeting at Mr. Cooper's church, where he made an address. And so was ushered in the great year in the divine grace of 1865.

CHAPTER XVI

1865

THE CLOSE OF THE WAR. THE DEATH OF LINCOLN. THE PRAYER AT HARVARD. DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE

The year 1865 was memorable in the history of the republic, memorable also in the experience of Phillips Brooks. In connection with the closing scenes of the war, its victories and its tragedies alike, his personal power reached the climax of its influence and eloquent expression. He had become so identified with the national life that other interests, his family, his parish, might seem to be in the background of his consciousness. But the home correspondence went on undiminished in frequency and interest. Incidents also were occurring of no slight importance in his successful career as a parish minister. First among these was the completion of his scheme for endowing a professorship in the Divinity School. The contributors to the fund had met, and given to Mr. Brooks the power to nominate the incumbent of the position. On Epiphany Day, he sent to the trustees the name of Rev. D. L. Goodwin, then provost of the University of Pennsylvania, and a few days later he waited on Dr. Goodwin in company with Mr. John Bohlen and the Rev. Dr. Howe, to inform him of his election. On that piece of work he felicitated himself, then and afterwards, as something good to have done.

Early in the year there came to him two urgent calls from parishes in San Francisco, — one to a church with fine prospects, but still in its beginnings, and another from Grace Church, whose rectorship, made vacant by the resignation of Bishop Kip, was offered to him, with the inducements of the finest church building on the Pacific coast or west of the

Alleghanies, and a salary of $7000 in gold. These invitations were at once declined, but they left their effect in his soul, the vague longing to be connected with a new country in its new life, free from the trammels, as they seemed, of an older civilization.

As he passed into the season of Lent, he remarks that he never had more enjoyed its peculiar work and privileges. He seems, however, to have been annoyed with a circular which he had received, giving a list of daily services in Emmanuel Church, Boston, under the rectorship of Rev. F. D. Huntington. It was a sign of coming changes in the Episcopal Church, which he did not wholly welcome. "We don't undertake anything like that," he says in reply; "only a Wednesday evening and a Friday afternoon service."

Early in the year he had paid a short visit to Boston, availing himself of the opportunity afforded by being in its vicinity at Providence, where he had gone to deliver his sermon on the Prayer Book. His father had looked forward to this visit with pleasure, and his mother with great joy. But his father had complained that he did not preach in Boston. He was constantly being asked by his friends and others why Phillips did not come oftener to Boston, that they might have the pleasure of hearing him. It was an old question, and Phillips shows some sensitiveness in his reply. He disclaims with some vehemence the inference, which he fears his father draws, that he does not care to preach in Boston. Thus were the intimations on the increase which foretold the final transfer. But at this time his attachment to Philadelphia was at its strongest. To his brother he writes, defending it in a comparative estimate of cities: —

PHILADELPHIA, February 20, 1865.

DEAR WILLIAM, — Hurrah for Columbia! Is n't Sherman a gem? I ought perhaps to be shouting for Charleston. But that shall be yours for next Saturday. It certainly does look as if we were seeing the way safely through, and by the time I see you again, after the great battle has been fought (for that I believe has got to come), we may shake hands over peace. Everything here quiet and calm. Philadelphia does n't easily get stirred up.

We sit still and look at constitutional amendments, great cities taken, and all that, and are just as glad as anybody if we don't have jubilation meetings or fire a great many cannons. Northern people are apt to sneer at us, but there is no city which has done more for the war, been readier with its regiments, done more for the Freedmen, or kept up the Sanitary and Christian Commissions more splendidly. Don't sneer at Philadelphia. She 's a splendid city.

He writes home, in answer to his father's inquiries, encouraging reports about his brother Frederick in the Divinity School. His father was wondering what kind of a preacher Frederick would make, and how he would appear in the pulpit. Phillips replies that "Fred held a service in Mr. Cooper's Mission Chapel last Sunday evening, and made an address. I hear that he did very well indeed." And his father rejoins: "Your notice of Fred was very gratifying. I have great hopes of Frederick because I think he is conscientious in his profession. . . . I don't know that I can just fix in my mind's eye what Fred's address and style before an audience would be, except generally it would be an interesting one." In this forecast his father was not mistaken.

The interest of Mr. Brooks in the freedmen and his activity in their cause continued unabated. He was proud of his aunt Susan for the work she was doing for them in Washington. "What a great character," he writes to his father, "Miss Susan is becoming. I hope her fame won't turn her head." He was very determined about the matter of the street cars, from which in Philadelphia the negroes were still excluded. "A week from to-night (January 13) we are going to have a great meeting here to try to get rid of our special Philadelphia iniquity of excluding the negroes from the cars. I think it will do the work. The meeting will be held either in Concert Hall or the Academy of Music. There are to be a number of speeches, and I have promised to make one." When he hears that the Episcopal Church in Boston is becoming interested in the same cause, he expresses his pleasure, and thinks it will do the church as much good as the

freedmen. But on reflection he changes his mind, and deprecates the effort to take the great movement into denominational channels.

Saturday, March 4, 1865.

I hoped before to-day we should have heard from Sherman definitely. It has been a very anxious week. I cannot feel he is in any great danger, but it will certainly be a great relief when we get certain news. A letter from Father to-day with an account of the new Episcopal Freedmen's Society. It won't do much with —— to engineer it, although there is a clear ground on which even a pro-slavery man may go in for helping these people. I have yet to see the man who is not an abolitionist who is really bravely and strongly in favor of giving them the rights and the education of freedom. And then besides I doubt the expediency of special church action at present. It cannot certainly take the work of the larger organizations. I would rather see it carried on as a great national religious movement, such as it has been under our Freedmen's Aid Societies. Still, if the Episcopal Church in Boston wants to help the negro let it try. It won't do the negro any harm, and it will do itself great good. If you get a chance to talk to any of them put the thing on its own ground as a part of the work of Emancipation. I am going to Harrisburg for a Freedmen's meeting next week.

Willie Huntington preaches for the Church Home in my church to-morrow evening.

Philadelphia, March 18, 1865.

I have had three letters this last week, one from you and one from John and one from Mother. It is first-rate. I like the sensation, and wish you would all keep it up. Tell Mother I shall answer hers just as soon as I can get a moment. I cannot thank her enough for it. Fred was in this evening (indeed he has just left my big chair, where his sluggish length has been stretched out for two hours while I have been finishing my sermon). He 's got a new hat!! and he is in the same state of exhilaration about the letters he has been getting. So you see we are both of us pretty happy.

These are my busiest weeks. I am hard at work in many ways, but never enjoyed a Lent more than I do this. The people seem to enjoy it too. Our church is always full, and our Confirmation class which I have just opened — Confirmation comes the 14th of May — is already filling up.

Last Monday evening I spent at Harrisburg. We held a meeting in the Court House and had a pretty good audience. The

cause seems to be growing there. My next work in this line is to be at a big meeting at the Cooper Institute in New York about the first of May. It is to be the beginning of more united action among various societies. Beecher is to speak for the New York Society, Governor Andrew for the Boston, and I am to bear the responsibility of Ours. A great time is expected. For Particulars see small bills.

Good news this week again. Sherman and Sheridan are doing nobly. It is only a question of time now, and I begin to be quite interested in wondering which of us will have it his turn to write hurrah for Richmond. Gold is down, but I have n't got any, have you?

Saturday, April, 1865.

This is All Fools' Day. I have run no risks yet, for I have been sitting still by my table all the morning writing. Perhaps I have made a fool of myself there however. Out of the window I have seen many small boys fastening pieces of paper on to people's backs, and watching mysterious-looking paper bundles that are lying on the sidewalk. I think I remember that we used to be up to some tricks of the same sort ourselves.

Many thanks for the Report of the Episcopal Freedmen's Meeting. It is all very well as far as it goes, and I hope it will do good, but I don't think very much of a society with that list of officers.

Grant is moving again, and just as he moves, there comes this long rainstorm. I hope it has not reached and hindered him. If Sheridan can only succeed in Berkesville it does seem as if the last chance were up with them. We may have peace by Easter yet. Fred is going to leave me for you next week. Be sure you take good care of him and return him safe and sound. I had some hope of getting home myself at Easter, but I have n't been able to. I can't get away, there are so many irons in the fire. We are going to have a fine time at Easter with our Sunday-schools. I hope Father will come back with Fred. We want to see him very much.

Business men here seem to be getting anxious and troubled, but look as if they would take peace if it cost them all they had.

In the spring of 1865 all other things were subordinate to the one great event, the close of the civil war. What that meant to those who for four long weary years had followed, in its varying fortunes, the fratricidal struggle, it is impossible to describe. It was something personal and close to every

heart. But to Phillips Brooks it was even more than it was to others. In his career it was a momentous epoch. He was carried away by a bewildering enthusiasm, to which ordinary rules are inapplicable. His greatness is seen most distinctly in this, that he could be taken out of himself by the fire and sensibility of his genius, till he lived in the life of the nation and became the spokesman of a whole people. To his imagination the war had appeared as a Titanic conflict between two great forces, as though heaven had entered into a contest with earth, when Freedom and Slavery became the contestants for the possession of American nationality. What he had watched in its incipient stages, as a student in the Virginia seminary, he was now to behold in its final act, when the awful tragedy of the drama should close in a manner to justify and consecrate anew every principle which he held most sacred. It was God directly appearing on the stage of human affairs, an overpowering revelation of the divine will.

When the end came at last, it seemed to come suddenly and by divine intervention. Yet events had been moving fast in this direction. On February 20 had come the news of the taking of Columbia, S. C. This had been followed, on February 21, by the news of the evacuation of Charleston. On the 22d of February, Washington's Birthday, Fort Sumter had been retaken. Then there was a pause, while General Grant, with an army larger than ever before had been marshalled in human history, confronted the stronghold of the Southern Confederacy. It was on Monday, April 3, that the Union troops entered the city of Richmond. On the night of the fall of Richmond, his young friend Franks, who was staying with Mr. Brooks, remembers how he said before retiring, "Let us kneel down and pray." It was the impromptu thanksgiving of one who was surprised in his joy. On the next day, Tuesday, April 4, there was a meeting of the citizens of Philadelphia in front of Independence Hall, where Phillips Brooks made the prayer. Among his papers is found a rough draft, which may correspond in some measure with the actual utterance.

O Almighty God, the Sovereign Commander of all the world, in whose hands is power and might which none is able to withstand: we bless and praise, we laud and magnify, Thy glorious name.

We praise Thee, O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord. All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting.

We thank Thee, O God, for the power of Thy right arm which has broken for us a way, and set the banner of our Union in the central city of treason and rebellion. We thank Thee for the triumph of right over wrong. We thank Thee for the feet of loyal soldiers planted in the streets of wickedness. We thank Thee for the wisdom and bravery and devotion which thou hast anointed for Thy work and crowned to-day with glorious victory.

Thou hast led us, O our God, by wondrous ways. Thou hast opened the deep sea before us to pass through. Thou hast made the walls of our enemies to fall before us. Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name be the praise for Thy loving mercy and Thy truth's sake.

O God our Father, teach us the true spirit of thankfulness and praise. Not in mere exaltation, not in bitter and revengeful malice, not in mere pride and selfishness, but in a solemn reverence, in a profound humility, in an absorbing and controlling sense of Thee, may we bow down our glad heads and thank Thee for the triumph which Thou hast given to Thine own dear cause of Law and Truth, of Human Progress and Human Liberty. Glory! Glory to Thy name. May we stand still and hold in our breath and know that Thou hast done it.

And now, O God, we pray Thee to complete Thy work. Whatever yet remains to do, oh, do it for us. Thou who hast triumphed gloriously desert us not, complete Thy triumph. Pour yet more constancy and long-suffering into the hearts of Thy people. Clothe with new might the arms of our brave soldiers. Turn back rebellious hearts to their allegiance. And if new conflict must yet come, give, we beseech Thee, victory to our armies till the great work is done, and there is no longer a rebel or a slave in all our Land; till, in the perfect triumph of the right, peace shall come down, Thy peace, and rest upon us.

We intercede before Thee for the wounded and the suffering, for brave men bleeding in Thy cause, for captives in the hands of the enemy. Give them Thy strength and comfort. Stir up our hearts to help them. Be their God and friend. Come with Thy tenderest consolations to all the hearts that Thou hast wounded, into the homes that Thou hast broken. Lift all Thy people up, not only to noble action, but to patient suffering. Be the God of mercy as Thou art the God of strength.

We stand in the presence of this Victory, O Lord, and anew, deliberately and solemnly and to the end, we pledge ourselves to Thee. Take us, our strength, our means, our all, Us and our Land, for Thine. We dedicate the country Thou hast saved to a purer life, a more religious, unselfish patriotism, a deeper loyalty to the great kingship of Thy Son. Work out in her, by her, what purposes Thou wilt. She is not ours, but Thine, henceforth. We are Thy servants. Give us willing and patient hearts and hands till Thou shalt create in our country Thy chosen pattern of Christian Government and Christian Liberty, before the nations of the earth.

Father, we stand before Thee, and know not how to speak. Read Thou our hearts and see our thankfulness. Thou art our God, and we will praise Thee. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men. We look up into Thy face, O Thou who hast done great things for us, and beg Thee to hear our thanksgiving and to answer all our prayers for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Saviour and our Lord.

On Thursday, April 6, there was a flag-raising at the Divinity School, when "the beautiful flag," says the report, "was flung to the breeze by Mr. Frederick Brooks," and "the Rev. Phillips Brooks made a very eloquent speech." The following Sunday had been appointed as a day of thanksgiving by Governor Curtin. To the preparation of his sermon he now devoted himself.

Friday, April 7, 1865. Began sermon on Luke xix. 40 ["And he answered and said unto them, I tell you, that if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out"]. . . . Sheridan still pursuing Lee and has routed him terribly.

Saturday, April 8, 1865. A. M. Finished sermon for to-morrow.

Sunday, April 9, 1865. Next before Easter. Thanksgiving for victories. A. M., at Holy Trinity I read, and preached, Luke xix. 40. . . . Ten P. M., news arrived of surrender of Lee with his whole army to General Grant.

He referred in his sermon [says the newspaper report] to the recurrence of Palm Sunday in the Christian year, and of the triumphal entrance of Christ into Jerusalem, of the strewing of palms in his way, of the Pharisees asking that the disciples be restrained in their jubilations, and of Christ answering in the words of the text. . . . He hoped that all had come with hearts

of gratitude to God, and were ready to say, "Blessed be the Lord, for he hath shown us his marvellous kindness in a great city." . . . Men sang praises because they could not help it. Did you ever see anything so unprecedented as the joy that began in the morning (April 3) and continued long into nightfall? If on that day any Pharisee had asked that the joy should be stopped, we could have said, "If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out." And if the people here had failed to give utterance to their joyful feelings, there are hearts in the furthest corners of the earth which would rise up for joy at the great Christian triumph.

Thus he passed into Passion Week with its daily services. On Monday he records that he was "down town. Great excitement about the news." On Maundy Thursday, in the evening, there was the administration of the holy communion at the Church of the Holy Trinity. On Good Friday he preached from Matt. xxviii. 6,[1] and began the writing of his Easter sermon on the text John xii. 24.[2] Early in the morning of Saturday came the news of the great sorrow, which turned the jubilation into weeping.

Saturday, April 15, 1865. This morning we woke up to hear that Abraham Lincoln, the President of the United States, was murdered last night in Washington. The whole land is deep in sorrow, and there is nothing to do but to pray for help.

Saturday, April 15, 1865.

My dear William, — I cannot write to you to-day. I had hoped to write a jubilant letter for Victory and Easter, but though neither of these things is taken from us they are shadowed out of sight by this fearful news. May God help us to bear it.

Sunday, April 16, 1865. Easter Day. A sad Easter Day. A. M. I spoke to the Sunday-school of Mr. Lincoln. Then at church I read and spoke again of the President.

On this Easter Day the churches were draped in mourning. The Church of the Holy Trinity was the centre of attraction and was crowded to its utmost capacity, for there

[1] "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

[2] "He is not here: for he is risen as he said. Come see the place where the Lord lay."

was a general expectation that something would be said to meet the want of the people. The people were not mistaken, for in the heart of Phillips Brooks there had grown up unbounded admiration for the martyred President. He had not intended to speak, but his soul was full, and when he saw the waiting congregation and felt the expectation, he poured forth his thought and emotion in an address, of which there was the following report in the newspapers: —

My Friends, Easter Day is not what we expected it to be. We have not met this morning with that jubilant rejoicing of hearts for which there was no language but singing praises to God, such as we expected to bring here to-day; and yet I would not think, and I would not for one moment have you think, that any part of our Easter service, or any thought appropriate to Easter Day, is unfit for the solemn and sad associations which we bring into our church this morning. If ever we ought to thank God for Easter Day, it is to-day. If ever our whole hearts and souls ought to be in the spirit of Easter Day, it is this Easter Day above all others; for Easter celebrates the glorious victory through Christ of humanity over the grave. . . . Even when sadness is upon us heavy as it is to-day; when death in its most terrible personal form has come upon us; when death has dealt to us a most tremendous blow, do we not need the Easter Day of all days, — the story of how Christ, the martyr, conquered death and rose above it, and out of His resurrection hope came to all the world He had redeemed?

I confess that there is one thing which surprised me yesterday when I read in some of our papers that natural allusion which occurred to all men, to the correspondence between the day of the death of our martyred President and the day on which our Lord was crucified in our behalf, and I saw that the papers, almost with a tone of apology, spoke as if it were a lack of reverence to associate the two, as if there were some degradation to the dignity of Christ's nature when we took the day of his death and called it a fit day for one to lay down his life for a noble cause. I feel that if there were any day in all the year fit for martyrdom; if there were any day when one was to be a martyr for the cause he loved, might choose above all others, it would be that Friday which, with all the solemnity and sadness which hung about it to those who love their Lord and Master, the whole Christian world has risen up in its gratitude and called Good Friday. . . . For remember what Christ is. Christ was not

merely a God who stood above us; the very meaning of Christ's coming into this world is that He was a divinely human being in whom every high quality of man was shown forth in its perfection, so that all goodness thenceforth was to be but the copy of the life of Jesus Christ, the perfect man. If there has been any high heroism in the world, any triumph over evil and iniquity, it has been only a faint repetition of that great work which the Perfect Man did when He triumphed once for all over sin, in behalf of His redeemed world. If there has been any man setting himself earnestly against iniquity as he found it at his especial time and place, it has been only a rebound from that courage with which Christ set himself against the wickedness that was in the world at his time. And if so be that another Pontius Pilate, as weak as he, is made the agent of an iniquity as deep as that which brought the suffering Saviour to His death, and comes up and strikes at another man pure and good and true to some high object, shall we not say that the day is fit? Do we not know that God has done all things, even the least things that concern Him, well? And then when we pass from Good Friday into Easter Day, shall we say that there is no association when we see that same Christ, martyred for the sins of man, laying down his life meekly and humbly for a great and noble cause, after patiently suffering for it during his three years, rising gloriously from the grave and shedding thenceforth an influence which his mere personal presence would not have attained? And may we not derive example and inspiration from this new martyrdom and look forward to the resurrection that is promised out of it? Thus take, my dear friends, everything out of the parable of those old times, and without a fear of irreverence (feeling that it is the most reverent thing that we can do) apply it to this trial in the midst of which we live, and make it a lesson which shall be the solemnizing strength of all our lives, that henceforth we may be worthy of having lived in the time, and seen the life and death of Abraham Lincoln.

Of that man it is not time now to speak. We are met to-day not to eulogize the dead, but simply to pour out our tears before the Living God in company with the living. We are met not as those who meet in an assemblage to praise some great man of the world. We are met like children who gather round the hearth-stone the night their father dies, to tell one another how they loved him, and how they mourn his loss. We are met with a distinctive personal feeling that every one of us has suffered in the loss, not merely of a President who ruled in the interests of our State, but of a man who was to us a friend. If anything struck us as we walked the streets yesterday, it was not the mere solemnity which

realized an awful national loss; we also felt how near home that loss had come.

When the character of Abraham Lincoln comes to be gathered up, it seems to me that this is what shall be said of him, that of all the men who have ever lived in these United States, and come forth into prominence before the world, he was the man most distinctly and in the best and truest sense an American; and he is to stand so before the nations in coming time. . . . In him was represented the majesty of those simplest virtues which all mankind honor and admire, and which so few men are inclined to cultivate and praise by the personal practice of their own lives. . . . His moral character, too, as distinguished above the intellectual, is beginning to be appreciated. . . . If there were anything in this man which shone forth conspicuously to his honor, it was the instinctive love of truth which was in him. Here was a man who had stood before the world, a most searching world, at a singularly eventful period, and up to the day when he laid down his life for the truth . . . he spoke the words which his nature urged him to speak. Bravely and boldly he told it, no matter how men might differ with him or seek to dissuade him. . . . The sublime independence of this man . . . led him to go forward as fast as his conscience drove him and not faster because others would drag him forward. . . . We knew that we had a true man to rely upon. Where shall we find another that shall take his place? The earnestness with which he rebuked the old conservatism and the vast radicalism of our time at once — the noble independence with which he came forward, and in the face of all men stooped down and took up the quivering slave . . . and said, "My brother, my poor brother, I and my people will protect you." . . .

Shall I say more? Yes, there is more to say, for when we speak of the truth and independence of such a man, they are only vestibules to that higher quality, his reverent fear of God. I believe from my heart that if there be a man who has left on record that he was a Christian man, a servant and follower of Jesus Christ, it is he who lies dead in the coffin to-day. What are the evidences of the service of Christ? If they be a constant submission to His will, an habitual reverence to His authority, an eye that always looks up in danger for deliverance, and looks up in success for thankfulness, an eye that always seeks out a guidance which is not of man but of God, which is always ready to be led and is always afraid of going beyond the commands of a Higher Voice — if this constitutes a Christian character, all this there was in him. We rejoice in the hope not merely of a noble

influence for our country, but of a glorious resurrection and an eternal life for him whom we have revered as a father and loved more than we could love any human friend. . . .

Dear Friends, I would that I might speak one word to that class in this congregation with whom my sympathies are always deepest, — the young men of this people. Abraham Lincoln has been the noblest type of American character. Abraham Lincoln must be your example and mine, and something of his character must be reproduced in us, or we shall be unworthy of our times. I go about our city and I shudder (when I think of such a man as he) at the frivolous, weak, and inefficient lives our young men lead. I see them mere dawdlers in society. I see them spending their time like mere babies, when there is a man's work to be done. I see them trifling, when God has imposed a responsibility that reaches every man. Dear friends, young men of this congregation, of Holy Trinity, of this city, of this land, we need to be girded up, every one of us, to a more earnest fulfilment of whatever special work God has given us to do. . . . Shall we not pledge ourselves, by the side of this earnest man's grave, to a new earnestness and a more reverent cultivation of the love of man in the fear of God until we die? . . .

On Easter Monday, the day after this address was delivered, there was a meeting of the Union League, which Mr. Brooks opened with prayer. Again he gave expression to a full heart in a burst of thanksgiving to God for the life and character of Lincoln: —

We thank Thee that thou didst put into the hearts of this people to choose such a man, so full of goodness and truth and faithfulness, of patience, serenity, and composure, of such wisdom to perceive the truth and such steadfastness to do it; for the earnestness with which he laid hold upon the great purpose before him, and the calm and wise perseverance with which he followed it. . . . We pledge ourselves anew to Thy service. Hold us up until the great end of Thy Providence be fulfilled, until all the wrong that has cursed our land be righted and the iniquity of our fathers be done away.

This service at the Union League was at twelve o'clock. At one o'clock there was a meeting of the women of Philadelphia in Concert Hall, to grieve over the national loss. "It was perhaps," says the report of its proceedings, "the

most extraordinary meeting ever held in this city. The audience was composed entirely of ladies, and the subdued sound of a kid-gloved applause had a peculiar effect." To this meeting came also Phillips Brooks, and this was the substance of his remarks: "God allowed Abraham Lincoln to stay until he stood at the grave of slavery. God allowed him to stand and look on the land and not see a black face which was not radiant with freedom. Slavery had been blotted out before God called him to his rest. It is for this that we have cause to thank God for Abraham Lincoln. Now the women of America have a duty to perform. They can by their influence shut out from social intercourse those who palliate the great crime of the century. Another thing can be done by women. Never before had we witnessed such frivolities and extravagances as during the last winter. If from this day forth they do not resolve to stop this, it had been better we had not met, and the great loss we have suffered will be in vain."

Wednesday, April 19, 1865. The whole city in mourning for President Lincoln's funeral. Service in church at the hour of the Funeral, twelve M.

Friday, April 21, 1865. Began sermon on Ps. lxxviii. 71–73: "He chose David also his servant, and took him away from the sheepfolds: . . . that he might feed Jacob his people, and Israel his inheritance. So he fed them with a faithful and true heart, and ruled them prudently with all his power."

Saturday, April 22, 1865. A. M. Finished sermon on the Character, Life, and Death of Mr. Lincoln. P. M. President Lincoln's remains arrived from Washington, and will lie in Independence Hall all day to-morrow. I went down with the Union League when the body was received, and saw it.

The sermon which was preached on the first Sunday after Easter, April 23, on the character of Mr. Lincoln, was at once published by request, and must rank among his great sermons. The same unbounded enthusiasm which had inspired his address on Lincoln the Sunday before is also apparent here; but things hinted at then in broken sentences are here developed. The sermon is now chiefly important in this connection as forming a chapter in the biography of

Phillips Brooks himself. It is full of self-revelation. No man can study the life of another, as he was studying the life of Lincoln, and especially no man can admire as he admired, in gratitude and reverence and love, without being influenced by the model he had chosen. Among the forces which combined to mould the life of Phillips Brooks, a prominent place must be assigned to the character and the career of the great martyr of the civil war. In the formative moment when one is receiving deep and lasting impressions, Lincoln became to him the typical ideal of a man and of an American. His faith in humanity was quickened and deepened by the conviction that he had seen and known in his own age a man who would stand on the heights of human greatness.

The sermon also indicates a change, a forward step in the development of Phillips Brooks. He was now beginning to pass out of the youthful worship of the intellect as the highest quality in man. That worship had attended his way through college, through seminary, through the earlier years of his ministry. It would still require many years before it would cease to control his character. Yet even when he was making his preparatory studies at Alexandria, he had been confronted with the question of the hidden relationship between the intellect and the will, or how ideas could be made effective in the development of moral character. When Lincoln died, the question was on the lips of many, who were forecasting the estimate to be made of him by posterity, whether or not he were an intellectual man, or whether his greatness were not exclusively in the moral sphere. There was a certain tone of resentment in Phillips Brooks's soul that such an issue should be raised. Already he had begun to see the solution of what was his own life problem. The following passage deserves to be quoted, for it has an autobiographic quality: —

> As to the moral and mental powers which distinguish him, all embraceable under this general description of clearness or truth, the most remarkable thing is the way in which they blend with one another, so that it is next to impossible to examine them in separation. A great many people have discussed very crudely

whether Abraham Lincoln was an intellectual man or not; as if intellect were a thing always of the same sort, which you could precipitate from the other constituents of a man's nature and weigh by itself, and compare by pounds and ounces with this man in another. The fact is that in all the simplest characters the line between the mental and moral natures is always vague and indistinct. They run together, and in their best combination you are unable to discriminate, in the wisdom which is their result, how much is moral and how much is intellectual. You are unable to tell whether, in the wise acts and words which issue from such a life, there is more of the righteousness that comes of a clear conscience or of the sagacity that comes of a clear brain. In more complex characters and under more complex conditions the moral and the mental lives come to be less healthily combined. They coöperate and help each other less. They come more to stand over against each other as antagonists; till we have that vague but most melancholy notion which pervades the life of all elaborate civilization, that goodness and greatness, as we call them, are not to be looked for together; till we expect to see, and do see, a feeble and narrow conscientiousness on the one hand and a bad, unprincipled intelligence on the other, dividing the suffrages of men.

It is the great boon of such characters as Mr. Lincoln's that they reunite what God has joined together and what man has put asunder. In him was vindicated the greatness of real goodness and the goodness of real greatness. The twain were one flesh. Not one of all the multitudes who stood and looked up to him for direction, with such loving and implicit trust, can tell you to-day whether the wise judgments that he gave came most from a wise head or a sound heart. If you ask them they are puzzled. There are men as good as he, but they do bad things; there are men as intelligent as he, but they do foolish things. In him goodness and intelligence combined and made their best result of wisdom. For perfect truth consists not merely in the right constituents of character, but in their right and intimate conjunction. The union of the mental and moral into a life of admirable simplicity is what we most admire in children, but in them it is unsettled and unpractical. But when it is preserved into a manhood, deepened into reliability and maturity, it is that glorified childlikeness, that high and revered simplicity, which shames and baffles the most accomplished astuteness, and is chosen by God to fill his purposes when He needs a ruler for His people of faithful and true heart such as he had who was our President.

There is in these words a description of Phillips Brooks

himself, — his own answer to the question raised concerning him after he, too, had passed away, how far his greatness was intellectual. His description of Mr. Lincoln was the forecasting of the ideal he himself was to fulfil. It should therefore be borne in mind; it will recur again in the course of his biography and in even more impressive relations. For the rest as concerns his estimate of Lincoln, the sermon is in print and has been widely disseminated. It calls therefore for no summary or analysis. He touched the subject of the origin of the civil war, asking whether the Northern abolitionists were right or wrong, whether they did harm or good. He replies that the issue was an inevitable one, the conflict between two different types of civilization, two divergent natures, long advancing to an encounter, meeting at last, and a whole country yet trembling with the shock to bear witness how terrible the meeting was. But he separates himself from the ranks of extreme reformers, known as abolitionists, placing himself with Mr. Lincoln among the great mass of the people who caught the spirit of opposition to slavery and asserted it firmly, though in more moderate degree and method.

The funeral procession of Mr. Lincoln reached New York on the 24th of April, and Phillips Brooks was there the whole of the next day to witness the repetition on a still larger scale of what he had seen in Philadelphia. He could not have stayed away; he was bent on reading the message of the hour; an immense concourse of people moved by one common impulse such as this was an irresistible fascination. From his father came an account of the occasion in Boston. He, too, had been so deeply moved that he could only call out to his son, "Oh, my dear son, where are we now! I am too heartsick to write." Writing of the recognition of the sad event in Boston, he says: —

> A solemn day. I have never seen one here more so. I went into the Exchange in the morning; the room was full, but all was hushed and still, where generally we find noise and bustle. So it was everywhere; the streets were full all day, but all quiet

and subdued. The attendance at the churches was good. The Bishop gave us a very good address with other services, minute guns were fired, bells were tolled, and with a meeting for prayer and addresses on the Common the day closed. A more general closing of stores I have never seen, even more so than on Sunday.

Saturday, April 29, 1865.

Dear William, — I know how neglectful I have seemed to you all in having written so little through these last weeks when we have all been feeling so much, — the most intense weeks probably that we shall ever be called to live. The fact is I have not been fit to write. The excitement has made me good for nothing for work, and yet I have had more work to do than at almost any other time that I remember. I wish you would say to Father that I am really not ungrateful for the letters he has written me, and will write to him just as soon as I can. So Johnston has surrendered to Sherman, and the Government wants no more soldiers or forts, and the war is over. It is a splendid thing to be sure of that, but how different our feeling is from what we expected it to be. There is just as much thankfulness and gladness, I believe, but how much less of exhilaration and jubilation. The frightful Death has taught the whole country to rejoice soberly and solemnly. I am glad Booth was overtaken, though his life or death was of no very great consequence in the future, and I think the death he died was about as fit as any that could have been devised. I think we shall learn very strange things from some of his accomplices before we get through. As to Mr. Lincoln, who would ask for himself a nobler life or a nobler death? We surely can rejoice and thank God for him. I have thought so constantly about him for the last two weeks that I feel as if he were an old and close friend, and can hardly realize that I never fairly saw him satisfactorily. His procession here a week ago to-day was very fine, — fine in the genuine and general feeling which it showed of personal sorrow for his loss. When it is printed I will send you the sermon that was preached in our church on the Sunday while he was lying in Independence Hall. Last Monday I went on to New York, partly to see the great funeral procession, partly to get a day's respite from parish work. I came back again on Tuesday. It was a splendid sight. I wish I could have met you there. Fred has come back, and we are glad to see him. He is in good clothes and in good spirits, and seems hard at work again. He is doing first-rate, and seems to be at the head of the seminary. In a little more than a year now he will be preaching. Our Confirmation comes two weeks

from to-morrow, and I am very busy getting ready for it. I have a very interesting class, and except that I have a lot of other things to worry and bother me all the time I should enjoy it very much. I am beginning to look forward with a good deal of longing to my summer holiday. I had a letter the other day from Mr. Patrick Grant, asking me to preach at Nahant, which I have declined.

With the sermon on Lincoln, his father was greatly pleased, sending on five dollars with the request that the money's worth in copies of it be sent to him. These were distributed to influential centres in Boston. His mother during these eventful days was silent. She sent on word to Phillips that she could not write. What she thought we know, — it was to her a manifestation of God, His will and not man's throughout. But everything that happened sent her back upon the great irreparable loss of her son, whom God had demanded in sacrifice. She thought of him as having gone up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. She did not write, but she pondered these things in her heart. Once she broke the silence because Phillips had written, asking why he had no letters from her: —

BOSTON, March 15, 1865.

MY DEAREST PHILLY, — I was delighted to get your letter, and will gladly comply with your request to answer it. I am fully aware of my long silence, but, my dear boy, it is *not neglect;* that is the last sin I shall ever commit towards *you* or any of my children.

And I know, too, how I used to write to you at the Seminary, but, Philly, things are all changed now. I cannot write letters now that are worth answering, and therefore I hate to tax any one to answer them. My thoughts are *all dead.* Sometimes I really feel that nothing but the Mother's love remains in me. That will never cease, for the dead or the living. And, Philly, often now, truly I don't feel *equal* to writing to you. You have got *before* me now, and this is the course in all nature. The old stalk is good for nothing after it has yielded its fruit. Just so it is with you and me. My work is done, and I am perfectly willing to have it so when the fruit so far excels the parent stock. Now, Philly, I feel all this, and this is one reason, I suppose, I do not write often.

At the same time I allow no position nor powers nor learning

can alter the relation of parent and child. That shall remain dear, precious, holy, invaluable, forever to both of us. And I thank you and love you, dear Philly, for placing such a value on the old stock when it has become such a useless thing. . . .

Don't you think you may give us another flying visit after Lent? Your last did us good and was a bright spot in our winter life. I am very glad you think Fred may come on. We miss all our absent ones sadly; it changes the good old-fashioned home, though the three remaining act their part well to the old folks at home. I always think a great deal of you in Lent; it is pleasant to think we are enjoying it together. It rejoices my heart, Philly, that you are so interested and faithful in your work. You well deserve to feel the satisfaction that you have fully gratified the highest wishes and honest pride of your humble and grateful MOTHER.

There must have been some reaction in Mr. Brooks after the high tension and exaltation of spirit connected with his part in the death of Lincoln. He shows the signs of weariness. Thus he began his sermon as usual on April 27 (Friday), but on the next day he says, "Tried to finish sermon, but with no success." He was holding meetings for the preparation of his class for Confirmation. Other things of an exceedingly trying character were annoying him to the last degree. But he kept to his work as usual, the sermon-writing and the visiting, and to the studies, which he still continued. On the fourth Sunday after Easter, May 14, came the Confirmation, when eighty-one candidates were presented, to whom he made the address, as the bishop was ill. On May 23 he was in Washington with Cooper and Strong, where he spent the whole day in seeing the great review of the Army of the Potomac, before it finally disbanded and the soldiers returned to their homes. Then came the annual Diocesan Convention. He preached the Baccalaureate Sermon before the University of Pennsylvania on Sunday, the 28th of May. He writes to his brother: —

May 29, 1865.

. . . I was very busy all day Saturday, preparing a sermon which I preached last night as the Baccalaureate of the graduating class of the University of Pennsylvania.

By the way, I had a letter the other day from Professor Child

at Cambridge, inviting me to make a prayer at the Commemoration of the Harvard Soldiers at Harvard on the 21st of July. I wrote accepting. It will be a great time, I expect. There is to be a Freedmen's meeting at Music Hall on Thursday evening, at which I hoped to be present, but it comes on Fast Day and I must be at home. I hope you 'll go and be sufficiently interested. I went to Washington last week for one day of the Review. It was a splendid and most touching sight. Fred went down for the second day, and seemed to enjoy it very much. I did n't meet him there, for I had to hurry home for the Diocesan Convention which met on Wednesday. We had a very good Convention; appointed Loyal Delegates to General Convention (which I see Massachusetts did n't) and divided our big Diocese into two.

I want to see the house in its new dress. You must be very fine. I hope to get among you about the middle of July. I mean to leave here a little later, and so get back a little later than usual.

So Kirby Smith has surrendered, and the war is finally over. How hard it is to feel it. These four years are drifting back into History, and we are understanding them better than ever before. Surely none of those who have given their lives could have asked a more complete consummation than we have reached.

It was one of the strange vicissitudes of the war that when the long agony was over, instead of keeping festival of thanksgiving, the nation was called by the proclamation of Mr. Johnson, Lincoln's successor, to a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer. The sense of loss in the death of Lincoln was uppermost in the national consciousness, and the national mourning on the first day of June was wide and deep. Mr. Brooks came once more to the study of Lincoln's life and character. He preached no sermon, but read to his congregation selections from Lincoln's immortal speeches, interspersed with remarks of his own, — the whole constituting an epitome of the war, with Lincoln's words as the commentary on its meaning. Throughout the service Lincoln was speaking, — in his farewell address to the people of Springfield when he invoked the people's prayers, in the Emancipation Proclamation, the address at Gettysburg, and finally the pathetic second inaugural. Mr. Brooks connected each of these great utterances with a few preparatory words

of his own, concluding the services with the reading of Lincoln's favorite poem, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" — a poem of no very high order of merit in itself, but from its associations with the great martyr, and as expressing the inward sadness which was his predominant mood as he looked out on the world of human life, it became "the accompaniment of the Dead March wailing in the people's ears."

The year of parish work which had begun with September, 1864, was now drawing to its close. The congregation of the Church of the Holy Trinity were beginning to disperse for the summer. To Mr. Brooks the approach of the summer brought with it a determination which must have been long maturing in his mind, although no mention is made of it in his letters, — the plan of spending a year in foreign travel. There was no sign of physical exhaustion, but he needed some marked and prolonged change after what he had been through, before he could resume the ordinary tenor of his ministry. Without some such break in his life, with the opportunity for reflection and of calm subsidence into his real and deeper self, there may have been the possibility of his being diverted from the work of the preacher into the rôle of a social or political reformer. His request for a year's absence from his parish was granted at once by his devoted vestry, together with the generous gift of the continuance of his salary while he was away. With this expectation in view, of seeing and knowing his world with his own eyes, of realizing in actual vision the scenes on which he had lived in imagination since his boyhood, his spirit revived, and the great healthy process of restoration to the normal order of life began. To his family his plan of going abroad was an important incident.

I cannot resist telling you [writes his father] how much pleased we are with your determination. I rejoice that you feel you are in situation to do it, and I know it will be time well spent; but how we shall miss you! — a whole year! You don't say the church has granted it, but I suppose you know about that. How I shall envy you, as I do every one that goes; but that cherished

wish of my heart must now be given up. You do right to go when you are young and unencumbered. Let us see as much of you as you can before you go. It is a good time to go and you will enjoy it. Can't you find some good friend to go with you?

Mother is much gratified that you can go, but she fears the danger. She will write you in a day or two. We shall think of you in your preparations, and if we can assist you in any way let us know. Our blessing will go with you. We will talk it over when we meet.

One function remained to be performed before leaving Philadelphia. On June 22 he preached the sermon at the annual Commencement of the Divinity School. His text was from 2 Corinthians v. 18: "All things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation." The sermon left a deep, unusual impression on all who heard it, evinced by the many reports of it furnished to the newspapers. The subject was much in his mind at the time, — the reconciliation of humanity to God which had been wrought by Christ. It was also very much in the air, as we say, in circles where theological issues are discussed. Bushnell's work on the Vicarious Atonement had appeared not long before, giving rise to much discussion. The subject will be alluded to again, but here it may be said that the sermon of Mr. Brooks satisfied the leaders and representatives of the Evangelical school, who were gathered together on what was a representative occasion. The burden of his sermon was that all the power came from God in the work of reconciliation and conversion, not from man or by man. The preacher's part was to announce the message, to point out the way to God, but the work itself was of God alone — through Christ. After the sermon, as he records in his diary, he dined with Dr. Vinton and Dr. Dyer, at Mr. Cooper's. During the few remaining days he was engaged in packing up his books and moving his furniture. He went to a reception given to General Grant. On Sunday, the 9th of July, he gave a farewell sermon to his congregation.

Allusion has already been made to an invitation given him

by Harvard College to make the prayer at the coming Commemoration Day, when the sons of Harvard who had died in the war were to be remembered. The invitation had been pressed upon him by his former teacher at Harvard, the late Professor Francis J. Child, who among all his teachers must have discerned most clearly in him the signs of coming greatness while he was yet an undergraduate. Professor Child had also followed the work of Mr. Brooks in the cause of the freedmen, in which he himself also was greatly interested. He had been disappointed in not hearing him once in New York, when there had been a vast assemblage with distinguished speakers, and Mr. Brooks had been unable to go. He had urged him to make up for this disappointment by giving a speech in Boston on the 1st of June at Music Hall in conjunction with Governor Andrew and others, when Mr. Brooks had again been compelled to decline. Now he urged him to let nothing prevent his attendance in Cambridge at the Commemoration of the Harvard soldiers.

The day fixed for the ceremony was Friday, the 21st of July, and it was intended that it should be a great day in Harvard annals. All the glory and strength of New England should be represented there, the sons of Harvard from far and near, and her most distinguished representatives. Those who had won fame in literature were to contribute of their best to glorify the hour. Original poems were to be read by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, by Ralph Waldo Emerson, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, and by James Russell Lowell. A great company of returned Union soldiers were to be there to receive a greeting, and in the remembrance of those who had gone forth to return no more, the deep emotions would be stirred which the living feel when contemplating the valor and the sacrifice of the patriotic dead.

The day was fine, although exceedingly warm, and a very large number of people assembled in and around the college grounds to witness the formation and march of the procession. Massachusetts, Harvard, and University halls were handsomely decorated in front with flags, bunting, and shields, and flags were displayed from several other university buildings.

At ten o'clock the graduates and undergraduates and invited guests assembled at Gore Hall, and formed in procession which moved at eleven o'clock in the following order: —

Gilmore's Band.
Chief Marshal of the day, Colonel Henry Lee, Jr., and Aids.
His Excellency the Governor, and the President of Harvard College.
The Chaplains of the day.
Invited Guests.
Vice-President of the day.
Committee of Arrangements.
Students of Harvard who served during the war in the Army or Navy, in the order of their classes.
Students of the College who have not served during the war.

On passing out of the hall the first portion of the procession passed through the opened ranks of the civil alumni amid great cheering.

The procession, after making a tour of the college grounds, marched to the Unitarian Church, the galleries and side pews of which were densely crowded with ladies and gentlemen. As the long array of heroes passed up the central aisle, the audience showered upon them repeated applause. Brigadier-General Bartlett, particularly, was greeted with tumultuous cheering as he ascended the platform.

Hon. Charles G. Loring presided, and the services began with the singing of Luther's psalm, "A mighty fortress is our God," by a select choir under the direction of Mr. J. K. Paine. Rev. Dr. Walker, ex-President of the College, then read selections from Scripture, after which a portion of the requiem by Cherubini was sung by the choir.

After prayer had been offered by the Rev. Phillips Brooks, the hymn written by Robert Lowell, Esq., was sung by the congregation to the tune of Old Hundred. Rev. Dr. George Putnam of Roxbury was then introduced, and delivered the address.

A pavilion was erected on the lawn in the rear of Harvard Hall, where dinner was served at three o'clock, thirteen hundred guests taking their seats. Among the distinguished guests were Generals Meade and Barlow. Among the guests who were alumni, or had been connected with the College, were Major-Generals Barlow, Force, Devens, Paine, Hayes, and Loring; Brigadier-Generals Bartlett, Eustis, Sargent, Ames, Walcott, Stevens; Colonels Higginson, Savage, Palfrey, Crowninshield, Russell, Huidekoper, and many others. Remarks were made by

General Barlow, General Devens, Governor Andrew, and President Hill. "Fair Harvard" was played. Poems were read by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, R. W. Emerson, Dr. O. W. Holmes; and James Russell Lowell read his famous Commemoration Ode.[1]

It is a most rare event when a man appears who can utter the word which a great moment demands. Such an event it had been when Lincoln made his address at Gettysburg. Processions, a rich ceremonial, high dignitaries, the badges of office and distinction, elaborate and fitting music, the vast crowds in waiting attendance, great orations, great poems, these contribute, but these all may fail to come up to the expectation of the human soul. We do not know that they have been inadequate until the one word is spoken. And such a word it was given to Phillips Brooks to speak. When the prayer was over, the people turned and looked at one another.

"That prayer! O that prayer!" These were the words I heard as I reëntered the college grounds [says one who was present]. It was given by the Rev. Phillips Brooks, a graduate of Harvard, ten years previous, now an Episcopal clergyman of Philadelphia. As he stood in all the majestic beauty with which he is endowed by favoring nature, he stood, to mortal eye, confessed of hosts the leader and of princes the king. . . . One would rather have been able to pray that prayer than to lead an army or conduct a state. . . . It is not too much to say that that prayer was the crowning grace of the Commemoration.

Colonel T. W. Higginson told me [says the Rev. C. A. L. Richards] that when he saw the name of Mr. Brooks on the programme, he wondered why a young man of whom he had never heard should be so chosen. He put himself in a mood of endurance through what he regarded as a dull formality. But with the first sentence from those burning lips, his attitude changed. He found himself listening breathless. He felt that he had never heard living prayer before; that here was a man talking straight into the face, into the heart, of God. When the "Amen" came, it seemed to him that the occasion was over, that the harmonies of the music had been anticipated, that the poem had been read and the oration already uttered, that after such a prayer every other exercise might well be dispensed with.

[1] Extract from the *Boston Advertiser*, July 22, 1865.

All the circumstances connected with the event [writes Dr. William R. Huntington, rector of Grace Church, New York] have faded from my memory. All that I discern as I look into that holy blessed mirror is the image of Brooks, standing in his black gown in the pulpit of the old Harvard Square Church where Commencement Exercises were wont in those days to be held, his great head thrown back, his face looking as if it might be Stephen's, while there went forth from his lips a fiery stream of thanksgiving and supplication the like of which I never knew. I remember where I was sitting in the crowded north gallery, and I remember Brooks, and I remember my pride in him — these three, the place, the man, and the pride, are all that I remember.

The late Colonel Henry Lee, who was Chief Marshal of the occasion, nearly thirty years afterwards recalled the impression made on him, and sent these words to Mr. Brooks: —

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

How few words are fitly spoken; and those few abide in the memories and sink into the hearts of all who hear them.

In our day Emerson has delighted and instructed men by such pregnant words.

A few words uttered by Abraham Lincoln on the field of Gettysburg and in his last inaugural warmed the hearts of men in two hemispheres to that man of sorrows, and made the whole world kin.

In the annals of our College, there is a red-letter day, Commemoration Day; when after years, haggard with anxiety, the mother welcomed back the remnant of her children who had escaped "the pestilence that walketh in darkness, the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

On that day words seemed powerless; they did not vent the overflowing of sympathy and gratitude all felt.

But in the exercises came a prayer, a brief prayer of a few minutes, of one inspired to pour forth the thanksgiving of the assembled brethren.

From that moment the name of that inspired young man, till then unknown, became a household word.[1]

These comments imply that Mr. Brooks was still unknown to Boston and to Harvard when he came to Commemoration Day. This was true; but it was also true that he was chosen

[1] Proceedings of Mass. Hist. Soc. 2d Series, vol. viii., 1892–1894, p. 82.

because he *was* known through his patriotic utterances in Philadelphia, and well known also to many of the Harvard youth who went to the war. But now he became known in another way. In speaking before God, he had spoken to the heart of an audience which stood for all that was eminent in the social and intellectual life of the country. "It was the most impressive utterance," says President Eliot, "of a proud and happy day. Even Lowell's Commemoration Ode did not at the moment so touch the hearts of his hearers; that one spontaneous and intimate expression of Brooks's noble spirit convinced all Harvard men that a young prophet had risen up in Israel."

Of this prayer it must be further said that no record of it remains. People were too much carried away to take notes for preservation. Its glowing sentences have been forgotten. In Mr. Brooks's papers no trace of it is found, — a thing most unusual, for he generally left in writing some signs of the movement of his spirit. It is vain to try to reconstruct it. To some minds it may seem inappropriate to comment on the eloquence of a prayer to God. But there are different kinds of prayer. There is the terse petition of the Latin collect, where the rich abundance of words is condemned as inappropriate or irreverent. But there is another, an older and larger conception of prayer, where it does not seem inapt to offer to God the gift of human oratory. If music and art may be consecrated offerings to Deity, so also may the gift of eloquent speech. The Puritans had revived this form of prayer first seen in ancient Christian liturgies, where the officiant speaks to God, recounting his deeds, telling Him the things that He knows. If it be thought unfit to tell to God what He knows, it would be more unfitting to seek to tell Him the things He does not know. One cannot think then of this eloquent prayer, this memorable outburst of inspired oratory, without recalling the long line of Puritan ministers in Mr. Brooks's ancestry. They had contributed from afar some preparation for such a personality. Their descendant was following in their steps, but so transfigured the Puritan prayer as to make it a new creation. It was

what the Germans call the *Andacht*, where, when the most impressive form of human utterance is desired, and the oration and the poem fail in the surging of the tide of human emotions, the orator turns to the living God, who alone sees and knows things as they are, to whom it is becoming to say things which otherwise the presence of no audience would justify. The highest reach of human eloquence is only attainable in prayer.

In the diary of Mr. Brooks is found this brief entry: "Friday, July 21, 1865. Commemoration Day at Cambridge. I made a prayer at the services in the morning. P. M., banquet in a tent on the college grounds." He is known to have made one other allusion to it, saying to his friend Rev. James P. Franks of Salem that what touched him most was Senator Sumner's thanking him for it with tears in his eyes. But others must speak of it when he did not. Such an impression could not have been created, such a prayer could not have been made, if behind it there had not been a great soul and a great and sore experience. Other men also identified themselves with a sacred cause, and went out of themselves and lost themselves in order to a fuller life. He did it also, and if in greater degree it was partly because his spirit was moulded on a greater pattern. The war left him a larger man and a different man from what he was before. Henceforth he was no longer his own, but had been bought with a price. He had made the sacrifice of himself, — a confessor though not a martyr. Into that sacrifice he had poured freely all that he most valued, all that made life dear, and a thing to be desired. He did not himself know, he did not realize, the depth or the extent of his self-abnegation. The changes and the chances of life went over him at a critical hour, when he was absorbed in a supreme issue, and could only find himself by losing himself for God, for his country, for freedom and humanity. He had the compensations which belong to the confessor for a sublime cause, — the world's honor and love, its reverent care and undying gratitude. For the world knows and loves its benefactors. To that world which he now also loved and took to his heart

he was henceforth to give himself still more unstintingly till life was done.

After Commemoration Day at Harvard, only a brief time elapsed before he sailed for Europe, where he was to make his first entrance into the Old World, and to make that also his own, as would be apparent in later years. The days were spent in preparation for his departure, and for the rest in the usual manner when at home. Evidence of excitement over what is before him is shown in the neglect of his diary, which is now irregularly kept. On the 23d of July he was at Newport for a short visit, staying with parishioners, and preaching in All Saints' Chapel. There are allusions to bathing and riding, and to playing croquet while he was there. It was hard for his mother to part with him for a year's absence, but she gave him her blessing on his purpose: —

I do not wonder that you want so much to go, nor that you feel so happy about it. I am very glad that you have the chance while you are young and unshackled. I shall enjoy it all for you. I do not blame any young man for wanting to see all of his world and all of human nature that he can. And most of all I do not wonder that you want to see the *Holy Land*, which sight you know I have always longed for. Would I could go with you there. . . . And so for my own feelings, dear Philly, I promise to behave as well as I can. But I shall miss you, I shall long for you, I shall think, and think, and think, about you, and I know sometimes I shall be anxious about you; for I have said good-by to one dear boy, and it makes me tremble. But I will try to feel and act right about it, for I would not throw the shadow of a cloud upon the happiness before you. Day and night will I pray that God will restore you to us in safety. But one thing, my dear child, I do say, — I *could not* let you go if you were not a Christian. Thank God you are; and I rejoice to feel that the dear Saviour whom you have loved and served so faithfully here will go with you, will be your nearest and best friend, and in all your dangers and exposures may He be sensibly present with you. . . .

Your dear and affectionate MOTHER.

It was not easy for the congregation of the Church of the Holy Trinity nor for the people in Philadelphia to part,

even if it were only for a year, with one who had so strangely and powerfully made himself felt among them.

> We understand [said the editor of a Philadelphia church paper] that the rector of Holy Trinity in this city expects to sail for Europe in a few days to spend a year in Europe and the East. Mr. Brooks's great congregation and numerous friends, and the church at large, are reluctant to miss for so long a period his singularly powerful, attractive, and edifying ministrations. We remember no instance in which so young a man has built up so high and solid a reputation in our church by means so purely legitimate and so utterly void of extraneous influences and sensational appliances. Respected no less than admired, honored as well as beloved, for his fidelity, his fine gifts, his outspoken manliness, . . . his genuine eloquence of a soul alive and glowing with holy principles and noble emotions, he will go accompanied with the prayers of thousands for his happy journeying and his safe return.

On Monday, August 7, Mr. Brooks left Boston for New York accompanied by his father and his elder brother. There they met Mr. Lemuel Coffin, his faithful friend from Philadelphia, who had come to say farewell at the ship. On Wednesday morning he sailed in the steamer Scotia of the Cunard Line for England.

CHAPTER XVII

1865–1866

THE YEAR ABROAD

THE VOYAGE

I SAILED from New York for Europe, in the British Mail Steamship Scotia (Captain Judkins), at half past nine on the morning of Wednesday, August 9, 1865. We landed at Queenstown, Ireland, on the morning of Friday, the 18th of August, at four o'clock.

If everybody who goes to Europe could look back on such a voyage as we had, Europe would needs be very great to be worthy of such an admission to it. The entrance way so glorious demands a very glorious structure. I shall never forget those still, long summer days, steeped full of the sunshine, when with nothing to do, all care and responsibility of necessity suspended, we just lived and looked and learned to love the sea for its greatness and gentleness, for a certain large, calm beauty which took nothing from its grandeur. We had no storms, and only two foggy nights, when we ran shrieking into the bosom of an endless cloud, with that wild cry which blends fear for self and warning for others, and gives both awe and comfort to those who look out into the white darkness and hear it, — only two such nights gave us any of the sense of danger from which we would not have had our voyage wholly free. Our company, I suppose, was a fair picture of that which weekly gathers on these ships for the same passage. All sorts of men and women — almost all races — half a dozen languages — thrown together into the supreme democracy of ship-life where the only aristocracy is the prerogative of a good stomach, and social orders are ranged only by the number of days on deck. I left the good ship without the memory of one uncomfortable moment. I can see her now, as she steamed off for Liverpool and we in our tug-boat, in the gray morning, panted up the bay of Queenstown to set foot in the Old World.

The first impressions on landing in the Old World are thus recorded: —

How strange it seemed at first! That earliest day was simply full of wonder and amusement. Up from Queenstown by rail to Cork; for three hours in the streets of that queer old town; from Cork to Dublin. One was merely getting *en rapport* with the oldness of the thing — getting his new atmosphere about him — learning to shape his eyes to the new focus at which he must bring to his brain things five hundred years old instead of things fifty. It was not done wholly in one day, but it was remarkable to see how much the mental process, like the corresponding physical one, was instinctive.

While he was abroad he wrote letters every week to different members of his family. He also kept a somewhat elaborate journal, in which he recorded more fully what he saw and did each day, describing his impressions, making comments on people and customs, on religion, on preachers, on historic events and places; but more particularly revealing the effects upon his imagination of the world of art, to which he was now introduced for the first time. Many of his letters have been published in the volume entitled "Letters of Travel." It is therefore unnecessary to do more than give a general outline of his tour. He was gone for more than a year, leaving home, August 9, 1865, and returning September 25, 1866. He had the advantage of many letters of introduction from his friends in Philadelphia and Boston. Through the generosity of his parish he was amply equipped with funds for the journey. No American ever left home for the first time to travel in the Old World with a keener appreciation of the value of the opportunity afforded him. He was never more alive than during this wonderful year. He could not see enough, or too often, the things and places of which all his life he had dreamed. It was a year of realization of the visions he had accumulated in his long preparation for living.

Dublin was the first Old World city which he visited. From Ireland he went to Scotland. Edinburgh appeared to him the queen of cities. Of Mary Stuart and the associations with her of which Edinburgh is full he remarks that "they are of great aid in keeping alive pure romance as distinct

from heroism." He made the familiar pilgrimage to Melrose and Abbotsford: —

> Abbotsford I would have gone to Europe to see alone. The sight of it seemed to make its great master a new and ineffaceable possession somehow. I had known him well, I thought, before, but this put life into the corpse of my knowledge. This whole region is full of the life of brave, healthy, life-loving Sir Walter. The situation of Hawthornden House is fine. We ought to know more of Drummond, who lived there, and who, I remember, charmed me years ago when I just looked into him. Roslyn Chapel — is there anything like it? has stone anywhere else blossomed and run wild as in these columns and this roof?

From Scotland he went to the English lakes with thoughts of Wordsworth and Coleridge in his mind, of Dr. Arnold and De Quincey. His enthusiasm was fired anew by these literary associations in combination with the charms of the natural scenery. He describes a Sunday at Ambleside: —

> The first Evangelical English Church I have seen. The sermons very poor. The Service read. The High Churchmen here intone the service, and the Low Churchmen intone the sermon. The preacher warned his flock not to make a "sine die" postponement of religion. Coming out of church I heard a young collegian's verdict on the whole "stupid sermon and beastly service." But it was a good deal better than St. John's in Edinburgh. How the Englishmen are *at home* in their island. They are so long here, and have it so well "in hand." It makes us feel how new we are in America, and how little we have got hold of it yet. Wait awhile.

His first cathedral was Durham. He was delighted with Mrs. Gaskell, the author of the life of Charlotte Brontë, gaining from her in answer to his questions much information about literary people in England. To have met Ruskin would have satisfied a great hunger in his soul, but the letter of introduction given him by Mrs. Gaskell only admitted him to Ruskin's house, for Ruskin himself was away from home. He looked eagerly about him in the rooms which bore the traces of his presence. On his way to London he took in the eastern line of cathedrals, Ripon and York, Lincoln and Ely, Fountain Abbey also, and Cambridge.

What shall we say of these old Cathedrals? Are they the splendid pillars that hold up still the arches of a real live worship and Faith in England, or are they rather the golden nails from which the vast canopy once hung, but has rotted and fallen away; or like the golden pins that once held plates of gold upon the walls, and now the more their preciousness shines, only tell the more how what they held has dropped away.

Amidst the most beautiful of English scenery, and the charm of its monuments, he writes, "I had no idea, till I came here, what a tremendous American I was." At old Boston he looked with a deep personal interest at the Cotton Chapel, named after his ancestor, Rev. John Cotton. After reaching London, his quarters were at the head of the Strand, near Trafalgar Square and Westminster Abbey. He repeats to himself that he is in London. "It is a fascinating place, for there is not a step that is not full of associations." He was kindly received by his kinsman, Hon. Charles Francis Adams, the United States minister at the Court of St. James. A letter of introduction from Mr. Robert C. Winthrop procured him an interview with Dean Milman, whom he saw with deep interest after reading his books. Dean Milman received him most kindly, but the deanery was in disorder, cutting short his visit. The dean, however, offered him religious hospitality at the cathedral, and urged him to hear Melville.

In the afternoon (Sunday, September 17) I went to St. Paul's and heard Melville, the Preacher of the Golden Lectures — "the Prince of Preachers, he is called, sir," said a man to me as we came out. Dean Milman told me the night before he was to preach, and told me also that he had just lost a daughter and he (Milman) had offered to take his place, but he preferred to do his own regular work. It was a perfect sermon, from "Now the God of peace grant you peace always by all means." The division and whole treatment was the simplest and most obvious. The style as clear and exquisite as possible — no action, but the most finished intonation and articulation. He is an old, white-headed man with a noble figure and earnest, kindly face. "You cannot come out of season to the Tree of Life," he said, referring to Rev. xx. 2: "You may bring your season with you, and the tree takes it. You come in autumn, and it is an autumn tree, and

bears autumn fruit." It was the most perfect sermon, all in all, that I ever heard.

Other preachers that he heard were Maurice and Martineau. Of Spurgeon he writes: —

A fearful crowd and too long a sermon. But it was good of its kind; and since such a kind always has been and always will be, why, the better it is of its kind, the better. I prefer York Minster, and so do you. (Extract from a letter to Rev. C. A. L. Richards.)

He describes a Sunday in London: —

Sunday (September 23) in the morning at All Saints' Church, Margaret Street, the highest of all high churches; and in the afternoon at Westminster Abbey. Altars, candles, genuflexions, and all that to nausea — a boy preacher, a boyish sermon about the great Christian tests, which consisted of Daily Service, Confession to Priests (etc.), and constant Communion. In the P. M. sermon by somebody at Westminster Abbey; good but dull; English preaching is not great.

While in London he spent much of his time at the National Gallery and in the Kensington Museum, where he made the acquaintance of modern English art through Reynolds and Hogarth and Wilkie and Lely. He visited Mrs. Kemble at Warnford Park, near Winchester. The visit was a delightful one, including a drive to the cathedral when he presented his letter of introduction to Canon Carus, an intimate friend of Bishop McIlvaine of Ohio, and also his biographer. Finding that the time of the year (September) was unfavorable for seeing people or institutions in London to advantage, he cut short his stay, and left for the Continent, with the intention of returning before his tour was over. As he takes his leave he records in his journal his final impressions: —

What I have seen has certainly impressed me, as I had no idea before, with the presence of marks of decay and corruption as shown in the recognition of and provision for profligacy and corruption, which belongs to all old civilizations, but which it seemed as if this had had some power to escape.

And Cathedral life has come to appear to me, with all its ele-

gant retirement, one of the most disagreeable of things, and Cathedral towns the deadest things in England.

From Ostend, where he felt more keenly the consciousness of being actually in Europe, he resumed his journey, stopping at Bruges and Ghent and Brussels, and going out to the battlefield of Waterloo. He made the acquaintance of Rubens at Antwerp, and of Rembrandt at the Hague. And so he came to Germany. He respected, he says, the Dutch, but he liked the Germans. He felt that he was passing an invisible line when he first came in contact, at Cologne, with Roman churches and relics. This brought him to Bonn, where he writes (October 2) in view of Mayence, Heidelberg, and Frankfort: —

Am I not a lucky chap to see all this? I am splendidly well and keep on the go all the time, and am getting the hang of German enough to be quite at home with the people. I eschew all delicacies and rough it generally. Last night I found a feather bed for covering in my room. I kicked it off and slept like a top without it. The worst thing to me about this travelling is that you can't drink water. Think of my misery. But it is too vile to touch. . . . I would give a dollar for a pitcher of ice water to-night. I think I did right in coming alone, that is as no very intimate friend offered. I find companions everywhere, and see much more of the people than if I were with a party of my own. It costs a little more, because I have to pay all the fees, which are a great expense here for one, instead of dividing them among a party. To-day I met a Philadelphian on the steps of Cologne Cathedral, and last week I found a family of parishioners at the Hotel St. Antoine in Antwerp.

Going up the Rhine was a great event, and at Coblentz he stopped, in order to climb to the Castle of Ehrenbreitstein. Luther and Goethe came up before him, first at Worms and Frankfort, and then more vividly as he visited Eisenach and the Wartburg and Wittenberg, and the home of Goethe at Weimar. Of a Sunday spent at Frankfort he makes this record in his journal: —

In the morning I went to the Cathedral and heard some fine German music and a sermon in German from some priest or other which interested me much. It was the most *earnest* preaching, at least, which it has been my lot to hear in the Old World. From

there to the English chapel, where the forlornest of chaplains delivered the forlornest of discourses. After church I walked through the Jews' quarter of the town. It is one of the most picturesque of sights. Then I went and saw the house where Goethe was born. I have liked Frankfort very much indeed. In the afternoon I went again to the Cathedral, and heard the same man preach; and then came the service of the Mass, with the most superb congregational singing I ever heard — it rings in my ears now. Those full German voices, every one singing the sonorous German words, produced a wonderful effect. I almost trembled when I saw and felt the power of pure emotion in religious things, and thought I could understand how so many have yielded to the impulse to bow as that splendid procession of the host went by with its thrilling incense and thrilling music, and then by and by bowed to the system of the church that it belongs to.

At Leipsic he was excited by the great bookstores. He went down into Auerbach's cellar, where the Faust scene was laid. With letters of introduction, he called upon the German professors at Halle, and found them hospitable and interesting, — Erdmann, professor of Hebrew; Hupfeld, with whom he took a long walk; and Tholuck, the friend of all Americans, with whom he spent an evening, talking of theological matters in Germany, England, and America. What interested him most in Germany were the haunts of Luther and Goethe, the two greatest of the Germans. He lingered over "those old portraits by Cranach, who seems to have been such a character, who at any rate knew how to give Luther to canvas and to the world." He stood before the monument

in the dead old marketplace at Wittenberg with the noble inscription — Gamaliel's skepticism Christianized into Faith: —

> Ist 's Gottes werk, so wird 's bestehen;
> Ist 's Menschens werk, wird 's untergehen.

And then his tomb under the pavement of the old Schloss Kirche — on whose bronze doors the theses that once were nailed to them in paper have broken forth in bronze — an emblem, as it seemed, of the work they did among men.

I must not forget either the quiet little German graveyard in

Wittenberg, into which I wandered while I was waiting for the train. The whole day (October 12) was memorable.

At Berlin he was moved by Kaulbach's great frescoes: —

Here I learned to know Fra Lippo Lippi and Andrea del Sarto, whose Virgin and Child I enjoyed more than any picture there, and old Van Eyck with the wonderfully beautiful wings of the worship of the Lamb. Here is Titian's Daughter, and some strange pictures of old Cranach of Wittenberg. Most of the Rubenses here I did not care for, though some of them are wonderful in flesh and drapery color. There are some fine Van Dycks and Teniers, but the oldest pictures interested me most.

In my ignorance I am surprised, here as everywhere, by the bright rich color of the old pictures. I looked for faded things, where the imagination has to do its part, but the splendid color of them is magnificent. The great allegorical frescoes, with few exceptions, give me very little pleasure. Except for the brilliancy with which their color lights it up, I care nothing for all that work in the Portico of the Museum.

He came to Dresden, and though his expectations were high, he was not disappointed. He speaks of the galleries he had drawn pictures of in his brain for so many years: —

There was that room more like a church than anything I know in Europe where the Madonna stands. Of it let us say nothing, but that it was something unspeakably different as well as greater than anything I have dreamed — to all pictures henceforth what the Bible is to all books.

And again in a letter, speaking of Dresden: —

I spent two days, and such days! Oh, if you could see the picture gallery there! It has the picture of the world which I have waited years to see, Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto. I will not say anything about it, because there is no use trying to tell what a man feels who has been wanting to enjoy something for fifteen years, and when it comes finds it is something unspeakably beyond what he had dreamed. The other rooms of the gallery are rich in the great paintings of the world.

Then came Munich, with its famous galleries of old and of modern pictures; and by the end of October he was in Vienna, where he hunted up the grave of Paracelsus, and visited the house where Mozart was born. At Vienna he

dined with Mr. Motley, the author of the "Dutch Republic." Here, also, he met Rev. Dr. Leeds of Baltimore, with whom he was to make the tour of the Holy Land. He was thrilling with excitement as he contemplated the prospect still before him. Thus he writes to his father: —

You will gather from my letter that all goes well, and I am very happy. There has not been an hour since I left New York that has not been full of pleasure, not a day that has not been lighted up by seeing some of the sights for which I have longed. And all the East, and Italy, and France, and much of England and Switzerland — all this is yet in store. Hurrah!

In a letter to his mother, he says the words which are wanted at home: —

It is two months to-day since I sailed. How they have gone! And to me they have been the fullest months of my life. Not a day without something that I have longed all my life to see. So it will go on till I see the sight that I shall be most glad of all to see, you and Father waiting on the wharf to see me land, as you came down before to see me sail.

At Constantinople he met Mr. W. S. Appleton of Boston, who was also to join him in the tour of Syria. He was still as alive and susceptible to new impressions as when he started. He was not quite sure of his movements, but he writes: —

I don't worry ahead. Italy is before me all the while, and I must get a great deal of time there. I am perfectly well and ready for anything. What a three months they have been! Nine more like them!

While in Constantinople he attended the service of the Howling Dervishes: —

We went in with unshod feet to the plainest and dingiest of rooms, where a noble-looking priest sat on a rug at one side, and a line of rascally looking Dervishes, in various costumes, on the other three. Hanging around the walls were their instruments of torture worship, which are no longer used. The service had begun and was gradually waxing more and more boisterous. By and by they all rose, and then soon passed into the full power of their frenzy. One cannot describe the horrible sight when

the highest pitch was reached, and swaying, roaring, screaming, bending double, jerking, and stamping they kept time to the wild melody they uttered. We stayed about an hour, and then left, I for one depressed with the apparent hypocrisy, as well as the disgustingness, of the whole. Their priest seemed the only earnest man.

All along the way he wrote of the changing aspects of the scenery, as though it had some diviner meaning, some important relationship to the inner life of man. At times he was moved to write verses to commemorate the deepest impressions. He surrendered himself to his moods. He chose to believe that St. John was buried at Ephesus, according to the tradition. He welcomed the first sight of the ruins, for they were to him the symbols of life. He thought of St. Paul "who tried to go in to the people," in the vast amphitheatre. At Messina there was the reminder of Tarsus, behind the hills, where St. Paul was born. Damascus was reached on the 3d of December, and then began a new epoch, where Scripture incident is interwoven with natural scenery and human monuments. The deeper significance of what he sees springs from its connection with the supernatural revelation. He was living in expectancy of some unearthly light which should dawn on this visible creation. He was anxious to keep a record of every impression, and to this end writes home asking that his letters be carefully preserved.

Thus he notes the street in Damascus, called Straight, where Judas lived, the house of Judas, the wall where Paul was let down in a basket, the house of Naaman the Syrian, and the site of the House of Rimmon. On the walled-up doorway of a Christian church, transformed into a mosque, he read the inscription, "Thy Kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting Kingdom, and Thy Dominion endureth from generation to generation." He lunched on a spur of Mt. Hermon, drinking the water of the river Jordan. "This is the first spot," he writes, "that we have touched where Christ himself has been." He rode "through the coasts of Tyre and Sidon," recalling the scene of Christ's meeting with the Syrophœnician woman. "What city is like to Tyrus, to

the destroyed in the midst of the sea." He remembered Origen and his lonely grave, and Frederick Barbarossa, and the place of Sarepta, where Elijah met the widow. "Think of being in the dominions of that old Og, king of Bashan, whom we have always read of in the Psalter." "These last two weeks have been like a curious sort of dream; all the old Bible story has seemed so strangely about us." In the plain of Acre, "the very sight lets you understand" how Asher "dipped his foot in oil, and his head was fat, and he yielded royal dainties;" the creeks and the bays recall how Asher lingered, and Deborah reproached him with "abiding in his breaches." He comes to Mt. Carmel and to that swift-flowing river, "that ancient river, the river Kishon." The mountain itself is what it was in Elijah's time, wooded to the top, looking out on beauty and richness everywhere: —

> What a place for a prophet and what a scene for the great trial of his faith. Below, the Kishon runs through the plain, as if still telling of how he took of the prophets of Baal and slew them there. We sleep under the shadow of Carmel. I am very tired, and all is still, except the jackal screaming in the distance. Good-night; I wish I were going to bed in that back room at home.

As he came to Nazareth, and from that time onward, the thought of Jesus took possession of his mind and soul: —

> It was a strange feeling to ride down through it, and look in the people's faces and think how Christ must have been about these streets just like these children.
>
> We climbed the "hill on which the city was built," and saw what is perhaps the finest view in Palestine. I thought all the time I was looking at it how often Jesus must have climbed up here and enjoyed it.
>
> The sight that His eyes saw farthest off was that line of the Mediterranean on which His power was to spread to the ends of the world.
>
> We lunched at Cana of Galilee. . . . You can picture Jesus and His mother going out from Nazareth to a near town to attend the marriage to which they had been invited. . . . We rode on through a rolling country through which Jesus must often have

walked on his way back and forth between Nazareth and the lake. The whole country, every hill and valley, seemed marked with His footprints. . . . The Hill of the Beatitudes; another hill where they say Christ fed the multitude.

Another ridge climbed, and there was the "Sea of Galilee, which is the Sea of Tiberias." There it lay in the afternoon twilight, blue among the purple hills. There were the walks He walked, the shores where He taught, the mountains where He prayed. . . . Looking into a house door at Nazareth I saw "two women grinding together at the mill."

This is the "land of Gennesaret." This is Capernaum, the home of Christ after Nazareth rejected Him. "And thou Capernaum!"

This is Bethsaida, the city of John and James, Peter and Andrew.

I have had a very pleasant, quiet Sunday here at Nazareth (December 17, 1865). This morning I went to the Greek church and heard their usual boisterous and disagreeable service. . . . All day the people have gathered round to look at us. It is touching to hear the poor people tell of how they suffered from the locusts in the spring. They came in clouds, covering the ground half a foot deep, as large as sparrows; all the shops and houses were closed for days. Every green thing was eaten up. It sounded like a chapter out of Joel. It is sad, too, to hear them talk of their government. All spirit is gone out of them, and they only wait the inevitable dropping to pieces of the rotten thing, which they all expect.

The days became more interesting as he approached Jerusalem. He was enjoying intensely the actual vision of these things. Old Testament history was before his mind, inextricably interwoven with the life of Jesus. Not an incident in the narration seemed to escape him. His head was running with Bible phrases. He read the Old Testament on horseback as he went through familiar places. And so he came to Jerusalem. This passage from his journal sums up his impression:—

"Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here; He is risen." As concerns Jesus, I know nothing which could more adjust our views of Him than a visit to the Holy Land. In fastening the New Testament story in its place by geographical positions it rescues it from vagueness and obscurity and makes the Humanity a clear, palpable fact. At the same time, by the

failure of present enthusiasms about the country, by the way in which the Power of the Religion has outgrown and left behind the places where it had its birth, by the failure of the material to satisfy and account for and accompany the spiritual, it sets us free for a larger and juster grasping of the true Divinity. It is like the relation between an immortal word and the mortal lips that uttered it. The lips die, and you go and look at them when they are dead and see at once how they were made to utter the word, their whole mechanism built for it, and yet how, while they uttered it even, they were dying in giving expression to what in its very nature was eternal. The old bewilderment between causes and circumstances, which is so continual in common life, has confused so much of men's thinking of Jesus and His land. All this seems to me very clear, this soft December-June Sunday as I sit in our tent at Nazareth.

Apart from its Christian interest, or rather as part of its preparation for that, how wonderfully this land's history has been the meeting point of waves from East and West, from North and South, the line where they met and neutralized each other, and left a vacuum for new forces to be produced.

The effect of this travel, as concerns the realization of Christ's life, seemed to me even more evident at Jacob's Well than at Nazareth. Probably it will be even more so at Jerusalem. It seems too as if the same analogy would adjust and state what I hold to be the highest, truest, and most spiritual view of Inspiration, but have never been able to put exactly into shape.

Of all the associations with Christ, I found most pleasure in Nazareth, Jacob's Well, and the Mount of Olives. The first as the scene of His developing consciousness; the second as that of His highest announcement of truth; the third as that of His completest emotion and mental suffering. I am struck by seeing that it is neither of them as the scene of a miracle.

How Christ is not merely the greatest, but the only presence that fills the landscape in Palestine; not even John the Baptist at the Jordan; some of the Old Testament persons to some extent, but Christ only in the New. John, Paul, and Peter might have lived and written elsewhere as well as here. It seems to show a necessity for the assertion of a distinct and localized humanity within.

One pleasant feature in Eastern superstition is their regard for animal life. It does n't result very pleasantly in the case of the dogs, to be sure, but there is something very un-Western in the way the birds abound in the cities, twitter at your window, haunt your church (Nazareth, Cairo Mosques), and fill your back yard.

It may be partly the result of Eastern stagnation as well as of Eastern religion. For the rest the spirit of all the religions of the East seems to be but one, and that very bad. Its simplicity is not sincerity, but indifference and stupidity. "God is great" is their only creed because they dare not take the trouble to trace out that greatness of God into its due connections with their own lives and duties. Then again, the secularism of their religion seems to be shown in the way in which they divide themselves and quarrel by religious, which in this case amounts to the same thing as political, names. It bears a sad analogy to the earlier and worse periods of the Christian church, its fifth and sixth, and fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when men used for political landmarks and rallying cries the sacred words which, whether we make them holier or not, we have at least the sense and shame to keep in their true place in the region of thought and opinion.

After two weeks in Jerusalem, he turned westward. He was anxious to get to Italy. For Egypt he did not then greatly care, but remained there long enough to visit the Pyramids and meditate beneath the shadow of the Sphinx: —

The Sphinx wonder impressed me more than anything else I have seen. Half buried in the drifting sand, her great paws and broad chest out of sight with the altar they encompassed. Her calm still face, not stern and not gentle, only self-centred, as if she were too vast either to hate or love the men who worshipped her. The harmony of repose between the features and the form — the great divine pitiless *Rest* of the whole, as if neither human sin could rouse her to anger, nor human goodness tempt a smile — how wonderful she is. The way in which the Egyptian features have been made capable of grand idealization in the face of the Sphinx is very fine. Near her, to the southwest, grows a noble, green sycamore tree. Compare the Sphinx with the "Bavaria" at Munich — the great Zeus and Juno heads at Naples in the museum — the grandeur that always seems to belong to colossal representations of the human face. They are the vast conceptions of young nations and faiths. The older and effete delight in miniature. It illustrates the youngness of the Germans. I think there might be a comparison drawn between the Sphinx and the Dresden Madonna, as the highest art expressions of the two great religions, the East and the West, — Fatalism and Providence, for that they seem to mean. Both have recognized the feminine nature of the religious instinct, for each is a woman. Both have tried to express a union of humanity with something

its superior, but one has joined it only to the superior *strength* of the animal, the other has infused it with the superior spirituality of a divine nature. One unites wisdom and power, and claims man's homage for that, the other unites wisdom and love, and says, "Worship this." The Sphinx has life in her human face written into a riddle, a puzzle, a mocking bewilderment. The Virgin's face is full of a mystery we cannot fathom, but it unfolds to us a thousand of the mysteries of life. It does not mock, but bless us. The Egyptian woman is alone amid her sands — to be worshipped, not loved. The Christian woman has her child clasped in her arms, enters into the companies and sympathies of men, and claims no worship except love. And so on through many points. The next day we spent in Cairo.

He was now turning to another world of associations to be revived and realized, cherished, too, hardly less than those of Judæa and of Scripture history. To his mother he writes, February 4, 1866: "In Rome at last, at the place of all others in Europe that I have most wished to reach. It is exactly as I have always pictured it, only a great deal more interesting." And in another letter he says, speaking of Rome: —

It was an unceasing and infinite delight. Rome is so much greater and fuller than I had ever dreamed of. I have seen a great deal, but when I think what there is right about me, it seems as if I had seen nothing. I have wandered all through St. Peter's; spent a long day in the wilderness of the Vatican; another in the great museums of the Capitol; and followed the banks of the Tiber; skirted the ruins of the old temples, palaces, and theatres of this wonderful race; roamed through some of the picture galleries of the great palaces; found my way into a few of the numberless gorgeous churches; and to-day have been from one to another of the studios of our own living artists. To a Protestant the Coliseum, like St. Peter's, is too vast and great for Roman sectarianism to keep. They both are among the great religious temples of the race, where all humanity may worship and confess in the presence of all that recalls the exhibitions of mankind's highest and lowest natures.

One morning I climbed to the roof and galleries and dome of St. Peter's. More than ever I seemed to pass beyond the narrowness of the sectarianism of the place, and feel as if it were indeed what one loves to dream it might be, truly Catholic, the great religious home of humanity, where every good impulse,

every true charity, every deep faith, every worship, and every benevolence should find a representation, — the great harmony of all the discords of well-meaning and conflicting religious educations and progresses. In spite of its positive character, its very immensity makes it answer vaguely some such purpose even now to those who go there.

The Pantheon surpasses all temples in its embrace of time — covers all religious history — holds still genuinely old ideas, whose beginning is lost, and yet fitly shrines new ones, whose end the human mind has not yet dared to conceive. The entrance from its great, square, gloomy portico into its bright, round, sky-lighted cella is involuntarily suggestive.

The modern artists' works are seemingly crushed into littleness by the grandeur of the old works about them. They do mere prettinesses; one or two exceptions only. But of the art of Rome it is hopeless to try to write one's impressions. Among the pictures I see now Raphael's Transfiguration and Madonna di Foligno in the Vatican (how could the same man ever have painted the horrible in the Barberini Gallery!) — the first far greater than I had conceived. The Christ is the noblest attempt of art. It is the Christ of the Sistine Madonna grown to manhood. The picture is not to me the greatest of the world, but all comparisons of this sort are impious and odious.

The Communion of St. Jerome I enjoyed greatly. The deep human feeling and true reverence of Domenichino is as perfect in its way as the more spiritual and miraculous inspiration of Raphael. Also in the Vatican is Murillo's Marriage of St. Catherine, with three of the most perfect faces pencil ever drew. Guercino's Magdalene and Skepticism of Thomas introduced me to a new love for him. In the Capitol I saw him again in the St. John Baptist and the Santa Petronilla. Here too, in the Capitol, is his Persian Sibyl, which I like much more than Domenichino's Cumæan Sibyl near it.

Of the other galleries I remember the Borghese best by its Raphael portraits, its splendid Titians (sacred and profane love, and others), and its Andrea del Sartos, especially the Magdalen and Holy Family; the Barberini by that wonderful Cenci, of which no copy or engraving begins to give an idea — it stands alone among pictures; the Doria for its Titians, the Three Ages of Men particularly; the Corsini for its Guidos and Carlo Dolcis, though one tires much of the latter. Guido you know first here in Rome. The Michael in the Capuchins' Church, the Crucifixion in St. Lorenzo, the Aurora in the Rospiglioso Pavilion, the Assumption in the private chapel of the Quirinal, the St. Sebastian

in the Capitol, — all these one must see, and then go to Naples and look at the greatest of all in the superb Visitation that hangs over the high altar in the church of St. Martino.

On the whole the greatest statue I have seen is the Dying Gladiator. Byron, who talks a vast amount of twaddle, has strangely and truly said just the right thing here. The Apollo is far less powerful. The Gladiator has a pathos in it of which I had not believed marble was capable. Michael Angelo's Moses in St. Pietro di Vincoli, and his Christ in St. Maria Sopra Minerva, both enchained me long. I think few things in old art have given me more delight than the faun faces that, with a merriment and animal glee which modern life hardly knows, overrun with laughter, as the fountains do with water, everywhere, from the classic statue in the Capitol to the rudest bust that still laughs with its broken nose on some high shelf in the Vatican. That little Chapel of St. Laurence, hidden away in the depths of the Vatican, with its pictures of St. Stephen and St. Laurence by Fra Angelico (how quaint and touching his old tombstone is in St. Maria Sopra Minerva!), is one of the most delightful things to me in Rome.

Of the great Frescoes of Raphael, as of the Tapestries, I am afraid I must say that as wholes I enjoyed them very little, but parts, and especially single figures in almost all of them, gave me real and very deep delight.

While Mr. Brooks was in Rome, he preached on two successive Sundays at the American Embassy. He also made in Rome an address on the 22d of February: —

Two hundred and five loyal ladies and gentlemen [so runs the report] assembled in the Galleria Daulesea, Stamperia Camerale, to give expression to their feelings of reverence for the dead, as well as to unite in hearty, joyful thanks that freedom has been effectually established, and that the good old flag in peace and beauty now floats over our beloved land. The hall was spacious and beautiful. The repast was elegant and sumptuous, while a profusion of fresh and choicest flowers perfumed the atmosphere deliciously. Ex-President King of Columbia College presided . . . and made an eloquent speech, warming every loyal heart present. Mr. William W. Story portrayed the beautiful character of Pius IX. . . . Rev. Charles T. Brooks of Rhode Island recited a beautiful poem of his own composition. General Bartlett was most happy in a short but spirited reply to the "Army and Navy." Several other persons made appropriate and most acceptable addresses, but the most soul-stirring and eloquent was

from Rev. Phillips Brooks, who, like the old Roman orators, by his warm patriotism, choice language, original thoughts, and rushing eloquence, completely chained every hearer.[1] (Correspondent of the "Boston Transcript.")

Amidst the absorption of sight-seeing, he found the time, while in Rome, to write a long letter to the children of his Sunday-school in Philadelphia, to be read to them as his Easter greeting.[2] It was a very genuine, as well as beautiful letter, and an extract is given here in order to fill out the picture of his mind in those days, so crowded with new and strange impressions. It shows also his love for children: —

I do not mind telling you (though of course I should not like to have you speak of it to any of the older people of the church) that I am much afraid the younger part of my congregation has more than its share of my thoughts and interest. I cannot tell you how many Sunday mornings since I left you I have seemed to stand in the midst of our crowded schoolroom again, and look about and know every face and every class just as I used to; nor how many times I have heard one of our home hymns ringing very strangely and sweetly through the different music of some far-off country. I remember especially on Christmas Eve, when I was standing in the old church at Bethlehem, close to the spot where Jesus was born, when the whole church was ringing hour after hour with the splendid hymns of praise to God, how again and again it seemed as if I could hear voices that I knew well, telling each other of the "Wonderful Night" of the Saviour's birth, as I had heard them a year before; and I assure you I was glad to shut my ears for a while and listen to the more familiar strains that came wandering to me halfway round the world.

Six months still remained to him after leaving Rome before his year of absence should expire. Greece was next to be visited. He had been so eager to get into Italy that he had passed by Athens as if it occupied a secondary place in his affections. Yet of his first day in Athens he writes, "It was one of the most memorable of all my journey," and again he writes, "Greece has been perhaps on the whole the best

[1] Cf. *Letters of Travel*, p. 96, for allusion to this circumstance.

[2] This letter is given in *Letters of Travel*, pp. 85 ff.

and most picturesque success of all my journey." How his experience there revived within him the youthful classic fervor is shown in this letter to his brother Arthur, then a Senior at Harvard: —

ATHENS, Saturday, March 10, 1866.

DEAR ARTHUR, — I have been meaning to write you a letter, and have only waited till I could find myself in a sufficiently classical mood to warrant my addressing a young person almost through Harvard. I thought at one time that Rome would do pretty well, but am glad now that I waited till I had finished a week in Greece, which I will try to tell you a little about. There is enough to tell if I can only get it into shape. I am now in the cabin of the French steamer lying in the Piræus, which is going to start in an hour or two to take me to Cività Vecchia. Thursday morning, the 1st, we (Appleton and I) landed at the Piræus, and took a rickety hack up the dusty road between the almost-gone Long Walls to Athens. As soon as we were out of the town (Piræus), the Acropolis and Lycabettus and Pentelicus were all in sight. That day and the three next we spent in the City, with one day's ride out over the Sacred Road to Eleusis, and another's walk to Colonus and the Groves of the Academy and along the Cephissus. What shall I tell you most about? I remember perhaps most of all one afternoon in the newly excavated Dionisiac Theatre just under the south wall of the Acropolis. It has been covered and lost till within the last two years, but now is being rapidly dug out and is almost all evident. It is a very perfect gem. The bright tiers of white marble seats slope up the hill from the marble orchestra, and the Parthenon looks over the wall at them from above. Beyond the orchestra the narrow stage, supported by the line of exquisite sculptures, mostly broken and headless, but very beautiful, stands just as when "Euripides" and "Æschylus" were performed on it for the first time. The front row of seats around the orchestra is a line of elegant marble chairs, with the name of the assigned occupant sculptured on each. They are the Priests of the city. The Clergy had front seats at the Theatre in those days. I sat down in the chair Ἱερευς Διός Ὀλύμπιου, and imagined myself the old Reverend who used to occupy it. My brother of Dionysus sat on one side, and his Reverence of Hermes on the other. Behind were two grand chairs marked Ὁ Κῆρυξ and Ὁ Στρατηγὸς, while the biggest of all, with Ἡ Πόλις on it, stood just at one side. In front was Hymettus with its deep purple mass, where one almost heard the humming of the bees in the still sunny air (the honey from Mt. H.

is splendid still), and off to the right rose the hill of Philopappus, behind which shine the waters of the Saronic Gulf. Two little Greek boys and a Greek maiden (very dirty all) were playing hide and seek among the ruins and behind the seats, and when they got tired of that, running along the front of the stage, touching the sculptures, and naming the Σῶματα, as they called them, *'ανδρα, γυναικα, γυναικα, 'ανδρα.* The latest discovery, an old Greek altar cut over in later times with a Latin inscription in honor of two dead Roman nobodies, lay close by. I sat there till they got through one or two plays of the Trilogy, and then got up and went through the Propylæa, past the Erechtheum, with its beautiful Portico of the Caryatides, and saw the sun set from the West Porch of the Parthenon. Another day to the Theseum, the most perfect of ancient temples, which stands at a much lower level than the Acropolis, and is seen very finely as you lie on your back lazily on the Areopagus just over the cavern where the Eumenides had their temple, and just over against the rocky platform at the head of the steps leading up from the old Agora where Paul made his great speech about the temples, with the Parthenon before him for a text. You cross the Agora from the Areopagus, and by a splendid old Pelasgic wall climb up to the Pnyx, and cross it to the Bema, which stands almost as perfect as when Demosthenes was there, and must have been a splendid place to speak from to a great crowd. Last Sunday I preached twice for Dr. Hill in the Church of St. Paul. The doctor is a noble man, and has done more for Greece than all its poor politicians of the last twenty years put together. Indeed, modern Greece is in a very melancholy state by all accounts. The people are bright and active, but their best friends seem to have owned that they lack, for the present at least, some of the most necessary qualities for self-government or anything approaching to it. The present king is a boy, and a foreigner, and his government is bankrupt. The Church is degraded, and the great mass of the priesthood ignorant and superstitious. The country is overrun with brigands, and no taxes can be collected. You can't help being interested in them, but they must be an awfully trying people to deal with.

Sunday evening we drove down to the Piræus, and very early the next morning went on board a Greek steamer and sailed for Nauplia. We passed out by the tomb of Themistocles, sailed by Salamis, and kept along close to Ægina, the most beautiful of islands. Our ship's company was the oddest collection of Greeks of every rank, age, and degree of dirt. Nothing but Greek was talked at table. Two old fellows had a discussion about Aga-

memnon and Achilles across the table, in which one caught a sentence here and there, and was always recognizing and bowing to old words whose acquaintance he made years ago in Bedford Street, but never dreamed of meeting in common society, walking about like common words. In the evening we reached Nauplia, and went on shore to the Ξενοδοχεῖον Ὁμόνοια or Hotel de la Concorde, or as it was translated underneath, "for Barbarians." The classic fleas fed on us through the dewy night. In the morning our good dragoman, a gentleman in a red fez and white pleated petticoat and embroidered jacket and leggins, uncommonly Greek, appeared at the door with a lot of scraggy horses, on which we and our traps were mounted, and off we started up the Argolid, some more strange countries for to see. We came in half an hour to Tiryns, and did full justice to its vast Cyclopean walls and strange arched galleries, which are so old that it don't make any difference how old you call them. A thousand years or two can't make much difference away back there. Then on, across the grassy plain of horse-feeding Argos, where horses were certainly feeding in plenty as we passed to Argos itself, with its old citadel Larissa, crowned now by a Roman or Venetian citadel. The only remains are an old theatre cut out mostly in the solid rock of the hillside, — a grand old ruin. No end of little Oresteses and Electras gathered around us and wanted Lepta. We kept on across the plain two hours further to Mycenæ, perched between its twin hills. A grand, great citadel with its Gate of Lions and subterranean Treasuries of Agamemnon. It was hard to realize that we were really right in the midst of the scene where that pleasant little family circle of the Atreuses used to carry on such remarkable proceedings. From Mycenæ we rode up a long dark rock glen, delightfully Greek and wild, — a splendid place for brigands (I forgot to say we took a guard of five Greek horsemen at Argos to defend us from the bloodthirsty), — and came out about dusk into a green plain, some three miles long, with three Doric columns, looking infinitely old, standing towards one end, among the ruins of a temple. This is the place of the old Nemæan games. The lions' cave is still shown in a mountain top overlooking the plain. A little after dark we came to Cleonæ, a wayside station, where we spent the night in a funny inn, where the floors were still classic and the landlord was a jolly Argive, named Agamemnon. Clytemnestra was running about with hair down her back and shoes down at the heel. Fortunately we had our own cook and provisions, and so fared pretty well. Greek cookery is villainous. Early the next morning we were off, and two hours' ride over gray hills brought us to

the sight of the blue Gulf of Corinth, the bluest waters I ever saw. We stood up in our stirrups, which shook our bony steeds all over, and cried, "Thalatta!" The only ruins of Corinth are seven old Doric columns of the Temple of Athena, very striking and terribly old, but I climbed up the Acro Corinthus, the splendid citadel, and saw one of the views that you don't get often in a lifetime. Below, the old town and its columns — then the isthmus with its two blue gulfs — to the right Megara, Salamis, and Attica beyond, with Hymettus hazy against the sky. The day was not clear enough to make out the Acropolis, which is often seen. To the left the plain of Sicyon and the town itself, with Mt. Cyllene stretching away behind. In front a long line of hills, many of them snowy, to which belong the names Cithæron, Helicon, Parnassus. Just up that hollow to the northwest is Delphi. Behind us are the gray hills of Argolis over which we have come. Is n't that something of a view? I drank at Pyrene, where Pegasus struck water, and then we set out across the isthmus, passing in sight of Cenchrea where Paul landed, and close by the ruins of a vast temple of Poseidon, where the Isthmian sanctuary was. We arrived at Kolamaki, at the head of the Saronic Gulf, in time to dine, and go to bed, and feed the fleas of one more Khan. The next morning we were to start back to Athens, and went early on board another Greek steamer, the Ionia, but there was a strong wind blowing, and the connecting steamer on the other side from Corfu could n't land her passengers, and so we lay all day and all night up there in the bay. The next morning we got off, and crossing between Ægina and Salamis reached the Piræus in four hours, just in time to miss our old friend the Godavery, which we had expected to take on her way back from Constantinople to Messina. She had gone, and we had to go up to Athens again for the night. Not a very hard necessity, for we had a clearer atmosphere and more perfect views of the old town than on our former visit. I spent the evening at Dr. Hill's very pleasantly, and in the morning this other boat turned up going westward, and here we are on board her, and this is my story about Greece. Finis.

Are you very tired of all this? Well, some day you will come here yourself, and then you will understand how anybody here gets carried away with this delicious country, and gets garrulous and persuades himself that other people will be as glad to listen as he will be to talk about it. It stands out as very different from all the rest of my trip, and one of its most complete successes. Anybody who comes to Europe and not to Greece is a very much Donkey — tell him so when you see him.

And how goes it with you? How many more prizes have you got? I congratulate you on the last I heard of you, tidings of which reached me in Jerusalem. How do you like the feel of the Academic gown? Are you in the first five still? Who beats now on the baseball ground? These, and a thousand other things tell me at once, if you please, in a letter twice as long as this. Good-by; write right off.

Your loving brother,

PHILL.

From Greece he returned to Rome, to spend an additional month. It was hard finally for him to tear himself away. In pure enjoyment the time he spent in Rome surpassed all else, in his long tour. He cultivated the artists in their studios, and was the recipient of much social attention from the American colony. He had been indefatigable in exploring the city, but the itinerary of his route after he should leave it promised him much that appeared as most rich to his imagination. He was not tired, nor had he exhausted his capacity for new impressions.

I shall leave [he writes] and go by way of Foligno and Perugia to Florence; then to Bologna, Parma, Modena, Ferrara, Padua, and Venice; then to Verona, Milan, the Italian lakes, Turin, Genoa, Nice, Marseilles, Lyons, and Paris. Does n't that sound good? I am depending much on Florence and Venice, and indeed all the route is very rich.

So he went on to Paris, where he met his friend George Strong, and together they went to England. There they were joined for a while by Rev. Henry C. Potter, who had just become the assistant minister of Trinity Church, Boston. It is needless to say that his days grew increasingly happy in the companionship of his friends. From England he went to Switzerland, to spend the summer, of which the story may be read in his "Letters of Travel." He sailed for home on the 15th of September. To his father he writes from Paris, announcing the time of sailing: —

My work is over and I am just sitting here like a fellow who runs over the index of the book he has been reading. To see this epitome of all Europe and of all the world, — the cosmopolitan city, sparkling, beautiful Paris.

From Paris, also, he wrote a characteristic family letter to his brother Arthur: —

Grand Hotel, Paris, July 5, 1866.

Dear Arthur, — I write to you this week even at the risk of seeming intrusive and presumptuous in doing so twice within the year. But you will keep doing things that make people want to congratulate you — here you have been carrying off most of the prizes of Harvard in an unprecedented way. The Bowdoin Essay was all very well (what do you think about Russia and England in Central Asia?) — there was no harm in that, — it runs in the family, and the first thing we know "Mister John" will be taking it. But what business have you to read well too? Fred does n't and I did n't, and let me tell you that I think these repeated innovations on the family routine are revolutionary and dangerous, and not to be encouraged. So I proceed to discountenance your proceedings by inflicting on you this week's letter.

And first about this morning's news from the wonderful little man across the street there in the Tuileries. Early this morning we heard what he had done. Venetia is given up. The Italian kingdom is complete and the war is as good as over. Our great rejoicing is of course for Italy. I wish she had a better Government to regulate her, now that she is free and whole, but at any rate with such a people she cannot well fail. We shall be curious now to see what becomes of Rome and the poor old Pope. There is a private and selfish satisfaction in the business, that I shall be able to travel all I want to this summer and not lose, as I feared, much of the best.

I came from London on Monday. It was my good-by to England, and much as I have enjoyed its beauty I was not sorry to come away. I crossed from New Haven to Dieppe and went to Rouen, — a delightful old city, — so I saw some of the best of Normandy. Paris is as bright and gay and beautiful as ever. Its shops are wonders, but things are not much if any cheaper in them than they are at home.

Yesterday was the glorious Fourth, and the Americans celebrated it by a fête in the Bois de Boulogne. I went and quite enjoyed it. There were ever so many people there, a capital dinner, and some good speaking. To-morrow I leave for Switzerland; I am eager for it, but it will not be comfortable travelling. It is far too full of our own people, but I suppose they can't crowd the glaciers nor choke up the passes. I had a private celebration of the glorious Fourth, which consisted in going to the Headquarters and buying a ticket for New York by the Ville

de Paris, which sails from Brest on the 15th of September, 1866. I said Hurrah! inwardly as I picked out my berth, and found it felt very much indeed like being at home. She is the best and fastest steamer of the line, and will no doubt land me safely in New York on the 25th.

I am waiting to hear about the Family visit to Philadelphia, and Fred's ordination and all. Have you heard him preach? Has he made any engagement — I don't mean to marry, but to preach? You may fill a piece of your letter week after next by telling me about it. So the Constitutional Amendment has passed, and I suppose will be ratified. The session then has n't been in vain. Why can't they ship Jeff Davis off to the Cannibal Islands, and get rid of this miserable fuss and shilly-shally about him?

I saw Dr. Peabody at Chester the other day. Good-by; you 've got to answer this. Tell me all about Commencement.

PHILL.

While Mr. Brooks was in Rome, he went to the services in Holy Week at St. Peter's. On Maundy Thursday he writes: —

I saw his Holiness wash the feet of twelve priests, — a very odd and ugly sight. The Pope came out on the great balcony in front of the church and pronounced his benediction. That was one of the grandest sights I ever saw. In the afternoon I heard the Miserere in the Sistine Chapel, and whatever else may be humbug about this strange week here, that was certainly the most wonderful music I ever listened to. . . .

Holy Week at Rome is not a humbug, as people say, full as it is of things stupid, tiresome, and disagreeable, but the Miserere in the Sistine, the benediction from the balcony, the solemn moment of the elevation of the Host on Easter, and the illumination of St. Peter's, these all seem to reach very remarkably the great ideal of the central religious commemoration of Christendom.

Mr. Brooks had no interview with the Pope, nor does he express any desire for one. But there were those to whom it seemed a necessity to connect the Bishop of Rome with Phillips Brooks. That two such personages should be near each other without meeting contradicted the presumptions of life. In the absence of exact knowledge, it was only necessary to draw on the imagination for the facts, as in an amusing article

which appeared in one of the Philadelphia papers, giving an account of a conversation between the Pope and Phillips Brooks, when they discussed the question of Christian unity. The Pope was represented as greatly interested in Phillips Brooks, and intimated the possibility of a cardinal's hat as an inducement to him to labor for the union of the Anglican Church with the Church of Rome.

While Mr. Brooks was abroad classical associations seemed almost as important in his vision as those of religion. But from this time they pass more and more into the background of his consciousness, always there and never without an influence, while the Evangelical narrative comes into the foreground as containing the principle of his theology, the unifying force of his life. Such indeed it had hitherto been, but henceforth with an emphasis and an intensity, which was to make it a new truth. It was not till later that the Christmas carol, "O little town of Bethlehem," was first printed, but it had been singing in the soul of Phillips Brooks since he was in Palestine. It is beautiful in itself, but it has also a theological significance, — the adjustment between the natural order and the divine revelation.

O little town of Bethlehem!
  How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
  The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
  The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
  Are met in thee to-night.

How silently, how silently,
  The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
  The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
  But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
  The dear Christ enters in.

CHAPTER XVIII

1866–1867

BISHOP RANDOLPH'S REMINISCENCES. THE CALL TO THE EPISCOPAL THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL IN CAMBRIDGE. FAMILY LIFE AND LETTERS. NOTES FROM HIS JOURNAL. LETTER TO DEAN STANLEY

Mr. Brooks returned from his year abroad in what seemed the perfection of physical strength, with powers of work and endurance which are in striking contrast with an earlier delicacy of constitution, — with the weariness which followed effort, or the susceptibility to changes of weather so often noted as interfering with his mental labor. Henceforth, so at least it appeared, he was capable of labor and of endurance, without cessation or fatigue, beyond the capacity of other men. Many years were to elapse before he would know, or would express again, as he had done, the sensations of weariness or exhaustion. The education obtained from seeing and realizing his world of life and humanity, hitherto known only by books, had in ways mysterious or untraceable strengthened his whole being and set him free, giving him the liberty which he has himself defined, "the genuine ability of a living creature to manifest its whole nature and to be itself most unrestrainedly." This change at once physical and spiritual showed itself in many ways, in things little and great. For example, he did not so often allude to his work, till at last it would seem as if he did no work of preparation, but acted and spoke with the ease of absolute spontaneity. We might infer that he had adopted the principle of Marcus Aurelius, — a spirit kindred to his own, — "not frequently or of necessity to say to any one or to write in a letter that I have no leisure, nor continually to excuse the neglect of duties required by our relation to those with whom we live, by alleging urgent occupations."

CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, PHILADELPHIA

Mr. Brooks spent his first Sunday after his return with his family, preaching, on September 30, in Trinity Church, Boston. On the 7th of October he resumed his ministry in Philadelphia. "The church looks very much as usual," he writes, "and the usual vista of sermons, studies, committee meetings, and Freedmen's Societies is opening before me. It is rather pleasant to feel myself at work again."

It was inevitable that some changes should have occurred during his absence, so that the situation was not quite what it had been. There are some intimations that he was restless and dissatisfied. To Rev. C. A. L. Richards, who had asked him for his impressions of Browning, whom he met while in England, he writes: —

> I can't say anything now except that he is one of the nicest people to pass an evening with in London. He is just what you see him in that picture [a photograph enclosed], a clear-headed and particularly clear-eyed man of the world, devoted to society, one of the greatest diners-out in London, cordial and hearty as a dear old uncle, shakes your hand as if he were really glad to see you. He seemed to me very like some of the best of Thackeray's London men. A full-souled American. . . . As to his talk it was n't Sordello and it was n't as fine as Paracelsus, but nobody ever talked more nobly, truly, and cheerily than he. I went home and slept after hearing him as one does after a fresh starlight walk with a good cool breeze on his face.
>
> I am drearily homesick for the Old World sometimes. I know it would n't be good for me to go again, and so I try to be as brave as I can and pat myself on the back and call myself contented. . . .

This mood of restlessness and discontent, and sometimes of depression, occasionally showing itself in outbursts of feeling in his letters, may have been partly owing to that peculiarity in his constitution which made it difficult to transplant him from one spot to another. He had been at home so thoroughly in the Old World, and had drunk so deeply from its rich suggestiveness to his imagination, that it was like the process of taking root again to begin his work in Philadelphia. It was a trying time also from the political point of view, those days when the method of recon-

struction in the South was the issue. Mr. Brooks had great faith in Charles Sumner as a leader, sharing the common feeling that the accession of President Johnson was a misfortune. He feared that Congress might lose its temper: "It is bad to see spitefulness when there ought to be wisdom." A great meeting was held in November, in behalf of the freedmen, where Chief Justice Chase presided. Again Mr. Brooks exerted his power in an eloquent appeal, advocating the education of the negro to qualify him for a voter. "To many," he said, "it might seem like radicalism, but Christianity is the radicalism of the world. The best way then is to teach pure unadulterated radicalism, for this is the only conservatism." On Thanksgiving Day, the 29th of November, he preached from the text Isaiah xxvi. 15: "Thou hast increased the nation, O Lord; Thou hast increased the nation; Thou art glorified." After alluding to the difficulties of the hour, the obstacles to be overcome in the vindication of the rights of man yet to be achieved, he paid his tribute to the increased and glorified nation. Americans have now a self-consciousness of nationality. Irresponsibility and irresolution have been left to the history of our earlier days, and the nation has attained its manhood. Foreign countries had not a true sense of our greatness, and yet they had gained some glimpse of it in their appreciation of our great representative, the glorious and lamented Lincoln. He appealed to those blessed with prosperity and wealth not to lavish their substance on gorgeous and tawdry adornments of fashion and costly dissipations, but to serve the Lord in the relief and education of the poor. We have now the noblest and grandest nation on the earth. We have our faults, and other nations have their splendors, but our faults are the follies of our youth, their splendors are the phosphorescent glory of their rottenness and wickedness. In our progress in free ideas, in wealth and size and extent, we have gone forward with gigantic strides. Such was his utterance in substance, as it filtered through the mind of some hearer who reported it.

The large nature of the man governed by the sense of

humanity appears now in another aspect. There were demands and appeals to be met besides those of the freedmen. The South, desolated by war, was threatened by famine. The Mayor of Philadelphia called together its prominent citizens, "the mercantile magnates of the city, clergy, and men of letters," to consider the situation, and Phillips Brooks was the spokesman. He said that at such a time no questions should be asked. What we have to do is to look upon the end of the war as accomplished, and to treat the people of the South as though they had never estranged themselves from us. We must alleviate the sufferings there, and open the way to happiness, and remove as far as possible the ravages which have taken place. Questions of the method of reconstruction were not to be considered now. New York has done much, but Philadelphia must outstrip her in gathering contributions and funds and all manner of supplies. This will be the surest means of reconstruction, — the right sympathy of hearts. Mr. Brooks spoke at some length, says the reporter, and at the close of his remarks the audience applauded. Resolutions of assistance were unanimously adopted. Mr. Brooks was not contented with talking or appealing to others to act. He had written at once to his friend Mr. Randolph after the war was over, asking for permission to aid the churches weakened and desolated by the ravages of war in that beautiful old State, made sacred to his heart by early associations in the theological seminary.

A month after the proclamation of peace [writes Bishop Randolph] I received a letter from him, inquiring of myself, my family, and many of our mutual friends, and telling me to sit down forthwith and write to him, and give him the privilege of helping poor churches that had been crippled by the war and ministers who were suffering the privations of poverty. After spending seventeen years in the city of Baltimore I returned to Virginia thirteen years ago as the Assistant Bishop of the Diocese, and my duties brought me into contact with the people and churches of Virginia, and it touched me to find that many of them had received contributions of money and letters of sympathy and encouragement from him.

He had strong feelings and convictions on the side of the Union

cause in the civil war, and from the days of the student life in the Virginia seminary, and we may suppose from his childhood, he had nothing but antipathy to the institution of slavery; but he was too much of a man to cherish sectional prejudices and too much of a Christian gentleman to permit political differences to generate personal animosities.

In this connection I remember the impression from a conversation with my friend in my home in Baltimore, a few years after the tribulations of the war had passed away. The family had retired for the night, and we were together in my study until long after midnight, he asking me questions about the four years of the war as I had seen them and passed through them. I shall never forget his gentleness and sweet reasonableness and sympathy throughout the conversation. I try to imagine the change and the elevation that would come to human life in all its relations if a spirit like his could ever gain the ascendency over the prejudices, the self-assertions, the narrowness, and the ignorance of the matter of men.

There are no striking incidents in his parish life to be recorded. It may be mentioned, as one of the things which he held important, that the Sunday-school manual, with whose preparation he was closely connected during several happy years, had been completed, and was in successful use. He had received a copy of it while abroad, and acknowledged it to his friend Mr. Lewis H. Redner: —

The new music book was full of pleasant recollections that dropped out between the leaves as I turned them over — all about long evenings when we played and sang a little, and talked and ate a great deal, and about how one or two of you did all the work and the rest of us industriously looked on. They were pleasant evenings indeed. . . . As to the book itself, I feel myself as useless among its critics now that it is done as I was among its compilers while it was making. I hope it is all right, and will do good work, and that the Public will enjoy using it as much as the Committee enjoyed making it.

In December, 1866, steps were taken toward the completion of the Church of the Holy Trinity by the erection of a church tower. Mr. Brooks had been deputed by the vestry to visit New York for the purpose of consultation with architects, and while there had made his home as usual with

Dr. Vinton. During his year in Europe he had cultivated an interest in architecture, noting whatever was impressive or effective, as well as observing defects and inquiring into their cause. He had before him the vision of an ideal church building which should embody the motives of Protestantism, while yet retaining whatever might be of service in the older mediæval methods. An opportunity now came for the exercise of his taste and judgment. But a difference of opinion developed between him and the vestry, whether there should be a massive tower only, or a tower surmounted by a spire. His own preference was for the tower without the spire, not a vital issue certainly, but yet suggestive and in its way revealing the difference between fundamental types of modern Christianity. The tall spire, pointing heavenward away from earth and material things, has to the American mind become almost synonymous with ecclesiastical architecture. It stands for aspiration towards ideal ends, the predominant mood of the American people, more particularly in New England, where Puritanism has prevailed, and whence it has spread over the country. But the tower without the spire is in itself complete as a religious symbol, bespeaking the sense of protection in God, the need of God as a defence and shield; as in the words of Luther's hymn, "A strong tower is our God." That Mr. Brooks was clear in his own mind as to what he wanted is evident from a reference to the subject, a few months after his visit to New York, in a letter to Rev. C. A. L. Richards: "I have just broken my head against my vestry in an attempt to put a tower harmonious and solid on my church. I have failed. It is to be a spire, taller than anything in town, not bad and not good." In the end, however, Mr. Brooks was allowed to have his way, and the lofty tower of Holy Trinity, in Philadelphia, remains a monument to his preference in church architecture.

It was a tribute of high recognition which came to Mr. Brooks in the spring of 1867, in an invitation to become the head of the new Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, and to be responsible for its organization and the selection

of its teachers. The founder of the school, Benjamin Tyler Reed, Esq., had frequently entertained him at Lynn, his summer home, where for several successive summers Mr. Brooks had accepted an invitation to preach. Had not the call come so soon after the trial he had gone through in connection with the Divinity School in Philadelphia he might have given the subject a greater consideration than he appears to have done. But the call must have meant something to him. It showed that men recognized in him not merely a popular preacher, but a man competent for guidance and administration, the fittest man for what was to be one of the most influential institutions in the Episcopal Church, of whom the church would have reason to be proud even in that intellectual centre and under the shadow of Harvard. But Mr. Brooks dismissed the subject in this reference to it in the following letter: —

March 18, 1867.

I am called to Cambridge, to come and organize the new theological seminary, take what Professorship I will in it, and generally work the thing. What do you think of it? I am a good deal tempted by it, and have it under consideration. Do not mention it to any one, for if I do not go I suppose they would not care to have it known that they have asked me. I shall decide this week. I get as near to you as New York next Sunday, where I go to spend the day with Dr. Vinton.

Interesting events in the home and family life of Phillips Brooks were taking place in the spring of the year 1867. He received the news of the engagement of his older brother to Miss Franks of Philadelphia, a parishioner at the Church of the Holy Trinity, whose brother James had been for a time his pupil, and for whom he always cherished the deepest affection. The youngest son, John Cotton, named after his ancestor, the first minister of the First Church in Boston, had been presented for Confirmation, to the joy of his mother's heart. Frederick, the fourth son, was already winning a golden reputation in the ministry, and his services were greatly in demand. Arthur, the next to the youngest son, was to graduate from Harvard in the summer.

PHILADELPHIA, April 17, 1867.

DEAR FATHER, — Our correspondence has not been very brisk this winter. In fact, I can't quite remember when I wrote to you last. But you have heard of me in a good many ways. I have known pretty well how things went on with you at home. The principal events of the winter have been the visits from home, especially those of William, who is going to be married very soon. So runs the story here. Perhaps after all the first family meeting may not be at Class Day, but before that time comes I may have the privilege of welcoming you all to the Holy Trinity. Of course you will all come on, from aunt Susan down to Johnnie, and we 'll charter a car from my house up Walnut Street to the church.

I rejoice with you all in Johnnie's Confirmation last week. Now all the boys are in the Church, and I hope none of them will do her any dishonor.

I am glad you approve of my decision about Cambridge. I am sure it is all right, although there are some things about the invitation there which tempted me very much. I hope the new School will be well manned and start vigorously. I do not feel that I could leave here for anything now.

Everything is looking beautifully spring-like. A warm rain yesterday brought the leaves to bursting, and to-day the trees are all green. The next month here will be lovely, and the early part of June will be perfect. . . .

A year ago to-day I was at Parma in Italy. Every day comes up to me with its associations and repeats the grand tour. I think nobody ever enjoyed Europe more than I did.

Good-by. Lots of love to Mother and thanks for her letter. Let 's see you all in June.

Your loving son, PHILL.

To Rev. C. A. L. Richards he writes: —

PHILADELPHIA, June 28, 1867.

I have just got back from Boston. Arthur, one of those boys who must be all a hazy lump to you, is just graduating, and I am proud of him because he is third scholar in a class of some hundred, and so I went on to his Class Day. It was perfect. Cambridge with its elms and grass all washed and fresh, and splendid music and luxuriant hospitality, and no end of bright, pretty faces. Do you know I think I am getting more and more susceptible as I grow older. Did you? I should n't wonder if it came to matrimony pretty soon.

The summer of 1867 was spent at Mount Desert, but no record of it has been kept. In one of his letters he simply refers to it as very crowded, and very pleasant, and a hard place to write letters. As he was beginning in the fall a new year of work in Philadelphia, his younger brothers were making new starts in life. Arthur went to Andover Theological Seminary to begin his preparation for the ministry, and John entered Harvard College. The Rev. Frederick Brooks had accepted a call to St. Paul's Church, Cleveland, Ohio. Of these changes, and how they affected her, his mother speaks in the following letter: —

Boston, September 29, 1867.

My dearest Philly, — I was delighted to get your letter this morning, and thank you for it a thousand times. I shall answer it right off to show how glad I was. . . . I have been starting John off to college and Arthur off to Andover, and this week I am changing both my servants, who have got too smart for me. All this sounds very small, but it is woman's life and must be done.

Your letter made me glad and sorry, — glad about Frederick, but oh, so sorry about Philadelphia! Oh, don't lose her! It will take the heart out of all of us if she fails us. It is too hard to have our great struggle end like this. I don't believe it yet; so keep up good heart and quit you like men.

As to Fred, it is too good, and most earnestly have I thanked God for it. Cleveland seems just the place for him, a large field of labor, out West as he wishes, and yet nearer home. It must be a beautiful city. Let 's you and I go out there and see him some day.

Oh, Philly, I am delighted to see my boys so wide awake in such work. There could n't anything rejoice my heart more. You seem to be working hard and to enjoy it. Dear Philly, your influence is very wide and good. May your reward be great. I thank you, my dear boy, for all the happiness and honor your high course brings to me. Go on to the end, and only let your last works be even more than your first.

There is but one fault in your letter. You do not tell whether you are going to preach the Foreign Missions sermon. Do, and plead strongly the Lord's cause for the heathen.

I miss John very much. Nearly all my children have left me, and, as I sit alone, I feel lonely. But I rejoice to think they have gone to do the Lord's work. Did you remember that yes-

terday, the 28th of September, was dear George's confirmation day? I thought of him every moment.

How much I enjoyed your summer visit with us. Do come again in the course of the year. Your room looks deserted and lonely, and I see many tokens of you when I go into it. Aunt Susan, too, has gone for a long visit to Andover. What should I do without William and Mary! Good-by. With the love and blessing of your ever loving MOTHER.

The years between the return from Europe to 1869, when Mr. Brooks left Philadelphia for Boston, while destitute in striking incidents, were among the fruitful years in his experience, when he was receiving what God was teaching him. Never had he been more prolific in great sermons, or more diligent in his task of sermon-writing. He held the city of Philadelphia enchained in admiration of his eloquence, wondering at the mystery and secret of his power, which no analysis could fathom. Yet neither in his letters nor journals does he make the slightest allusion which would indicate that he was in any degree conscious of the power he was exercising, of his sceptre over human souls, or of the admiration, the devotion, lavished upon him by the thousands who came under his spell. When he writes home he speaks in his stereotyped way of his work, to the effect that things are going smoothly as usual. We may turn to his note-book, but it tells us little. More and more he shut himself up to the process within his soul, and in his sermons, eliminating all trace of the labor of the process, gave himself freely and unreservedly to the world, as next to God the sole confidant of his inward life. He who converses much with God and the world, or seeks to mediate between them, must be content, whether he will or no, to sacrifice much wherein to others lie the reality and the value of life. A few extracts are given here from his note-book, where he is for a moment thinking aloud, not for others but for himself.

There went a tide across my sleep,
I know not, guess not, whence it came;
But since I have not dared to keep
My old and wayward life the same.

The way in which the character of an age shaped its institutions and peculiar doctrines passes over into the next, leaving the institutions and the doctrines all behind, as if they were the furnaces in which the metal was moulded, but whose shape it never kept. Seen in the transfer of the best spirit of Greek and Roman life into Christianity, in the infusion of the spirit of barbarism into Mediævalism, of Mediævalism into the modern life of the Reformation, and of New England Puritanism into later American character.

> One thing I am sure of, that all that I see
> On the earth, in the sky, is a portion of me,
> And I am a part of the whole I behold,
> The sea with its grayness, the sky with its gold.
>
> What wonder if suddenly down from the hill
> Comes a flood not of tempest alone, but of will;
> What wonder if graciously up from the plain
> Comes a harvest of Peace with the harvest of grain.

The shading of character into character we learn by and by, and it is a very confusing lesson. I can remember well enough how as a child I used to feel as if misers and Sabbath-breakers and infidels were kinds of professions or castes, which you would recognize any moment when you saw them, by their very look. The first time I had an infidel pointed out to me was a wonder. I looked in vain for his badges. Only by and by you find the misers and the infidels everywhere, nay, even in yourself.

Any one who travels much and sees the past and the present of the world on a large scale comes, I think, necessarily to attribute a wider and more solid power to *sentiments* and *feelings*, to affections, superstitions, and antipathies in human history, — things that seem shadowy and unreal, — than he was used to do. What have they done? Nay, rather, what have they not done?

The Mohammedans have the golden gate into the Mosque of Omar heavily walled up. There is a tradition that if ever they are driven out of possession it will be by Jews or Christians entering by that gate. Like this is the way in which many Christians, feeling that attacks upon religion are likeliest to come upon the side of reason, instead of simply arming themselves on that side and keeping watch that the gateway be used only for its proper passers, wall it up altogether and refuse to reason at all about their faith.

In the order of nature belief always precedes knowledge. It is the condition of instruction. The application of this to philosophy in Sir William Hamilton's "Metaphysics," p. 32. Apply it also to the method of religion.

The strength of our persuasions is no evidence at all of their rectitude. Crooked things may be as stiff and inflexible as well as straight; and men may be as positive and peremptory in error as in truth. (Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, ii. p. 279.)

Some men's faith only makes itself visible; other men's lightens everything within its reach. Yet this is not always a difference in the qualities of the two faiths, but may be owing to the conditions of the atmosphere.

Cicero writes to his brother Quintus of the prosecution of the Consuls (B. C. 52): "Aut hominum aut legum interitus ostenditur." Cf. this as a statement of one aspect of the Atonement. *Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur.*

The great fact of the world, the phenomenon that is to be measured, the responsibility that is to be enjoined, is Tendency.

The Jesuit ordering pictures from France to use in the Huron Mission wants many souls in perdition (*âmes damnées*) in various styles; of souls in bliss (*âmes bienheureuse*) he thinks that one will be enough. (Parkman's Jesuits in North America, p. 133.)

A curious argument of the Indians, who believed in the truth as powerful, but drew the inference, not that they had better submit to it, but that it would be better for them not to hear it. (Parkman, Ib., p. 135.)

"You do good to your friends," said Le Jeune to an Algonquin Chief, "and you burn your enemies. God does the same."

It is a strange thing to say, but when the number of any public body exceeds that of forty or fifty, the whole assembly has an element of joyous childhood in it, and each member revives at times the glad mischievous nature of his schoolboy days. (Macmillan's Mag., December, 1867, p. 106.)

There are some diseases for which Lacordaire says (he is speaking of morbid solitude) there are but two remedies, Death and God. That nameless gift which misfortune adds to the greatest virtues. (Bossuet.)

The way in which the old army overcoats are still seen about, worn in ignominious work, long after the war is over.

He cannot force his way in, and so indulges himself with merely banging at the door.

If one's shoes were always being mended, when could they be worn? (Masson's Milton, ii. p. 276.)

Diogenes the Cynic was a wise man for despising them, but a fool for showing it. (Lord Chesterfield's Letters, p. 74.)

It has been well observed that men's real qualities are very apt to rise or fall to the level of their reputation. (Lord Nugent's Memorials of Hampden, p. 179.)

He was interested in the Sibylline Oracles, heathen and Christian, and his note-book gives indications of a plan for more thorough study. He wrote down with care the names of the Sibyls, the contents of the books in order to fix them in his mind, and also the prophecies uttered. Niebuhr's "History of Rome" was his guide, but he was led to dip into Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Pausanius, Varro, Livy, Josephus, Augustine [De Civitate Dei], Lactantius, and Celsus. He must have found that the demands on his time interfered with the exhaustive study of such a topic, for the plan was not carried out. But that he should have attempted it shows something of the working of his mind, of the scholar that he would like to have made, had he been free to follow his original native impulse. It also shows where his interest lay. He had been fascinated by that moment in ancient history, when Alexandria led the world of thought, — the age which produced Philo and Origen. The subject of the Sibyls might seem minute in its scope, yet it was related to the larger issue of the mode of divine revelation. Had it been pursued it would have led him into fields he would fain explore, the nature of inspiration, the nature and origin of prophetic utterance as distinguished from any other, the organic adaptation of the human soul, whether heathen or Jewish, for the religion of Christ. But if he were defeated in studying his subject from the historic point of view, or exploiting the dark recesses and rarely opened chambers in

human history in which he knew by instinct there were hidden treasures, yet he was not shut out from inquiry into the way in which the divine spirit reveals itself to the human. There were other modes of pursuing the inquiry for which he was fitted as few men are by his large and ever growing familiarity with the world of actual life, where the approach of God to the soul was a living present reality. The same divine power which had chosen him for its own, and separated him for the work of the ministry, now followed up that call and that purpose regarding him, excluding him jealously, as it were, from any distractions or diversions which might weaken or waste his powers, holding him as in a vise to the great work he was to do. Predestined himself for a prophet's work, he was compelled to study the message to his own soul.

An incident occurred in connection with the Pan-Anglican Synod, whose first meeting was in 1867, which stirred the soul of Phillips Brooks with righteous indignation. For ecclesiastical conventions he had little regard, and as he watched the proceedings in London he wrote : "The great English bishop-show seems to be doing nothing laboriously. Pan-Anglicans are poor things nowadays. My modest impression is that the strength of the church is in the lower orders of the clergy, backed, of course, by a large-minded laity." The most prominent result of the conference was the condemnation of Bishop Colenso of Natal, in South Africa, for his teaching in regard to the Old Testament, an act which seemed to Dean Stanley and others to be wrong in itself, and fraught with danger to the cause of free inquiry in theology, as well as a violation of the best traditions of the Church of England. For these reasons Dean Stanley refused the request of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London to use the Abbey in the closing service of the Synod, while, not to be discourteous, he offered it for some service of a general character, which should have no relation to the Pan-Anglican meeting. When this offer was in turn refused, the Dean wrote to Dr. Hopkins, the presiding bishop of the American Episcopal Church, explaining

the circumstances, for he was anxious there should be no misunderstanding of his desire to show welcome to all Americans. Bishop Hopkins in his reply took the opportunity to administer a reprimand to the Dean of Westminster for having disobeyed the divine law of the church in refusing the request of the bishops for the use of the Abbey. To those who knew the usages of the Church of England, and were familiar with the history of the Catholic Church in the Middle Ages, Bishop Hopkins seemed to be making a display of his ignorance, and was guilty of a ludicrous blunder, for it was the time-honored prerogative of the Dean of Westminster that he owed no canonical obedience to any bishop. The letter of Bishop Hopkins to Dean Stanley was published in the American church papers. When Phillips Brooks read it he wrote this letter to the Dean of Westminster: —

PHILADELPHIA, November 29, 1867.

I have just happened to see in the "Church Journal" of New York a letter from you to Bishop Hopkins, our presiding Bishop, with his reply, and I am so mortified and indignant at the impudence and ill-feeling of the Bishop's letter that, whatever may be the liberty I take in doing so, I cannot help sitting down at once and disowning — as I am sure I may do for our whole Church — the spirit and substance of his melancholy letter. It is a little matter to you, but much to us. I, for one, am not willing that my Church should be so misrepresented. I am not willing that you should for a moment think that it is the Church which does what the Bishop of Vermont has done — answer the kind courtesy of your note to him by personal insult and impertinent criticisms of customs with which he had nothing in the world to do. I beg you to believe, sir, that the only feeling in our Church at large on reading the Bishop's letter will be one of sorrow and shame. We would not willingly see any gentleman insulted in our name, and we owe too much to you for all that you have sent us in your books, which we know here as well as any Englishman can, to feel lightly the disgrace of such words as the Bishop of Vermont has written.

One more letter may be given which relates to politics. Things had not been going quite as he desired to see them. In the enthusiasm of the moment following the emancipation of the slaves, he had anticipated the end to be reached, as in

a prophetic vision, not taking into view the long intervening years, and the mistakes that would be made whose effect would be to retard indefinitely the progress of the freedmen. From this time it is not apparent that he regarded with such hopeful eagerness as he had once done the course of political campaigns and elections. He was giving himself more exclusively to his distinctive work.

PHILADELPHIA, October 12, 1867.

DEAR FATHER, — I do not know whether you will take in a letter from a Pennsylvania man after the way in which we have disgraced ourselves this week. But I assure you that I voted the Republican ticket right straight through, and it is not my fault that we have been found patting Andrew Johnson on the back. I did what I could to save the country, but the State is thoroughly demoralized. They try to explain it all by local causes, but it is hopeless to account for it all so. There has certainly been a sad deterioration of public sentiment. And the worst of it is that it seems to be by no means confined to Philadelphia. It seems to have run all over the country. Ohio is bad. Iowa, even, is not up to the mark. You cannot run principles without men, and there are no prominent men for our principles just now.

CHAPTER XIX

1868–1869

THE FIRST CALL TO TRINITY CHURCH. THE SITUATION IN BOSTON. DECLINATION OF THE CALL. THE SECOND CALL AND ITS ACCEPTANCE. AN APPRECIATION BY DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL OF PHILADELPHIA

Six years had now passed since Mr. Brooks became the rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity in Philadelphia. They had been happy years, filled with such an intense happiness as only he could know. So it always looked to him as in later years he took the long retrospect. No shadow of any disturbance in his parish, in confidential and loving relationship with his people, giving them of his best and always receiving of their best in return, — it was the ideal life of a Christian minister. The confidence and the love which went forth towards him was not limited to his own parish or his own communion; he was the joy and the pride of the whole city. Never before in the history of the city had anything like it been known. It would have seemed as though such a relationship could have been sundered only by death. But the same mysterious Providence which held him for its own was preparing the way for a change, till it should become a precarious tenure which held him in the city of Philadelphia. The day when he went to Cambridge in 1865, for the Harvard Commemoration, may be taken as a convenient date to fix the time when Boston claimed him, and henceforth would not be content till she possessed him, only waiting till the fitting opportunity should be presented to press her claim in some tangible form. For even in Boston, accustomed as she was to great preachers and orators, illustrious teachers, poets, and literary men of the highest kind and degree, nothing like

the power of Phillips Brooks in the pulpit had been known before.

This was the moment also when he began to be claimed by other religious communions than his own, as though when such greatness and power were concerned no one religious denomination could monopolize him, and he must be regarded as a common treasure, in the light of whose message distinctions of creed and polity should become subordinate. Thus we hear of him as preaching, when he is in New York, at the Fifth Avenue Reformed Dutch Church, or in Philadelphia at the First Baptist Church and the Sixth Street Presbyterian Church, or when he goes to Boston at the Old South Church. This was no mere ecclesiastical courtesy on the one side which demanded a return on the other, what is known as a pulpit exchange, for he was not at liberty, though he gladly would have been, to return what might have been regarded as a clerical compliment.

Among those who were the first to recognize this unwonted pulpit power were the Unitarians, whose stronghold was in Boston. Since the days of Channing, no such voice had appealed to them. Accustomed, as they were to claim all that was most eminent as belonging to their ranks, they began to see in Phillips Brooks one who by some accident had escaped them, but who must in the nature of the case be a child of their own. For they were quick to discern spiritual or intellectual excellence, and ready to listen to the voice of the spirit bringing a message for humanity. To the utterance of Phillips Brooks, so large, so rich, so free, they responded with loving confidence.

At a meeting of the Unitarian Association in Boston, in May, 1868, one of the speakers commented on Phillips Brooks, and his words were reported as follows: —

> I am told that Philadelphia is all alive with the splendid preaching of one of the occupants of the Episcopal pulpit there, who is imparting to that city the fresh life and the new day of the living gospel. When one of his congregation was boasting of his power to a member of our Brother Furness's Church, he said in reply, Well, do you know the reason? Your preacher

was born in a Unitarian home, educated in a Unitarian Sunday-school, grew up under liberal influences, and is giving you the fruit. (Applause.) And I say that the faith that can send forth rich, ripe fruit to bless the churches like Phillips Brooks . . . is a living faith, and is doing grand service in the world. . . . My friends, I believe in the providential education of emigration.

Dr. Furness of Philadelphia, upon whose authority this statement regarding Mr. Brooks was given, bore a high reputation for accurate learning, but in this case, if he were correctly reported, he was at fault. It was hardly accurate to speak of Mr. Brooks as having been born in a Unitarian home, for his mother, to whom fell almost exclusively the religious training of the children, was not and never had been a Unitarian, and indeed from her girlhood was pronounced and aggressive in her adherence to what is known as Orthodox Congregationalism. Nor was Phillips Brooks ever educated in a Unitarian Sunday-school, but when he went to church and Sunday-school for the first time, it was at St. Paul's Episcopal Church on Tremont Street, of which Dr. Vinton was the rector. Nor can he be said to have grown up under liberal influences, for he continued to sit under Dr. Vinton's ministry until he left Boston for the theological seminary of the Episcopal Church in Virginia. There is no evidence that up to this time he had read the writings of Channing or of Martineau. There are, at least, no references to them in his note-books, no extracts such as he was in the habit of making when specially impressed by any statement. If impulse reached him from Channing, it was probably indirect, as through the preaching of Dr. James Walker, whom he heard occasionally while in college, and for whom, as we have seen, like all his generation of Harvard men, he had the highest reverence. When he first began to preach at Harvard, he remarked that it made him tremble to think that he was standing in the place of Dr. Walker. And yet in the theological antecedents of Phillips Brooks there is a resemblance to Maurice, whose father was a Unitarian and his mother a Calvinist. It had been the life work of Maurice to reconcile an inherited antagonism,

constantly also before his eyes from childhood in the hostile religious attitudes of his parents. In the case of Phillips Brooks, however, the ancestral divergence had been overcome in his infancy, and he differed from Maurice in having been brought up in the Episcopal Church. Still it may be thought that, to some extent, he experienced the process through which Maurice passed. He inherited like him the twofold tendency, the humanitarian from his father, and the theistic from his mother, — the maternal inheritance being the stronger. The work of Phillips Brooks resembles that of Maurice in his effort to hold in equilibrium these tendencies which, existing apart, constitute the two wings of New England Puritanism. Maurice was the writer with whom Phillips Brooks was in deepest sympathy. He began to study his writings when at the theological seminary; in his last years he often recommended him to young men as the greatest theologian of the age.

In April, 1868, the Rev. Henry C. Potter, now the Bishop of New York, had resigned his position as assistant minister on the Greene Foundation, and in July, Bishop Eastburn had resigned the rectorship. Then the vestry of the church had immediately been summoned, and a unanimous call had been extended to Mr. Brooks to become the rector. More than two years before he had been informally asked to become assistant minister of Trinity, but the call had not been urged, as it did not represent a sphere of influence equal to that which he held in Philadelphia. But now that he could be invited as the rector, all the pressure was brought to bear upon him to induce him to accept the call that the church could command. For the third time in his ministry, Mr. Brooks was to face the question of a change; for the second time also the Church of the Holy Trinity in Philadelphia was to face the danger of losing its rector. If the call had come to him immediately after his return from Europe it might have been more favorably regarded. But when it came to him in 1868, it found him full of hope and disinclined to leave. He received the formal document while at Newport on a visit, and thus acknowledges it to his father: —

Newport, Friday, August 18, 1868.

Dear Father, — I received your letter yesterday morning, and yesterday evening Mr. Dexter and Mr. Parker were here, and gave me the call. I shall not answer it till I get back to Philadelphia. And I want you and Mother and the boys to write to Philadelphia, and tell me what you think of it in full. Something inclines me to come, but the preponderance is decidedly the other way. I shall be here till some time next week, probably Tuesday or Wednesday. Am having a charming time. Love to all. Affectionately, Phill.

Mr. Brooks kept the call under consideration for a month before he returned his answer. During this time letters poured in upon him, eager and importunate, urging his acceptance, describing the situation, all of them written under the conviction that he was the only man who could meet the needs of the hour in Boston. It was well enough known that if he came, it would be at the expense of a great sacrifice in Philadelphia, of a long and enduring sorrow, in the Church of the Holy Trinity. When he had been called to the professorship in the Divinity School, he had received numerous letters, indignant remonstrances among them, as well as calm appeals from his parishioners and others, which together constituted a powerful motive inducing him to remain. But now the Church of the Holy Trinity for the most part awaited in silence the issue. The danger had come closer and was so real that the anxiety could find no relief in words. It was tacitly admitted that Boston's claim was a strong one; the only hope was that the ties in Philadelphia had become too strong to be severed.

Among those who wrote to him earnest entreaties to come to Boston were his father and mother, who had made Trinity Church for years their home. His brothers also, William and Frederick and Arthur, were of the opinion that he ought to accept, each presenting the situation in a way to make it attractive. For several years his father had seen the possibility of his becoming the rector of Trinity Church in case of a vacancy, and had been frequently asked whether his son would favorably entertain the proposition. He had been wise and discreet, but he could not conceal his earnest hope that if

he were called he would come, yet knowing better than most the obstacles in the way. His mother was confident that he would come. She wrote immediately after the call was given: —

> I have heard of your call to Trinity Church with the intensest interest. . . . I *must* tell you *how glad* I should be if you should decide to accept it, how pleasant it seems to think of getting you back again, *how much* I hope you will *come*. . . . Trinity certainly is a great field for usefulness. . . . It needs a powerful man to make it a live church, and I believe you are peculiarly fitted for the work, and I humbly rejoice that I have such a son to give to it.

Other letters from members of the parish, from the bishop, and from clergymen prominent in the diocese, gave the larger reasons why he should regard it as a duty to accept the call. There was a great work to be done for the Episcopal Church; he could speak to the whole city, and his voice would resound throughout the commonwealth of Massachusetts, throughout New England. He could overcome the negative disintegrating influences which were weakening the churches; he could restore the waning prestige of religion and could save the people from resorting to false guides or from seeking a refuge or solace in the sensuous appeals of Ritualism. Trinity Church would be as a throne from which he could sway the multitudes, or, to change the metaphor, a great strategic centre, from whence operations could be successfully conducted that would alter a situation of weakness into one of strength. There were other arguments: he could influence young men on a large scale, for Boston with its suburbs was the chief educational centre of the country. He owed something to Boston as the place of his birth and education, the home of his distinguished ancestry. It was of course assumed in the arguments that Boston was the most important city in the land because it was the intellectual centre from whence went forth streams of influence throughout all the country.

To these many and urgent letters Mr. Brooks gave one brief and almost uniform reply, — that he was not the man to

do the work which was described. Any other answer could hardly have been expected from him. To have assumed that he was able to accomplish such a task as these letters prophesied, or that he came to Boston with the intention or expectation of accomplishing it, was to put him in a false position and endanger his usefulness. The innate modesty of the man must have rebelled against the assumption that he thought of himself as others were thinking or speaking of him, or admitted to himself that he was superior to other men. He cultivated in himself obliviousness to the signs of his popularity and power. Before the call could be accepted, the ground of the appeal must be changed. But, as in all the other critical moments of his life, when he was weighing questions which concerned his own personal interests, he maintained a strict silence. His own letters deal only with the barest formalities of the situation, with conventional expressions, which may mean anything or nothing. That he was indifferent in the matter it is impossible to believe. It would be nearer the truth to take it for granted that he was passing in solemn review the whole history of his inner life, sounding the depths of his religious faith, asking himself more closely what was the true place and function of a minister of the gospel of Christ. He was aware that he was called to determine the nature of his future work. One phase of his life was over, and he stood at the dividing of the ways. Dr. Vinton, to whom he turned for advice, wrote from his summer home in Pomfret a letter in contrast with the letters from Boston, which had held up before him such exalted visions of the work which he might accomplish. He at least was under no illusion about Boston. His letter may have had some weight. But it is plain enough that, at this moment, Mr. Brooks did not wish to accept the call, and preferred to remain in Philadelphia. Dr. Vinton's judgment coincided with his own preference: —

POMFRET, August 28, 1868.

MY DEAR BROOKS, — I do not feel competent to advise you in so important a matter with anything like assurance, and can only

say in a general way that my impressions are against your removal on the whole.

I do not doubt of your success in Boston, but I am more in doubt of your being so useful as in Philadelphia. You are more needed where you are than in a place where the people are more like you.

You can never have a more devoted parish than Holy Trinity, and when you move from it I think it should be to New York.

You will see from the vague character of these suggestions how uncertain my judgment in the case is, and I prefer therefore to remand the question to yourself, satisfied that you will be guided both by reason and conscience.

I think a good method of decision in such cases is, after pondering the matter impartially and seeking guidance from above, simply and implicitly to mark which way the feelings lean and to follow their direction.

It is a most interesting question, and I hope you will let me know your decision as soon as it is made.

Trusting that you will be guided wisely, I am as always,

Yours truly, ALEX. H. VINTON.

The letter declining the call to Trinity Church was written September 7, 1868, after keeping the subject under consideration less than a month. His own feelings prompted him to remain in Philadelphia. But he could not have been prepared for the outburst of feeling on the other side, the genuine expressions of disappointment from those who had expected that their appeal would be successful. Probably he had never been so near accepting the call as when, just after he had declined it, he received these evidences of an almost hopeless sorrow. He could see more clearly that the situation in Boston was a grave one for the future of Trinity Church and for the cause he had at heart, and that in this emergency they had turned to him as they could turn to no other, that in their disappointment they refused to be comforted. Mr. George M. Dexter, the senior warden of Trinity, wrote: "Yours, putting an end to all our hopes, came duly to hand. I cannot tell you how much we should have all enjoyed your being able to come to the opposite conclusion. What we shall do I have not the least idea." Dr. Stone, the dean of the new Episcopal Theological School in

Cambridge, wrote: "Your letter of the 7th inst. announcing the fact that you had declined the call to Trinity Church, Boston, made my heart sick; I had so longed and hoped for a different decision." Dr. Francis Wharton was sad, but more hopeful, and first made the suggestion that the answer be not considered final: —

I must confess that your declination was a great shock to me, and the longer the time that elapses since I heard of it the more anxious the question becomes. . . . To whom can the vestry go? Do you know any one? My own feeling has been that after the lapse of a year your decision could be reconsidered. Far, far wiser would it be for the parish to wait. . . . Here is really the mainspring of our New England Church, and here will its tone be largely given. You are the one to do this, and to do it with a breadth and power which no one else can approach; and I consider the alternative before us with the greatest anxiety. You are a Bostonian and feel what our want is.

There were many of these letters expressing deep disappointment, but none of them could have moved him as did this letter from his mother: —

Boston, September 9, 1868.

My dearest Philly, — I feel so deeply disappointed on receiving the news of your final decision not to come to Trinity that I know not how to write to you. It is a dreadful blow to all of us. I never can tell you how badly we all felt when your long-looked-for letter arrived at breakfast time. We were all stunned and saddened by it, for your long delay in answering greatly encouraged us to hope, and the disappointment is intense.

And also to every one else alike. Already I have heard of a young man saying, "I am sorry he is not coming; he would soon have filled Trinity Church with young men." I had thought I should have my boy back again, and the thought of your coming made Father and me very happy, and gave a new impetus to our lives; but I fear we shall never have you now. We have indulged the proud hope of seeing you change wasted and suffering Trinity into a fruitful field. Indeed, you could have controlled all Boston.

It is not too much to say I have been sick at heart ever since I heard it, and I cannot write about it, for I cannot find words to tell you how sorry I feel. Only I am disappointed indeed. I am glad you are coming to see us in October, — *very glad*. I long to see you.

Forgive me, my dear child, that I cannot write more now, but believe me intensely

Your dear and loving MOTHER.

When Phillips Brooks replied to this letter, expressing himself as hurt at the absence of any recognition of his sense of duty in the matter, his mother quickly wrote again, but in a different mood. She had recovered from her despondency, and was sharing in the growing hope that his decision was not final: —

BOSTON, September 11, 1868.

MY DEAR PHILLY, — We are very glad to get your letter today and hear all you have to say about the matter of your call. But I do not like to have you say that *now* you probably never shall live in Boston. I am not going to consider *that* the case, if only for my own sake.

From what you say, you seem tied for the present to your parish and cannot leave it; but when the next loud call from Boston comes, which undoubtedly will come, to a man in your position, I trust you will be able to accept it. The universal regret that is expressed that you are not coming shows that people will not give you up, for the *first* disappointment. I respect you for caring so much for your parish, but I feel *Boston* has a work for you to do for her, and a claim upon you, for your birth and your education. So remember you are a *Boston boy yet*, and owe her a *debt*, and I pray you may be able to pay it in my lifetime. It does me good to find you are really coming to see us in October. We have dreadfully missed your usual summer visit, and it will be delightful to have you here in the good old family way, for I believe I miss the absent ones more and more every year. Don't let anything prevent your coming, I beg you. . . .

Your loving and devoted MOTHER.

Here the subject of Boston and Trinity Church may be dropped for a moment, while we return to Philadelphia to follow him in the last year of his residence there. His visit to Boston in October was for the purpose of acting as chaplain on the occasion of breaking ground for Memorial Hall at Harvard. While in Boston he preached in Trinity Church, which gave him an opportunity of looking at the situation with reference to himself as he had not hitherto done; but it was an unwise act if his determination were

final to remain in Philadelphia. During his last year as rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity he was experiencing as never before the vicissitudes in human affairs. The city and the church were not quite the same to him as they had been. His popularity was not diminished; indeed his power in the pulpit was greater than ever, and his personal prestige something unknown in clerical life. The devotion of his congregation still attended him, but even this could not quite compensate for losses which closely affected him. He was deeply dependent on his friendships. Allusion has already been made to the group of friends who surrounded him, in whose society he spent his moments of leisure. But gaps had been made in this intimate circle. The Rev. George Strong had departed, to accept a professorship in Kenyon College, Ohio; the Rev. Charles A. L. Richards had become the rector of St. John's Church, Providence, Rhode Island. This sadly reduced the little coterie who, together with the Mitchells, had met weekly at dinner under the hospitable roof of Mr. Cooper. The death of Mrs. Cooper, to whom he was strongly attached, a woman of singular social attractions, was a source of personal grief, and with this loss came the end of those social reunions which had been one of the marked features of his life. The call to arise and depart, for this was not his rest, could no longer surprise him, strongly as he was still bound to the friends who remained.

At this time he turned much to the younger men who were coming out of the Divinity School. The difference that separated them in age was not great; he had reached in 1869 his thirty-fourth year. But he annihilated the difference of age to come among them as one of themselves. His brother Arthur, his junior by fourteen years, was with him, a student at the Divinity School, and between them there grew up an intimate friendship, which is not always the rule with brothers. Through Arthur he became acquainted with the theological students, visiting them in their rooms, curious to know how they were looking at theological questions. Whenever any student read a paper in any way notable, he was sure to

inquire after it and learn its contents. He made it a special duty to become acquainted with a young Mr. Forbes, whose premature death was much lamented, but from whom during his short life a strong influence had gone forth among his fellow students. Mr. Forbes was already an advanced Maurician, and was in correspondence with the master. The letters he received from Maurice he shared with his friends in the school. Among these younger men with whom Mr. Brooks became intimate were the Rev. Percy Browne, rector of St. Philip's Church in Philadelphia, and the Rev. William Wilberforce Newton, a son of the late Dr. Richard Newton, of the Church of the Epiphany. Mr. Newton, now the rector of the Episcopal Church in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, gives reminiscences of this moment in Mr. Brooks's career: —

> In 1868 I was a deacon and assistant to my father at the Church of the Epiphany. I lived at home, and had the third floor all to myself. The front room was my study and my bachelor headquarters, and it was here that Brooks used to love to come and smoke, and talk over affairs. He was then at the highest point of popularity and fame; he was like a great god, so full of activity and force, and the wonder with me was why such a man cared for me. Yet I had his fullest confidence, and he used to pour out all his contents into my astonished ears. I have known him to come as late as one or two o'clock in the morning, throw snowballs or bits of stick at my windows and give a peculiar whistle, which I, like a game dog, instantly obeyed. He used to make me read my essays and sermons to him.

Some of the younger clergy, under the lead of Phillips Brooks and Mr. Newton, had formed themselves into a club, called the "Clericus," meeting every month, when an essay was read and discussed. The social element was prominent, for the members were chosen by ballot and one object was to get "clubable" men, to use a word of Dr. Johnson's. They were men of similar views, yet not unwilling to add to their membership those who differed from them in opinion, for it gave more zest to their discussions. Although they were young, living at a time which to their elders seemed to abound with omens of evil, when materialism was undermining faith and a Romanizing reaction appeared the only alter-

native, yet they were fearless, proposing to face science and a critical hostile literature, to overcome the objections and difficulties each in his own soul and in his own way. The club had no constitution, and no specific object, except to meet monthly, and then what was uppermost in religious thought found earnest expression. If their purpose could be described, it was an ambition to emulate the spirit of St. Paul, "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity." They were full of faith and of hope for the church and for the world. A sense of exhilaration and expectation was in them, as though a great age were to be ushered in, when God in Christ would fulfil his promise, "Behold, I make all things new."

The familiar carol, "O little town of Bethlehem," written by Mr. Brooks for his Sunday-school, to which allusion has already been made, was sung for the first time at Christmas, 1868, to the music furnished by Mr. Redner.[1] The hymn and its music at once sprang into popularity, and has since become the property of all the churches, never henceforth to be omitted from any Sunday-school collection. It appeals to the heart of a child, partly because it was the outburst of a happy spirit. It could not have been written but for those months spent in Palestine in 1865–1866, or for the later musings on the sacred scenes in the life of Jesus. It is an exquisitely simple thing, and yet one feels behind the words the existence of a great soul, meditating on the mystery of the divine revelation.

Those who now met Phillips Brooks for the first time were chiefly impressed, but also perplexed, by his manner. The

[1] In alluding to this circumstance, in his reminiscences of Phillips Brooks in Philadelphia, Mr. Redner writes: "In the Christmas programme for that year I found this extra verse, which was not afterwards published in any of the hymn-books: —

"Where children pure and happy
Pray to the Blessed Child,
Where misery cries out to Thee,
Son of the Mother mild;
Where Charity stands watching,
And Faith holds wide the door,
The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,
And Christmas comes once more."

conventional solemnity of the sacred office of the clergy seemed to be wholly wanting; he was full of mirth and gayety, a spirit of fun gone mad as it were, breaking all bounds in exuberance and buoyancy. He gave full scope to what his friend Bishop Randolph called his talent for nonsense in little things; discerning and welcoming the humor or satire of the moment. This manner was on him up to the moment of his going into the pulpit, when he stirred men's souls to their very depth, producing a serious excitement of the spirit and moral nature which was long in subsiding; while he himself was ready, when the sermon was over, again to resume the bantering, jocular tone. In this manner there was something at first sight inexplicable. It had not been his characteristic as a child, nor was it observed in college or in the theological seminary. He was then much like others ; he had his hours of silence and preoccupation, was at moments even what would be called saturnine or gloomy. Not but what in earlier years he could be as hilarious as any, and when he did take part in gatherings where the object was mirth and amusement, could show the same great relative capacity for merriment that he showed in other things. But now it was almost continuous, and became a marked characteristic of his manner. His advent anywhere was the signal that mirth was to begin.

We may surmise where we cannot explain. There must have been some inward revolution accomplished in these years of his education or, as he might call it, his conversion, in which he had come to the knowledge of himself and of his world and of God. A deep-seated conviction of the goodness of the divine order, of the divine will, as having its way in human life and responsible for the salvation and well-being of humanity; a conviction already controlling but destined to grow to an ever larger sense of the actual fatherhood of God and the sonship of men, a feeling that he had entered into the secret of God and of humanity, — some such convictions as these account for the fact that the natural gladness of the soul with which children are born now seemed to him the rightful manner and corresponded to his inward

experience. Every man should be as a ray of sunlight and joy in a world where God reigned supreme, and where God and not man was responsible for the ordering of life. There may have been here a protest against the conventional melancholy of the clergy, that traditional manner by which they were recognized. It had been one of the obstacles to be overcome when he was first turning towards the ministry, — his childish feeling that the Christian ministry meant the loss or renunciation of the joy in life, the schooling one's self to a prevailing mood of sadness and inward condemnation, that religion was essentially a mournful attitude. The portraits of the succession of the Phillips ancestors under the Puritan régime, going back to remote years, were before him from his childhood in the old house at North Andover. From their view of human life he was set free. All that was good in them he could retain, and enforce with a power they never equalled, but their morbid melancholy, the gentle tone of complaint, he felt under no obligation to preserve. At this time he wrote in his note-book: —

> If the modern philosophies fail that would exclude man from central and causal importance in the world, then what truer statement can we find than this, — that man is a sort of sunshine in the world, which, falling upon everything besides, calls it out to the flower of its truest beauty and the fruitage of its fullest use. By his touch, nature grows into delight and supply, and all events open into education. And this being true of man at large, it must be true also of each man in his contact with things. He must be a ray of the great sunshine under whose touch some special flower may open and some special fruit fill itself with healthy and nutritious juice, some little corner of the field grow rich.

This manner of Phillips Brooks, both in his conversation and especially in his familiar correspondence, as will be seen hereafter, might mislead any one who did not know him, as it sometimes perplexed those who did know and revere him. And still it did not deceive those who knew him best. Although he seemed to be invested with an atmosphere of hilarity, yet one of his friends, a lady with great experience of life,

thought that, beneath the merriment and the wild humor, she could always detect "Andover."

Upon this peculiarity of his manner it may be further remarked that it served as a barrier between his inner life and the curiosity of those who desired to have him talk of himself. He was constantly on his guard lest he should be betrayed into personal conversation where a man talks intimately of his own experience. The reserve of his youth, so often alluded to, had not disappeared, but in reality had grown stronger, and now held him so rigidly that he could not, and would not, break it. To this remark there is the one exception, — he would make the world of humanity the confidant of his inmost feelings, while he would not reveal it to any individual. He gave himself in absolute abandon when he stood up to preach, telling, although in impersonal ways, everything he had ever felt or known, but he kept his confidence with this world, and would not speak of it on the passing occasion to any one however intimate. There lay his power as a preacher in great part, that he spoke of himself so freely and so fully in the pulpit, while that few or none realized how complete was the self-portraiture. Thus he reserved himself for the pulpit, and sternly refused to weaken himself by admitting any other mode of self-utterance. He was not one of those who made conversation, as the expression goes. He was difficult to converse with. Some men have given to the world of their best in conversation, he held himself in restraint for the sake of the pulpit.

It has been said that he never alluded either in his letters or in his conversation to his popularity or to the evidences of his growing power and influence. He was daily receiving tributes of admiration and even adulation which would have turned the head of any ordinary man, begetting conceit and egotism and arrogance or the assumption of an ecclesiastical manner, as though he were some great one in the kingdom of God or the kingdom of this world. It was one of the compromises of high ecclesiastics in the Middle Ages to cultivate an inward humility before God, but before men to put on the evidence of pomp and dignity which their position jus-

tified. Here was one who cultivated humility before God and man. If he showed any consciousness of the exalted pinnacle on which he stood in human estimate, it was perhaps in the absolute negation of the appearance of any such consciousness. There lay his safeguard. In his incessant joking, chaffing, and bantering, he was refusing to admit that he differed in any way or degree from other men. He was seeking to be one with them, pleading, as it were, that they should recognize no difference. His high distinction, his personal power, his popularity, his exceptional career tended to constitute a barrier between him and others. Men could not meet him as they did their fellows in ordinary life, because they were conscious of his greatness. It may have been in part the explanation of his manner, that he strove to resist this exceptional treatment by a jocularity which almost looked as if he took nothing seriously.

There is still a further explanation to be offered. He was unlike most men, and herein lay his greatness, that his inner being, his will and his emotions, was quickly roused, and when roused became a profound inward tumult, a raging torrent which could only find relief in some great utterance. An incessant mental activity was always transmuting ideas into power, and in some way he must guard himself, or the result would be exhaustion and collapse. His manner became a sentinel over his life, giving him relief from the endless process that went on within, which indeed was still going on, when he was in the whirl of what seemed a wild, unchecked, or even an irreverent mirth.

During his last years in Philadelphia, dating, it may be, from the year spent in Europe, the physical condition of Mr. Brooks underwent a somewhat remarkable change. From his childhood he had been delicate in health with a tendency to headaches, liable to suffering from imprudence or overwork, easily fatigued with the labor of preaching, and, as we have seen, dependent on conditions of weather. The family physician in Boston, the late Dr. Reynolds, had expressed the opinion that the residence in Philadelphia would be beneficial. Whether from this cause or other causes which

cannot be traced, he now became robust and strong, with the possession of herculean strength and powers of endurance. For a long stretch of years he was able to do an amount of work which would have broken down ordinary men, year after year preaching three times on Sunday and frequently also during the week, easily carrying a multiplicity of demands upon his time and thought, which in connection with his other tasks looks almost impossible. He ceased to complain of weariness; he had almost forgotten what it was to be tired or to suffer from attacks of illness. He slept well and ate well, but never took much exercise. Amid his burdens and the demands on his time he seemed to be at leisure. His outward manner may have been the expression of this inward vitality and abounding jubilant health. Thus the Christian ministry in his experience became the happiest of all professions. He would often tell little children who were awed by his presence that it was great fun to be a minister. His appearance in itself carried comfort and exaltation wherever he went, and seemed to change the whole aspect of life. It was the natural genuine expression of his soul, after it had reached its freedom. But that which he never spoke of in such connections was also true, — his relationship to God as the obedient son of God, who through obedience was entering into life, may have been the deepest clue to the joy and happiness which he knew for himself before he imparted it to others.

When Mr. Brooks declined the call to Trinity Church, Boston, in the fall of 1868, he evidently regarded his decision as a final one, and wished it to be so understood. But the wardens and vestry of Trinity and many other friends in Boston, who had set their hearts on his becoming their rector, refused to acquiesce in this conclusion. It came to be tacitly taken for granted among them that their wisest policy was to wait for a year and then renew the call. It was a great sacrifice to make, to allow the church to remain for a year without a pastor, but in this sacrifice there was an appeal to him, an evidence unmistakable how deeply he was wanted.

He was now somewhat at the mercy of those who wanted him. These were circumstances he could not control. He could resist the importunities of those who laid out for him a great sphere in Boston, who were confident that he would become a theological leader and change the ecclesiastical situation. When they spoke of his power and his fame he was indifferent; he would not trade in his reputation. It was a different thing when he recognized that he was wanted for himself, and had won a place in the heart of old Trinity in the city of Boston, so deep and secure that it shut its ears and refused to listen to any other. But for himself he did not yet want to leave Philadelphia, nor did he desire to go to Boston. He could not always say this in reply to letters which told him they were waiting, or if he did say it in his kindly way it made no difference in the result.

With the opening of the new year, 1869, the subject was renewed by a letter from the late Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, who had been in Europe while the question had been pending in the previous year and unable to exert his influence. Since he had returned he had held a conversation with Mr. Brooks's father, which encouraged him to think that the question was not finally closed. He wrote asking for a conversation when he should be in Philadelphia. In view of all the circumstances of the church in Massachusetts and of the new Theological School at Cambridge, he believed that Mr. Brooks could render a service to the church and to the community at large by coming to Trinity which neither he nor any other could give elsewhere. So long as there was an immediate or even a remote possibility of his coming they would continue to wait. Were there any imperative and inexorable consideration which put Trinity out of the question, it would not consist with the dignity of either party that such a position should be openly offered and declined a second time so soon. To this letter Mr. Brooks replied: —

PHILADELPHIA, January 4, 1869.

HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP:

MY DEAR SIR, — I thank you sincerely for your very kind note which I received on New Year's Day. I have thought of it much

since, and it has reopened the question which gave me much anxiety last summer. It gives me great pleasure to know that you agree with the other gentlemen of the vestry of Trinity Church in desiring me to accept its Rectorship, and this assures me still more strongly of the pleasure which I should have in working there if I could come. But I ought to say at once that I see no possibility of changing the decision to which I came in the fall. My work here is as exacting as ever, and I cannot see any more chance of leaving it. You say very justly that it is not right for Trinity to renew its invitation only to be declined again, and ever since it has been intimated to me in several ways that there was any thought of such action, especially since I received your note, I have tried to see whether it was possible to hope to give any other answer. I cannot see that it is.

You will judge no doubt that for many reasons I should like to come exceedingly. I certainly should. I appreciate fully the value and importance of the Parish, and have looked anxiously to see the right man appear for it.

I do not know after this whether you will still think the proposed interview desirable. But I should like to talk with you about it, because Talk is so much more satisfactory than writing.

I shall not be in Boston until the 14th of February, when I am engaged to preach there. If you can let me know when you will be in Philadelphia, I shall take much pleasure in calling upon you, or I shall be very happy to see you at my rooms. I beg to assure you that I appreciate your kindness, and with sincere regards to Mrs. Winthrop, I beg you to believe me,

Very sincerely yours, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Mr. Brooks was in Boston, on February 14, preaching at Trinity Church morning and afternoon, and in the evening at the Old South Church on Washington Street to a "crowded house," under the "auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association." His text was taken from 1 Corinthians xv. 45: "The first man Adam was made a living soul, the last Adam was made a quickening spirit." It was hardly wise for him to have preached at Trinity under the circumstances, for it was sure to increase the desire and the purpose of its people that he should become their rector, and yet, with the Sunday unoccupied, he could not have refused. So the anxious consideration which was disturbing his work began once more, and he faced seriously in all its aspects the

problem of his future years. It added to the gravity of the situation that Emmanuel Church, Boston, was to become vacant by the election of its rector, Rev. F. D. Huntington, to the new bishopric of Central New York. A call would have been extended to him from this parish in case he would consider it, but he declined. On the whole he seemed to be settling permanently in Philadelphia, having made at this time an arrangement for joint housekeeping with his friend, Rev. C. D. Cooper, who was building a commodious residence with this object in view. But the arrangement did not imply that Mr. Brooks felt himself forever condemned to a celibate life. In a letter to Rev. George A. Strong, he speaks on the subject of matrimony: —

February 3, 1869.

My dear George, — And so this was what the long silence meant, and I must not complain, and I don't, for your letter today makes me so thoroughly glad that I can simply feel that it was well worth waiting for all this long winter. Good luck to you with all my heart, my dear fellow. It is what I have wanted for you for years, and now that it has come, I feel as rejoiced as I could be for anybody except myself. This is a wretched sort of life that we are living now, and when a man breaks out of it as you are going to do, his friends who stay behind must clap him on the back as he departs and congratulate him with all the intensity with which they feel their own forlornness. You will be very happy. I used to think you never would be married, but now since ten o'clock this morning, it seems the most natural and necessary thing in all the universe that you should be, and I can hardly realize you as a single man. We have had some jolly good times together in Virginia and Philadelphia and New Hampshire, and Switzerland and London, and all over. We shan't have any more of just the same sort, but if your wife will let me in, we will have some good times yet of some other sort, that probably will be just as pleasant. I hope she knows that when she said "yes" to you she involved herself in a friendship with other folks whom she has never heard of, but has got to have a corner for in her house and her kindness. I like her already because I like your taste; one of these days I am going to do better. As to your good invitations, Cooper and I agreed immediately that we would be at the wedding in spite of earthquakes. As to the Grooming, I will do anything for you, my dear, if you 'll tell me how, but I don't know anything about

this, and you will be ashamed of me. But here I am. The Φ B K invitation (which has not yet arrived) I must decline, because I have agreed to do the same thing at Brown in Providence, and as theirs does n't come till August 31, I shan't be ready and can't undertake two. But I will come. And now, my dear old Fellow, God bless you — and her. How odd it seems, but I 'm awful glad for you. PHILLIPS.

The Convention of the diocese of Pennsylvania met in May, 1869, and Phillips Brooks preached the sermon. It was published by order of the convention, under the title of "The Living Church." It was a comprehensive sermon defining his theological and ecclesiastical attitude, and delivered at a moment when excitement and alarm existed throughout the Episcopal Church. One demurs a little at the text, which was taken from Exodus xxviii. 34, 35: "A golden bell and a pomegranate, a golden bell and a pomegranate, upon the hem of the robe round about. And it shall be upon Aaron to minister: and his sound shall be heard when he goeth in unto the holy place before the Lord, and when he cometh out, that he die not." At this stage in his career, he was wont to search for such remote passages in the Bible whose meaning was not at once apparent, — a practice which he afterwards ridiculed as clerical affectation. He seeks to connect the text with his theme, but when he is launched into the sermon it disappears. The pomegranate stands for the accumulation of life and its ripening fruit in the soul, the bell for its living utterance and proclamation.

The distinctive character of the sermon lies in putting the living soul before the living church. The church is the aggregate of Christly life. Government and symbols are not the church. There is nothing belonging to the church in its totality which does not first belong to individual souls. The danger of the ecclesiastical spirit, the danger for all churchmen and for all times to fear, is that there lies a certain vitality in the church apart from the life of the souls within her. There is danger that the church may harm the life given to her to cultivate by stopping the channels through which Christ communicates with souls.

If a Church in any way hinders the free play of human thoughtfulness upon religious things by clothing with mysterious reverence, and so shutting out from the region of thought and study acts and truths which can be thoroughly used only as they are growingly understood, by limiting within hard and minute and invariable doctrinal statements the variety of the relations of the human experience to God, — if in any such way a church hinders at all the free inflow of every new light which God is waiting to give to the souls of men as fast as they are ready to receive it, just so far she binds and wrongs her children's intelligence and weakens her own vitality. This is the suicide of Dogmatism.

Or if a Church lets any technical command of hers stand across the path, that a command of God cannot get free access to the will of any of the least of all God's people — a system of ecclesiastical morality, different from the eternal morality which lies above the Church, between the soul and God, a morality which hides some eternal duties and winks at some eternal sins, — just so far the Church wrongs her children's consciences and weakens her own vitality. This is the suicide of Corruption.

Or yet again, if the symbols of the Church, which ought to convey God's love to man, become so hard that the love does not find its way through them and they stand as splendid screens between the Soul and the Love, or have such a positive character of their own, so far forget their simple duty of pure transparency and mere transmission, that they send the Love down to the soul colored with themselves, formalized and artificial; if the Church dares either to limit into certain channels or to bind to certain forms of expression that love of God which is as spiritual and as free as God, then yet again she is false to her duty, she binds and wrongs her children's loving hearts, and once again weakens her own vitality. This is the suicide of Formalism.

He pleads for a freer life of doctrine, while also holding the old truths of the old creeds more strongly and lovingly; for a clearer identity between the religious and moral instincts, and for greater simplicity and spirituality.

Out of this present endless tendency to slip the symbol into the place of truth, this tendency which makes one, in the present stage of our progress at least, fear the increasing multiplicity of form, because of its constant encroachments upon simplicity of truth and spiritual thought, we must come forth into the clear spiritual life of Christ, which desires nothing but to know Him, and obey

Him, and feel Him more and more. . . . The enforcement of a scheme of a moral law or good behavior, making the Church a police system to keep the world in order; the mere introduction of a church system of Church government and worship, or the compact symmetry of the Church's year, the beautiful order of the Church's education; every sacred rite and every sensuous impression; Church work done in Sunday-schools, Bible classes, night schools, parish visiting, mothers' meetings, and reading-rooms; preaching, too, — all this is machinery through which the life may manifest itself, but apart from the life or power of Christ entering into the Church as truth, guidance, and love, it becomes mere machinery, like the mechanical whirling of the spindles by hand with the vital fires gone out in the furnaces below. . . . The rites and ceremonies must be clearly significant of truth, and not like the malignant ritualism of our day, significant of error; nor like the tawdry ritualism of our day, significant of nothing, a ghost of dead incantations.

The world does not hear with any attention the ringing of our golden bells. Men do not listen as we go. Men neither fear the Church nor desire the Church as we sometimes dream they might; as we sometimes think in our reading that once they did. The world in large part goes its own way, and leaves us on one side. We are foreign and unreal to it.

What is it that is needed? I say by all means that the first need is larger liberty. I think that all of us Churchmen are burdened with the consciousness that there is more in the Church than gets out to contact with the world. The Church is better than her utterances. There is a larger thought than our sermons utter. Many a man talks better than he preaches. There are conventionalities and timidities of teaching that restrain the Truth. Does the world guess how the Church loves her Master? Does it imagine from outside, the reality and intensity of that affectionate dependence, which you and I know so well to be real and intense seeing it here within, but which attests itself so feebly, so formally, so artificially in a few stereotyped and narrow ways? There is a deep, spontaneous devotion that lacks the chance of a corresponding spontaneity of utterance and action. Am I not right? I plead for no special methods of liberation. I only point out what we all must know. . . .

> 'T is life, whereof our nerves are scant;
> Oh, life, not death, for which we pant:
> More life, and fuller, that we want.

Christ is the Life; first in our souls, to which He enters by his

Spirit in knowledge and authority and love, so that "not we live, but Christ liveth in us;" and then in our Church, where He alone is still the Teacher and the Master and the Saviour, filling it with himself and clothing it with His righteousness.

One would like to dwell in comment upon this sermon, for it was eloquent and memorable, and it left a profound impression. That the Convention called at once for its publication shows that it was not only a sermon for the times, but that it satisfied the religious instincts of the Evangelical school. If complaints had ever been made that it was difficult to get the preacher's meaning or to know where he stood, there was no such difficulty here. In directness, in simplicity and unity, and, above all, in the force with which it urged obedience to the living Christ, it was old, and yet so new withal, that it seemed to sound the note of some great and irresistible departure toward a higher stage in Christian thought and life. The force that went into it recalls the inspired utterances of the critical moments of the civil war. Behind it there was long and serious preparation and deep searchings of heart. It stands, as we can see now, for the initiation of a distinct epoch in the development of Phillips Brooks. One phase of his ministry was closing, and another and a greater had begun.

The occasion when the sermon was preached before the assembled clergy and representative laity of the diocese of Pennsylvania was in itself sufficient to rouse the preacher to some representative utterance. But we can also recognize that his soul was stirred within him by other motives than those presented by the occasion. He was facing a personal issue, his removal from the city of Philadelphia. The question was yet unsolved; there was uncertainty as yet how it would be solved. The breaking up of human relationships and the abandonment of hopes and possibilities, the unknown and untested future which lay before him, were already pressing upon his spirit. There came a letter from his father not long afterward, May 28, 1869, in which he says: —

I write very hesitatingly indeed, and perhaps I had better not do so. I want to ask you, *whether you have given up all idea of*

coming to Trinity, — a bold question, but I feel a great interest in it; and not a day, and sometimes it appears to me hardly an hour, passes that I am not asked the same question. They are getting anxious and desperate, and whenever any one is spoken of they fall back on you. . . . They are hoping some way will turn up that will lead them to call you a second time. I wish you would answer my question, and let me know whether you would accept if another call was made. I don't do this at anybody's suggestion or for any one's use but my own. Nobody in the world (not even Mother) knows that I am writing. . . . I don't know as I can say more, and I hope you will return *me* an answer that you will come. I think you are ready, and they are ready.

To this letter he replied: —

PHILADELPHIA, June 1, 1869.

DEAR FATHER, — I do not want to leave your letter unanswered even for a day, but I am afraid that I have nothing satisfactory to say in answer to it. I do not feel ready to intimate in any way that it is more likely than it was last year that I could come to Trinity. Some of the reasons which prevented me last year, it is true, have been removed, but I have not got over the feeling that I am not suited in many respects to Boston and Trinity, and there is still very much to make it difficult for me to leave my present parish. I know that this seems foolish to you, but remember that you see only the Boston side of it all, and are good enough to think better of me than I deserve, and so do not be disappointed that I think differently.

I have been much in hopes that Dr. Vinton might be called and accept. I am sorry that he declined Emmanuel, and it seems to me that in many respects his return to Boston would be an excellent thing. I am sorry to hear you say that they would not call him.

Why don't Trinity call Fred? and William writes me that Dr. Meier Smith preached there last Sunday and that they liked him. Why don't they call him? He is an excellent man. Why don't they look some other way and take their eyes off me? It worries me.

I cannot leave here until the beginning of August, so that it will be impossible for me to preach in July in Boston. One Sunday in August I am engaged to preach at Swampscott. It is getting very hot, and people are fast going out of town. I hope you will forgive me for writing a disappointing letter.

Your affectionate son, PHILLIPS.

To this letter his father replied in a sad, desponding tone. He had hoped it would be a different answer. The vestry of Trinity had met and concluded to postpone the question till the fall. He dwells on the wretchedness of the situation in Boston.

> To see such congregations as Emmanuel and Trinity presented yesterday, on one of the pleasantest and purest days God ever gave us, was really sickening. I was sorry you got caught by that . . . invitation [to speak at the anniversary in Boston of the Free Religious Association]; it was one of their tricks and only done to catch your name to bolster up their radicalism. Better let them all alone and have nothing to do with them; it will surely injure you. Don't get the name of being a Latitudinarian, I beg of you.
>
> I have read your letter to Mother and to no one else, and shall not without your consent; but I cannot begin to tell you how disappointed and grieved Mother was; it has really made her sick. She has all along been pleasing herself that you would relent and see your way clearly to come.

One might infer from the above letter that at this time Mr. Brooks had still no desire or intention to leave Philadelphia, however he may have been moved with the arguments and wishes of his friends in Boston. He continued to repeat his conviction that he was not the man for Boston, although he now admitted that he felt free to leave Philadelphia. In his letters he makes no allusion to the subject. He was changing his rooms at this time to Mr. Cooper's new house. He speaks of the musical festival in Boston. "I have been interested in the news of the great jubilee this week. It seems to have been an entire success. All the country seems to be busy at present making much of Boston, which Boston, of course, likes and placidly accepts." On the 26th of June he made a visit to his brother Frederick, then rector of St. Paul's Church, Cleveland, Ohio, and "notwithstanding the extreme heat of the weather," says a Cleveland newspaper, "a large audience was assembled to listen to the eloquent divine, preaching in his brother's pulpit." His text was 1 John ii. 16: "For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the

Father, but is of the world." From Cleveland he went to Gambier, and thence to Cincinnati, Ohio, to be present at the marriage of the Rev. George A. Strong.

July 4, 1869.

DEAR WILLIAM, — This is the great Independence Day which in old time we used to celebrate by a morning's promenade, with ten cents apiece in our pockets to purchase dainties at the stalls around the Common, and by going to the Fireworks in the evening. To-day we will keep it a little differently. I am going to preach a patriotic sermon to an audience of soldiers this morning, and to ride out into the country this afternoon, and spend the night. It won't be so exciting as the old way, but it will be more satisfactory and comfortable for hot weather.

Besides, I have had my excitement. I have been to see Old Febick [the family name for Frederick]. I found him standing recumbent with his ears up and every sign of vigorous vitality. The new church was on his mind as it was on that of the whole city and State apparently. It seems to promise a speedy success. I preached for him all day Sunday, and found it screamingly hot.

Then on Monday I went down to Cincinnati, and on Monday night saw George Strong married. I was Groomsman. He has got a nice wife, and they are coming to stay here with us next week. I got back here early Thursday morning. So that 's my story. I hear in various ways that Walden —— has made a great sensation at Trinity. Is that so? You did n't say anything about it. . . .

Have you read "Old Town Folks," and is n't it clever and interesting? A New England story to one who lives in this dead Quaker atmosphere has a sort of spring and snap to it that is very refreshing. . . . Good-by.

Yours affectionately, PHILL.

It was while he was deeply perturbed by the impending change in his life that Mr. Brooks sat down to the task of writing an oration to be delivered before the Φ B K Society at the ensuing Commencement at Brown University. His subject was "The Relation of the Scholar to the Life of the World." The title very exactly describes the purpose of his address; and the address was significant as marking the growing importance which he gave to life and to character as the condition of personal influence. He had first touched upon this point in an address before the Evangelical Education Society

in 1864. He now comes to the subject in a richer way and at greater length; it may be said, also, with a fuller experience. We shall see that the subject continued to grow in his mind before it found its last and highest expression in his "Lectures on Preaching." The address was delivered on the 31st of August in the First Baptist Meeting House in Providence, when, long before the appointed hour, the capacious building was filled with an audience waiting impatiently the advent of the procession which came down the hill from the University grounds. So steep is the hill that "the band of music which accompanied the procession was obliged to play a very solemn march in order to keep the dignified gentlemen from descending too rapidly. This was changed to a livelier strain as the procession gained the level street below and approached the church." Professor George P. Fisher of Yale College introduced the orator of the day,

> who gave [says the report in the newspapers] a most suggestive and original essay on Scholarship. The scholar as prophet; the scholar as philosopher; the scholar as saint, — were the principal divisions of the broad subject. It was expanded and illustrated in a manner so original and interesting that we listened with an absorbing attention, catching the magnetic power of the speaker, and inspired by his zeal with a longing to rise to that atmosphere of earnestness and humility which characterizes the true scholar, whose aim it was urged should be to unite the intellectual strength of the Greek philosophy with the abnegation of the Catholic saint. . . . We especially liked the orator's remarks on personality, — that the great power of the scholar is to develop the secret workings of the inner life. . . .
>
> We cannot do justice to Mr. Brooks in this effort to grasp the salient points which most arrested our attention; the lips of the living preacher carry a power which no written words can ever render. The rapid utterance and imperfect elocution of the speaker are a great drawback to his remarkable originality, wealth of illustration, and persuasive originality. Thought succeeded thought with such rapidity that we were in a condition of intense mental tension through the whole oration, which, continuing an hour, seemed to have no boundary of time to mark its limit.

His father had written him that Trinity Church would close for the summer in July, and that the vestry had post-

poned the question of a second invitation until the fall. But in the meantime there was some unexpected change in the situation, warranting Mr. Dexter to pay a visit to Philadelphia for the purpose of a personal interview with Mr. Brooks. When he returned to Boston, the vestry was hurriedly convened, and on July 6 a second call was extended. From that moment the decision was practically determined; it was only a question of time when the answer should be given. He did not keep the Church of the Holy Trinity long in suspense. What could be done to retain him in Philadelphia was done, but most of the parishioners were away, and there seems to have been a feeling that effort was useless. A church on the defense against such aggressive attacks is at a disadvantage. Very earnest and touching was the appeal to him from his friend, the late John Bohlen, Esq., the founder of the Bohlen Lectures. The vestry of the Holy Trinity met and again made vigorous protest against the severance of their relations as pastor and people, urging upon him the greatness of his field of influence in Philadelphia and his wonderful success. A prominent clergyman wrote to him: —

> I know your mind is made up and that you are going to Boston. I know that you will not stay in Philadelphia, *but don't go to Boston!* Save yourself for New York. That will give you a little longer to your people here, and New York is the place for you. But Boston! What can you do there? They are too much set in their own wisdom. They are too unemotional. You will be cast away there. What you want is a congregation somewhere near the heart of the world, where its pulses are felt and all things stir, — a crowd of new people of to-day is the kind of matter upon which you ought to work. But I know there is no use in advice.

Some of the motives can be traced which were influencing his decision: the many letters from Boston expressing such genuine personal devotion and sense of need; the strenuous effort of his father, who no longer for the sake of prudence kept himself in the background, and on the mother's part the now silent appeal of a yearning affection; the combined

efforts of all his brothers. During these days of waiting he became aware that he had created the expectation in the minds of Trinity people that he was coming. "Patient waiters," writes his father to him, "are no losers. I met Dexter; he says, 'Any news?' I fall in with Winthrop, 'Anything?' Yesterday at church he says, 'Tell him I am now only waiting to hear the time he has fixed for coming.'" He took counsel with Dr. Vinton on the situation; but whether he writes or talks, the veil of reserve conceals his innermost mind. He suffers, but is silent. At last comes this letter to his friend and senior warden, Lemuel Coffin, Esq., at whose house for seven years he had been in the habit of dining on Sundays. It is a letter that tells the story of a struggle: —

2026 Spruce Street, July 29, 1869.

Dear Mr. Coffin, — At last, with great sorrow, I send you my resignation. Will you please lay it before the Vestry and secure their acceptance of it?

You do not agree with me, but I beg you to believe me honest and sincere in my desire to do what is right. I have given it thought, carefulness, and prayer, and have tried to decide it in God's fear. I can say no more, and only entreat you to try to think the best of my decision.

I want to thank you especially, my dear Mr. Coffin, for all your goodness. I owe you more than I can tell. I shall never forget it, but wherever I go, my love for you shall always be as warm and fresh as it is to-day.

As to the time of my resignation taking effect, I want to do exactly what you think best as far as possible. I can come back for the third Sunday in September and can stay a month or six weeks after that, if it is thought best. Please tell me freely what you think about it.

May God bless you always, you and all of yours.

Your affectionate friend, P. B.

There was no delay in action on the part of the Holy Trinity Church when it was known that the decision was final. On July 31 the vestry met and accepted his resignation, passing the usual resolutions of regret which attested his eminent abilities, his success, and the cordial relations of minister and people. A few letters follow which refer to this event: —

2026 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, August 2, 1869.

My dear Mrs. Biddle, — . . . I doubt not that the future will prove that you overestimate the importance of my ministry to the church here, but however that may be, I thank you with all my heart for your personal kindness and considerate appreciation of the motives which make me do what is so much harder a thing than I knew beforehand, that I do not think I should have had the courage to do it if I had known. . . .

Philadelphia, August 4, 1869.

Dear Father and Mother, — I have just accepted Trinity Church in a letter to Mr. Dexter. I am glad that you are glad that I am coming. I hope and think that it is for the best. Thank you all for your kind notes of welcome. I go to Long Branch to-morrow and shall stay there till Saturday. I shall be staying with Mr. Childs of the "Philadelphia Ledger." I shall be with you early Tuesday morning, the 10th.

Affectionately, Phillips.

Letters of regret and deep sorrow, letters of welcome and congratulation, fill up the scene. Mr. John Bohlen writes him, when he learned his decision: "I can only hope, and yet I ought not for their sakes, and do not, that others of the hundreds of families in our church have not suffered with so deep a sense of personal loss as our household has to-day." From Dr. Vinton he received this letter: —

Pomfret, August 5, 1869.

My dear Brooks, — Your paper was very small, but very pregnant. Of course after your last letter I was not surprised at your decision.

My opinion, which you seem to ask, is that as you have evidently felt a drawing towards Boston, it is altogether best that you should go there. You love the place and the associations like a Bostonian, and I have no doubt you will feel more at home there than anywhere else. Especially, your family is there, and that is a host of arguments in one.

My suggestions last year, when the question was before me, were based on different considerations from these and not contradictory to these, so that I can hold with entire consistency, so far as I have a right to express, the opinion that you have done right enough; and as you wish me to bless you away from Holy Trinity as I blessed you to it, I say with my heart, "May you be happy."

I suppose I shall see less of you and less of Philadelphia now, and this is my only regret in the matter.

I am enjoying my vacation as usual. All well and send remembrances.

Yours as always, ALEX. H. VINTON.

P. S. When I say my only regret, I mean so far as I am concerned. I regret it mightily for the Philadelphians.

Mr. Brooks spent his vacation in Boston, making a short visit on the way to West Point, where he preached in the chapel of the U. S. Military Academy. He went back to Boston, but no longer to the familiar house on 3 Rowe Street (Chauncy Street), which had been once a street of residences, but was now given up to great wholesale warehouses. He was a man who loved to preserve all old associations unchanged. "And so we 've got a new house, and 3 Rowe Street and 41 Chauncy Street will be things of the past. Alas, how the days go by. It never will be natural to eat dinner in Hancock Street. Is the new house fine? I hope not. And will you let common folks come to stay in it?" His mother also disliked and dreaded the change. But the father was more cheerful over the prospect. "It is an old house, and there is a good deal to do to it. It is one you will feel just as much at home in as at High Street or Chauncy Street. Nothing 'stuck up' about it; like all our other houses, 'neat but not gaudy;' not like the houses on the Back Bay, where the people go out in the morning to find the doorsteps have sunk out of sight; but it is on the solid hardpan of Beacon Hill, original soil, street named from the old John Hancock."

The short summer over, Mr. Brooks returned to Philadelphia for a few Sundays before his resignation should take effect. On Sunday, October 24, he preached his last sermon as rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity; in the morning from the text Ephesians iv. 30: "And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption." In the afternoon he took leave of his congregation with an extemporaneous sermon, when the occasion was one of deep and sorrowful emotion. Thus came to an end his ministry of ten years in Philadelphia.

Among the ties which bound Phillips Brooks to Philadelphia, none was closer than his friendship with Dr. Weir Mitchell, which dates from the time when Mr. Brooks became rector of the Church of the Advent. No one is more competent than Dr. Mitchell to speak of Mr. Brooks during his ministry in Philadelphia, to delineate his character, to describe the power of his preaching or the total impression of his work. This tribute of appreciation, which includes also an account of his gifted sister and her friendship with Phillips Brooks, will be read with deep interest.

AN APPRECIATION OF PHILLIPS BROOKS.

BY DR. WEIR MITCHELL.

In the year 1861, not long after Phillips Brooks came to the Church of the Advent, I first heard him preach. I was struck with the ardor and intensity of the man, and with the imaginative qualities which, in later years, were more or less subjected to the rule of a growing intellect.

At this time he was accustomed to go a great deal to the house of the Rev. Charles D. Cooper, and through this common acquaintance he became, what he was until death, my close and much loved friend. When he became my rector at Holy Trinity he lived quite near to me. At this time my household was in charge of my sister Elizabeth, a maiden lady, even then in breaking health, some years older than I, and as Phillips Brooks was much my junior, very far older than he. Between these two people a close friendship arose. Always once, and usually twice a week, he dined with us, and five evenings out of seven was in the habit of dropping in about ten o'clock for a talk and a smoke before the fire in my library.

In summer, as I was then much in town, we were both fond of an afternoon pull on the river. Later we made many journeys together, and one summer a long canoe voyage from Moosehead to the sea by the Allegash and St. John rivers. At this time he was a very strong man, and his physical force was a source of admiration to our stalwart guides. It is to be regretted that as years went on he left his great frame without its essential tonic exercise. Upon this question I exerted my influence in vain, and even within the last few years I over and over predicted to him the physical calamities which he was surely inviting. He assured me

that he had no time to walk, and that he felt no need for exertion. He was always somewhat annoyed by allusions to his health.

During these summer journeys Phillips delighted to swim and to use the paddle, and found deep joy in the free woodland life. He neither shot nor fished. I think he had a great dislike to killing even a troublesome insect.

The friendship thus formed, when my house was his evening home, matured with years. How dear it was to me I still like to think. With my sister it was as close a tie. Miss Elizabeth Kearsley Mitchell was for the last dozen years of her life an invalid, able to take little exercise. She was by nature fond of books, and, with increasing ill health and rare freedom from pain, her appetite for reading grew with what it fed on. In many directions she became singularly learned, but especially so in all biblical literature, and in the history of the church. Her reading, however, was wide and various. She went through a book at a speed which was surprising when one discovered that what she read remained her mental property, and was easily at hand when needed.

The society of friends and others was her remaining resource; she enjoyed them as few can do. Witty, quick of tongue, picturesque, and often quaint in statement, her talk was full of pleasant surprises. She was for years before her death a nearly constant sufferer, but no weakness conquered her; no degree of pain was long victorious. In a sad experience of what pain, long, lasting pain, may do to degrade and make useless man or woman there shine out for me some strange and heroic exceptions. This woman was of this few. I sometimes thought that pain excited her intellectually. . . .

Even the close relation of a friendship such as her letters exhibit rarely betrays her into a murmur. Near the end of her life there must have been occasional allusions in her letters to her suffering, for of this Brooks now and then speaks. I have preserved some passages of his letters because they mention his own feelings as to pain, and seem to have been evoked by what she said of herself. Over and over he complains that she does not answer his queries as to her health, or that she laughs away the whole subject. In one place he says, "I do not see why you cannot be serious as to this matter," — he means ill health. Either she could not, or was intentionally merry over her aches.

Into this life of humor, learning, and liberal-minded religion, where pain was rarely absent, Phillips Brooks found his way, and as the years went by became her friend.

He said to me once that no one had so influenced his opinions

as this remarkable woman. When he was absent, they exchanged letters once a week, and when, in 1869, he left Philadelphia, amidst ever growing work, his weekly letters continued to brighten her life until the last, which came to her ten days before her death, in May, 1874.

The largeness and value of this relation can never be fitly stated without such full use of his letters as has seemed to me undesirable. At our fireside, and later, he continually sought her counsel and criticism. He had been first understood and appreciated in Philadelphia, and his correspondence during his earlier years in Boston shows his strong affection for the city he had left, and his occasional sense of missing those who had made it a valued home. He often speaks of a sort of homesickness for Philadelphia. I still like to think that with his intense love for the city of his birth, he never failed to remember the great affection with which we regarded him in Philadelphia. The mental hospitality which divined so quickly the angel in the guest was prompt and warmly appreciative. Always in these letters he talks with interest and gratitude of the congregations which had known his earlier care. All this, and more, was in these letters, for they deal with men and things, opinions and books. I have culled from these pages a considerable amount of matter almost altogether impersonal. The extracts I have made suffer from the loss of the almost child-like gayety, the frank fun, and the friendliness of tone of the portions which I have not preserved. Yet of the general character of these letters, which I have now destroyed, something may be said. He was always positive in his opinions about men; but although these outspoken expressions are in his letters to the last, there is also in them an increasing tendency to explain with an ever enlarging and intelligently guided charity the peculiarities of his fellows. So much for the letters.

To one who knew him well, the change in the type of his sermons was like the change in the architecture of his face and head. I heard a good observer say of him when he was quite young that he looked like what a poet ought to look like, and certainly, as I have said, there was in his earlier sermons much more imagination than in those of later date. At one time I asked him to try to speak less rapidly when preaching. He tried it, but found, as I suspected he would, that the speed of his extemporaneous speech had some relation to the rate of his thinking, and that to interfere with the normal rate of delivery of what the mind made ready was fatal. His rate of extemporaneous speech seemed to set the rate for his read sermons, and all effort to alter it became fruitless.

As an extemporaneous speaker he was simply matchless. I heard him twice during the war, at public meetings where he was unexpectedly called upon. The effect was such as I have never seen before in any assembly of men. I recall, of course, many of his greatest sermons. It was his habit to talk over with my sister the sermons he was writing, or to invite us to suggest texts and their treatment. Several times I wrote out for him notes of illustrative value where he touched on the science of the day, and now and then he used these freely; on one occasion winding up a New Year's sermon with a page or two of my own words. It gave me a strange shock of surprise.

I may be pardoned one quite strong illustration of his readiness. My sons were at St. Paul's School, and on Founder's Day, Mr. Brooks was asked to preach. Before the noon hour for the service he stood with me watching with delight the boys at their play. We saw the cricket and football, the races, etc., and at last he said, "How interesting it is to hear these fellows shouting to one another names that are historically familiar." As we walked up to the chapel I said, "What shall you preach about?" He replied, "I do not know; it will come." "But," I said, "here are these fine lot of boys, and many of the most prominent people in New England. Is it possible that you have come altogether without a thought ready?" He laughed and said it would come.

A few minutes later, after a prayer and an anthem, he rose in his habitual way, took off his glasses, put them on, took them off and wiped them, and again replacing them, looked for a text. At last he said, "Render unto Cæsar the things" — and the rest of the great summary. Then he closed the Bible, and with the long hesitation which so often preceded his first words, he said, "As I watched your sports to-day, and you called to one another across the field, I heard many of the names great in American history. It is only worth while to have had ancestors who have served their country well, if out of the pride of birth you win high-minded reasons and desires to follow nobly where they led so well." Then he went on to say that men's truest ancestors were the great of all ages, if from them we knew to draw the inspiration which led to wise dissatisfaction with the mean, the false, and the unchristian. "And now," he said, "follow me a few minutes, and let us see what are your duties to your school, your country, and your God." The rest of it is lost to me, but he wound up with a few words about the flag Mr. Evarts had just given to the school, and with a vivid picture of the battle days when their fathers had gone out to defend it as a sacred symbol. I cannot

imagine that any boy who heard him could cease to remember his terse and beautiful statement of the linked duties of life.

I shall state in a looser way slighter remembrances.

When Brooks came to Philadelphia he had been long away from the conventional, either in the Divinity School or in his little uptown church. At first he remonstrated with our efforts to make him see the need for much that he found irksome and destructive of time. He soon yielded, and became in the end careful as to the ordinary social rules and duties.

He was subject to rare moods of utter silence. I have seen him sit through a dinner party and hardly utter a word; usually he was an easy and animated guest.

He did not much affect the clerical style or ways, and on our long canoe journeys the guides were three weeks before they found out that he was a clergyman.

He was intellectually sympathetic and liked to talk to men of their own work. As to moral sympathy he seemed to me remarkable. A young mother who had lost her only child once said to me, "He is the one person who has seemed to me to enter into my grief as if he really shared it," and yet at this time he had experienced no trouble in life.

I have known a number of the men we call great, — poets, statesmen, soldiers, — but Phillips was the only one I ever knew who seemed to me entirely great. I have seen him in many of the varied relations of life, and always he left with me a sense of the competent largeness of his nature. Perhaps the most vivid picture I retain of him is as he appeared to me at his Wednesday lectures years ago. Then he used to stand away from a desk, so that his massive figure and the strength of his head had their effect, and from his great height the magic of his wonderful eyes was felt, like the light from some strong watch-tower by the sea. There and thus you got all the impressible emphasis his noble sturdiness gave to the torrent of speech, which at first had, for a little, some air of hesitancy, and then rolled on, easy, fluent, and strong.

Before we take our final leave of Philadelphia to turn to the Boston ministry of Phillips Brooks a few more words remain to be said. If we hold, as he held, that every man's life is ordered by God, in all its vicissitudes, it becomes us to note how this divine ordering is more fully manifested in the life we are studying. The same infinite spirit which had shut him up to the work of the ministry when in the

beginning of his career he would fain have turned in another direction, which had separated him to the work to which God had called him, by a barrier he could not overcome, to the vision of faith, was still jealously guarding its protégé that he should not fail. It was well for him that he went to Philadelphia to begin his ministry instead of coming at once to his native city. One cannot say that he would have failed had he come at once to Boston, and yet one may think that Philadelphia was necessary to his success. He had within himself at the beginning the consciousness of power, but he was shy and sensitive, and of a delicate inward susceptibility which might easily have been hurt. Had he gone to a colder, more critical atmosphere, such as New England is popularly reputed to be, it is possible to imagine that he might have been chilled by rebuffs or not at first understood or appreciated. He might have been driven back upon himself, and in the moment of his first self-expression have failed to take the world into the confidence of his soul. He might have been intimidated by the prestige which from his childhood he had learned to revere in the men and the positions of the place where he had grown up, and have had greater difficulty in adjusting himself as a man to the environment of his early years. But Philadelphia meant freedom from all these possibilities. In its warm-heartedness, its rich and genial hospitality, its quick and glad recognition, free from any tendency to overcriticism, in its capacity for real living, happily and unconsciously, without the tendency to introversiveness of the New England character, — in these conditions there was an appropriate climate, where the genius of Phillips Brooks might thrive abundantly. There was no hostile criticism to repress the utterances of his inner life, but indeed so much encouragement that from the first he poured himself forth freely and without restraint, and each effort of his genius was an encouragement to further effort, till he quickly came to mastery of himself and of the situation. One recalls how Savonarola struggled vainly for years before he met the moment and the place where the gates of his spirit were unbarred and his power set free. With Phillips

Brooks the opportunity was given from the first, and Philadelphia was the chosen city which gave the golden opportunity. His spirit not only grew richer and stronger, but an inward sweetness of disposition was developed keeping pace with his intellectual growth, so that any dark, saturnine moods could not thrive. Ten years there were of unbroken, it might even be called monotonous, success of the highest order. We may say of his whole ministry in Philadelphia what he said of Dr. Vinton's short pastorate at Holy Trinity: "It was one of the brightest and sunniest pictures which the annals of clerical life have anywhere to show." In his memorial sermon on Dr. Vinton he thus speaks of Philadelphia: —

> Philadelphia is a city where the Episcopal Church is thoroughly at home. Side by side with the gentler Puritanism of that sunnier clime, the Quakerism which quarrelled and protested, but always quarrelled and protested peacefully, the Church of England had lived and flourished in the colonial days, and handed down a well-established life to the new Church which sprang out of her veins at the Revolution. It was the temperate zone of religious life with all its quiet richness. Free from antagonism, among a genial and social people, with just enough of internal debate and difference to insure her life, enlisting the enthusiastic activity of her laity to a degree which we in Boston know nothing of, with a more demonstrative if not a deeper piety, with a confidence in herself which goes forth in a sense of responsibility for the community and a ready missionary zeal, the Church in Philadelphia was to the Church in Boston much like what a broad Pennsylvania valley is to a rough New England hillside.[1]

And yet Philadelphia was puzzled in her polite and quiet way with the strange power and fascination of the youthful preacher. Here is an account which is worth preserving, as coming from an intelligent observer: —

> The costly, spacious Church of the Holy Trinity, in Rittenhouse Square, was always filled, crowded in all weathers, whenever it was known that he was going to preach. And yet to the breathless multitudes who came and went under the spell of his unique eloquence as certainly as the tides, he stood an insoluble puzzle

[1] *Alexander Hamilton Vinton*, a memorial sermon, 1881, pp. 26, 27.

and wonder. No one could question the genuineness of his eloquence or resist its witchery, and yet no one could touch the secret of his power. Perhaps there never was developed in any pulpit a parallel experience. Here were thousands crowding the pews and standing room of the Holy Trinity Church, Sunday after Sunday, and year after year, with growing enthusiasm towards a preacher who himself never seemed overpoweringly moved. . . . He stood impassive, almost statuesque in imperturbable tranquillity, rattling off in a monotone, so swiftly as to tease and half baffle the most watchful ear, swallow flights of thought, feeling, poetry, philosophy, piety, biblical learning, sociological wisdom, trenchant criticism, — in no syllogistic order or sequence, but plainly the legitimate fruition of his theme, held together by a blood tie of spiritual significance, striding, lifting along through the spaces and reaches of the inner world, until the great throngs, in painful, half-breathed, eager silence, seemed beside themselves with a preternatural ecstasy.

It was something like the glamour of a flying panorama, hour after hour in railway travel; or a deep reverie over the Divina Commedia, or in the grand Duomo itself; and yet unlike anything else having the touch of human artificer. It was not the half-mesmeric spell of the mystic and priest, nor the fascination of an artist with an irresistible technique and magnetic individuality. There were no lightning strokes, no stimulating climacterics, no passage of stirring discords in harmonic resolution of transcendental loveliness or grandeur; and yet there was never for a minute any let-up or rallying-place found for the strained and eager sensibility until the last page was turned and the benediction said. Thousands will recognize the truth of this reminiscence stretching through many years, and identify this early mystification and bewilderment which half hid the young preacher from the people.

It is not the intention here to attempt any explanation of the mystery or to solve the secret of Phillips Brooks's power. But some things are now apparent to the reader, and may be briefly rehearsed, which were not so apparent to the casual listener or the regular attendant on his preaching. All that was in the man was coming to the surface. How much that was, and something of what it was, has been already told. He possessed a rare organization, in its full development so rare as to be unique. Whatever he read or saw left deep impression on his mind, but it did not stop there: it

roused an equally deep responsive feeling or emotion, so that his inner life was always in tumult until the thought and the feeling had buried themselves in the will. The rapid speech was the index of the inward condition. Whatever touched his feeling inspired also his reason, not stopping in movement with emotions, but running the whole gamut of his being and again terminating in the will. These three conventional departments of the soul, often held apart and acting separately, were with him fused into unity. To this ideal harmony of his organization every listener responded as by a necessary law. It was like a strain of exquisite music which could not be resisted.

Again, behind the easy spontaneous manner of the preacher, there was long and arduous preparation. He must be called a genius, but if so a clearer light is thrown upon the nature of a genius; it is a capacity for harder work, more persistent than in ordinary men. He seemed to have a boundless capacity for rich metaphors and illustrations, but in his early note-books we have seen how he had jotted down carefully thousands of these suggestions, which were afterwards to be so effectively and naturally applied that they seemed to rise on the spur of the moment. There was in him an indescribable flavor of the world's richest literature, whether ancient or modern. He had absorbed and made his own the best that was in Carlyle and Ruskin, Coleridge and Wordsworth and Shelley; the teachers of his own day, particularly Tennyson and Browning. In his college days he had steeped his spirit in the literature of the eighteenth century, and then had turned to the masterpieces of the seventeenth, of Milton, and of Jeremy Taylor. He was living on intimate terms with great souls in history, with Lincoln, Cromwell, Luther, Shakespeare, and Goethe. Nor can too great importance be attached to the circumstance that in college, as through the theological seminary, he gave himself with peculiar, almost exclusive, diligence to the classics. "They help to cure us," as Mr. Matthew Arnold has said, "of what seems to me the great vice of our intellect, manifesting itself in our incredible vagaries in literature, in

art, in religion, in morals, namely, that it is fantastic and wants sanity. Sanity, that is the great virtue of the ancient literature. It is impossible to read carefully the great ancients without losing something of our caprice and eccentricity; and to emulate them we must at least read them." Complete sanity marked the utterance and attitude of Phillips Brooks. There was no trace in him of the eccentricities of genius. He was carried away by no passing fashions of the hour, ecclesiastical or social or political. He could distinguish at a glance the shibboleths of the school, with their popular temporary interpretations of life or history, from the permanent reality. This he may have owed in part, as Mr. Arnold argues, to his classical training, which had made him, what is so often claimed but rarely found, an educated man.

After the lapse of ten years since he left the theological seminary, we are in a better position to see how far the work which he there did for himself, in seclusion and solitude, has brought forth its fruit. It had been mainly with a desire to keep his Latin and Greek from becoming "dead languages," combined with his curiosity to know, that led him to the Church Fathers. Out of these studies, there had proceeded certain influences which remained as perpetual motives. They have been mentioned before, but, at the risk of wearying the reader, may be mentioned again. The study of the Greek tragedians had left their stamp upon his outlook of life, forcing him to go beneath the surface of appearances to the awful depths of human experience, so that he never impressed one as sailing over the shallows with a light and easy heart. In harmony with this result from classical studies were the motives gained from other ancient sources. First and foremost among these was the lesson taught by Philo Judæus, how to search creation and the sacred books in quest of "deep meanings in old Hebrew laws." From Tertullian he learned the necessity of keeping religion in harmony with the concrete facts of life, so that it should not be too much as with Philo, a transcendental thing in the clouds in danger of vanishing away. For that had been part of Tertullian's problem, to reconcile the material with the spiritual, the sacra-

mental problem, where the water in baptism, the bread and wine in the eucharist, the flesh, as in the resurrection of the body, tie down the spirit of man to the emblems of this physical world. And once more he had taken lessons from Boethius in the art of consolation, — an art in which, when the time should come, he was to appear as a master. These are some, not all, of the directions which may be traced in his earlier preaching, and which do explain, in some measure, the sense of wonder with which he was heard. Through the study of history, which always remained the favorite study, — history including literature and biography, — he had deepened his conviction of human progress and development, so that he could seek life and strength at any point in the career of humanity. He felt his oneness with the race of man, and made its achievements his own. It was said of him by some that he seemed to combine the spirit of Greek culture, in poetry and art, with the ethical motives of the Hebrew prophets. But there was more than this. Into the combination there entered also something of the severity and gravity of the old Roman temperament, with its reverence for law and order, the apotheosis of obedience as the highest of human virtues. And still further he had been moved by the spirit of Oriental mysticism, whence had proceeded the motives of the Catholic cultus. All these things, these potencies, prismatic variations of spiritual light, had entered into the Christian church, creating its complex richness and attractiveness, but never before had they so entered, that we know, into the composition of one individual man. Combination, said his brother Arthur, was the word that stood for his method. As a boy, it was his amusement to unite the familiar games in some new combination. He strove to combine the impossible at times, but still he made the effort. Yet this combination of his mature life was not eclecticism, but organic fusion of things related. Out of all these colors he made for himself a new color that was unique and entirely his own. These elements entered into his imagination, the vision of life in its rich diversity, and with the clear and powerful imagination came the force of reproduction.

His studies had left the deeper impression on him because of the sensitiveness of his being to the action of the world without, and in proportion as his nature was cast in larger proportions and moved in more complete symmetry and harmony. This inward symmetry corresponded to the physical symmetry of his body. To follow the conventional division of the human powers which he also adopted, intellect and feeling and will were in almost perfect equipoise, acting together in harmonious concert. There was an inward rhythm, which sought expression in poetry, — he only failed of being a poet, — and this inward rhythm meant music within the soul, responding, as it were, to the music of the spheres. Alike in his outward manner and in his influence in the pulpit, which played upon an audience in mysterious ways such as no one could fathom, we may trace a joy and satisfaction in life as of one who had penetrated its secret and knew it to be good. As we think of him in this aspect, we may recall those words describing the first creation in its glory, when the stars sang together and the sons of God shouted aloud for joy.

But all these things would have been as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal were it not for other gifts and endowments, partly inherited, and partly his own by assiduous cultivation. He had received from his Puritan ancestry the God-consciousness as in its most supreme manifestation in history; it was in his blood, in the fibres of his being, waiting only for the education of life in order to its full development in his own soul. He could not think of life or of himself apart from God. He had the conviction of the absoluteness of the divine sovereignty in the affairs of life and in the education of the world. This was but one side of Puritanism. On its other side he also inherited a mood long latent in the Puritan life of New England, till at last, after many tentative efforts, it burst forth in an indignant remonstrance, — the reality of humanity and its sacredness, as having some divine root, some spiritual potency in itself, worthy of its origin from God. These things, too, he combined, and the principle of the combination became the ruling principle of

his teaching. He believed in Christ as a divine human leader, for humanity must have a leader from its own ranks, but he who could lead humanity must be divine. Nor was this only a conviction of the head. He had felt the touch of Christ through his mother's influence and training, through familiarity with the Scriptures from his infancy, through the language of sacred hymns learned in childhood and forever ringing in his ears. In his theological studies in Virginia he had learned much from his teacher, Dr. Sparrow, acquiring an intellectual respect for the formulas of doctrinal and historical theology. Yet because he regarded them as the condensed expressions of human experience in other ages, he felt himself under an inward compulsion to translate them anew into the convictions and language of modern life. And finally, all his gifts and acquirements were subordinate in importance to his conversion, not a momentary but a lifelong process, which began from the time when the first faint breathings of his awakened soul led him to the resolution to be the man that he ought to be, for his own sake and in order that he might speak through himself to others. We may not be able to explain the secret of Phillips Brooks's power, but at least these things which we have said of him are true.

There is a difficulty, however, connected with the ministry in Philadelphia, that out of the three hundred and seventy-two sermons which stand recorded in his sermon note-book as written there, he has deliberately chosen to publish only five. In the five volumes of his printed sermons, put forth in his lifetime, containing nearly one hundred in all, this is a small proportion. In the solemn responsible act of putting himself on record he took final counsel with his own judgment and discretion. To any one looking through his early unpublished sermons, it might seem as though there were many among them that equalled, if they did not exceed, in beauty and power those to which he gave the imprint of his final approval. But the selection of Philadelphia sermons, although limited to five, is sufficient to give some idea of their character, as it differed from the tone

of his later preaching. They are more poetic and imaginative, with a higher literary finish. There is the sermon for All Saints' Day, 1868, from the text, "After this I beheld and lo, a multitude which no man can number;"[1] and another, written in 1869, from the text, "And a vision appeared unto Paul in the night: There stood a man from Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia and help us;"[2] the third has for its text, "So speak ye, and so do, as they that shall be judged by the law of liberty,"[3] — a sermon preached first in 1864, repeated in many places, and always with a profound and startling impression, which those who heard can never forget; the fourth, written in 1868, based on the passage in Revelation which speaks of "The sea of glass mingled with fire;"[4] and the fifth entitled "The Beautiful Gate of the Temple," — a sermon first written in 1861, while in his second year in the ministry, but afterwards rewritten in 1873.[5]

Whether Mr. Brooks was the best judge of his own preaching may perhaps be questioned. Authors, it is well known, have often an opinion of the relative merits of their books wherein the general public does not always acquiesce. But some reasons may be given which will perhaps account in part for the circumstance that he should have doomed to oblivion the results, with these few exceptions, of the first ten years of his ministry. The earlier sermons differ from the later in that their tone is more intellectual. He was occupied at this time with the intellectual difficulties which stood in the way of the acceptance of some Christian doctrines. He was showing the rationality and coherence of the Christian experience from whence had emanated theological formulas. But he was also clearing away much of the débris and the underbrush impeding the pathway of those seeking the truth. This indeed was the leading purpose in the decades of the fifties and sixties. Carlyle had called it the getting rid of the "Hebrew old Clothes." But religious inquiry was to sound a much deeper note in the decade of

[1] Vol. i. p. 117. [2] Vol. ii. p. 91. [3] Vol. ii. p. 183.
[4] Vol. iv. p. 110. [5] Vol. iv. p. 127.

the seventies. It was with a feeling of strange disappointment that many realized they had escaped from these minor difficulties — questionings about inspiration and revelation, the nature and method of the atonement, or the reality of the miracle — only to fall into deeper and sadder questionings which touched the existence of a personal God and the personal immortality of the soul. Of course no definite line separated these two periods. The desire to restate in more intelligible forms the old truths still went on after the deeper issues had been raised, and these deeper issues may also be detected in the earlier years.

After coming to Boston, Mr. Brooks became more keenly alive to the greater peril, and in his own way addressed himself to the task of meeting it. Few could realize that a great movement forward in the history of the development of doctrine had begun, which must go on to its predestined conclusion. But Phillips Brooks was one of those few, a leader in the process, never losing his faith that God in Christ was bringing the world into richer and larger fields. He still continued for many years to feel the influence that moulded the Philadelphia preaching, but his soul grew more powerful, and his preaching reflected the change, as he bent himself to the simpler and yet more difficult task of encountering at close quarters the subtle penetrating doubt in whose atmosphere all things religious and spiritual seemed to melt away, and the mind contemplated the possibility of a world without God and with no future for the soul.

From this point of view, the Philadelphia ministry had done its work; it was inspired by a different mood, and the old sermons no longer gave adequate expression to the needs of the changing hour. But while in their way they were beautiful and positive in their teaching, they are marked by another characteristic, — they reveal more than do the later sermons the methods and the process of his own growth. The traces of work may sometimes be seen. In his later preaching the contagion of a great conviction is the power on which he relies for the propagation of truth. For the rest, it may be said of the Philadelphia sermons that they

tend to transfigure life somewhat in the way in which Browning has transfigured the scene in the poor dissenting chapel, in his poem on Christmas Eve. The great Brighton preacher, F. W. Robertson, had travelled over the field with such thoroughness of observation, noting with such keen and minute criticism the strength and weakness of the popular Christianity of the time, that it might seem as if no opportunity were left for those that came after him. Phillips Brooks did not imitate nor reproduce. The world as it appeared to him was not quite the same as it appeared to Robertson; his outlook was richer, more joyous; free from any touch of morbidness, and more robust. No great calamity had befallen him in the loss of faith, no reaction against an earlier teaching. He had moved steadily onward from the moment of his first awakening. He assumed that what had been true of himself was true of others. Beneath the difficulties and the questionings reposed the great faith of humanity. Upon that he built with confidence, and to it he carried his appeal.

It would be an incomplete picture of the Philadelphia ministry if no allusion were made to certain defects which at times were bemoaned by individual members of the Church of the Holy Trinity. How, it might be asked, did this brilliant, intellectual style of preaching, as it has been described, meet those who had been trained in the first principles of evangelical religion as presented by Dr. Vinton, or as generally held in the city of Philadelphia, which was a stronghold of the Evangelical school? To this question the answer must be that the result was at times unsatisfactory. It was complained of the preacher that he was subject to moods. There were those who went to hear him, wondering whether they would be fed or turned away hungry. A very accomplished lady, in whose household he was a frequent and regular visitor, took him to task as his mother might have done. She wrote to him at the moment when he was contemplating the abandonment of the pulpit for the chair of Church History in the Divinity School, and while she remonstrated with him because he did not recognize how strong a hold he had upon

the affection of his people, she could not refrain from speaking her mind about his preaching: —

Let me go on to say that I am scarcely surprised at the point you have reached, when I remember the gradual change in your preaching that I have observed during the last few months, — a change which has pained me more than I can express, and which, it seems to me, is only finding its natural result in your present dilemma, — I mean your increased tendency to preach duties and to set forth the Christian life in a manner to make it a painful bondage, taking away from the believer the assurance of hope. . . . I have been trying to believe you did not mean all you seemed to imply, but the present state of your mind painfully convinces me that you did. You said on Wednesday night (as I was told), and I have also heard you say at another time that no one could call themselves safe, that we never knew when we might fall away and be lost. . . . I think that lately, from some cause I know not, you have allowed your energy, zeal, devotion, and imagination to reach a morbid point of excitement which borders on unsoundness. Pardon me, I must speak plainly now, if never again. It seems as if you were urging yourself and your hearers to work and deny themselves, and more and more exhibiting the Christian life as a painful toil, overshadowed by a dismal terror lest after all it might be in vain. You will perhaps be shocked, and perhaps laugh, when I say I think the road you are travelling tends to that Church which enjoins penance as the road in which our salvation can be daily earned.

The late Rev. F. C. Ewer was singularly drawn to Phillips Brooks from what he heard of his preaching. Considering how their paths diverged in after years,[1] it is suggestive, at this time, to find Mr. Ewer writing to him that beneath all their differences they have much in common, standing hand to hand, and neither of them heading exactly in the beaten paths of their predecessors. He invokes God's blessing on him, and calls him "a noble leader."

The mother of Phillips Brooks was for a moment alarmed about the tendencies of his theology. It was in 1864 that she wrote in great distress, warning him against the dangerous errors, as she regarded them, in Bushnell's writings.

[1] Mr. Ewer afterwards became known by a book called *The Failure of Protestantism.*

Nor could Dr. Stone quite reassure her. For several years he sat in the chancel of Holy Trinity, listening closely to the wonderful sermons which surpassed, as he thought, anything in the history of preaching. He was accustomed to remark that it was not the gospel as he was wont to preach it, but none the less he recognized in it a helpful message; it aroused, and sometimes it pained him, yet he could not but listen, and he refused to believe that there was any ground for fear of the preacher's theology. The cause of this doubt and hesitancy lay in the preacher's method, which reflected a bewildering process. The tenets of his own church and of historic Christianity were passing through his spirit in order to their readjustment and to more living estimates of their meaning. So also the human world, with its diversity of efforts to solve the religious problem, came before him for a rehearing. There was a moment when he was affected by the attitude of Pascal, which had been reproduced in Sir William Hamilton's writings and in those of Mansel, who, in their effort to delimit the bounds of the reason, were preparing the way for agnosticism, or for the reaction to Rome. In one of his most brilliant sermons, regarded, that is, from a purely intellectual or literary point of view, he seemed to admit that the absolute truth could not be known; that in this world we saw, as in a glass or mirror, darkly, and only reflection of truth, not truth itself; in other words, the picture of life, as it appeared in the familiar comparison of Plato's cave.[1] There were also some of the phases of Evan-

[1] Cf. p. 459, *ante*, for an account of this sermon. An extract will illustrate its character: "Here is the picture. A man is shut up in a dungeon, which is so built that no ray of sunshine ever finds its way through any door or window. It is so turned away from the light, so walled about on every side, that day by day and year by year the sunlight in its various approaches never finds an open side on which it can break in and lay its glory through the thick and sunless air at the poor prisoner's feet. But before one unlighted window is set up some polished mirror on which an imaged sun is seen repeating the changes and processions of its unseen original; and watching this, the captive studies by its reflected rays the laws and nature of the heavenly body that he never sees, and gets his vague, imperfect notion of what it is and how it moves at second hand. One of two things must result: either the poor prisoner never finds out that he is studying a copy, and, counting it an original, gets wrong ideas about

gelical doctrine with which he became impatient because he did not at once detect their bearing on life. To these he would sometimes refer slightingly, saying that he did not preach them, for he did not know what they meant.

While the process through which he was passing was unsatisfactory at times to himself and to others, in the imperfect, one-sided utterances to which it led, yet it was a vital one, necessary to his full development. When he said, as he did so often in the later years, that the great body of Christian doctrine had positive value, and was to be retained and not discarded; that it was verifiable to the reason, or had grown out of the spiritual life and needed only to be translated back into the terms of life in order that its importance as spiritual testimony might be evident, — he was speaking from the insight gained in his Philadelphia ministry. But already, before he left Philadelphia, he had entered upon the second phase of his religious and theological development, where the lack of unity which marked the earlier preaching would disappear. Hitherto he had sought to worship the Christ as presented in the traditional ecclesiastical art, where passivity and atonement for the world's transgressions was the ruling motive. He had now begun to discern the Christ as will, the legislator for humanity as well as its redeemer; the stronger Christ, whom he needed for himself,

it, mixes the laws of its reflection with the nature of its direct radiance, mistakes the direct for the indirect, the echo for the utterance; or else, feeling how unsatisfactory his knowledge is, his one great longing is to break the walls away and let the full unhindered glory pour down upon him, that he may know he sees, and learn to love and understand the sun. So man knows God only by his reflection in some lower nature, and either misunderstands God from not knowing the inherent fault of his position, or else lives and labors with a high dissatisfaction, an intense ambition to break the thick walls of his humanity aside and see his Maker at last face to face. You see how important is the subject that is brought before us. It is the difference between direct and reflected knowledge in the highest things. We stand before our window thinking that we look on God and duty and the phenomena of the eternal life. What if it be so that all we see is how these great Eternals relate and represent themselves in the phenomena of time? Not yet; not till this prison house goes to pieces do we see God and duty and heaven as they are." For the contrast with the later preaching, compare a sermon written in 1886 (vol. iv. p. 280) entitled *The Knowledge of God.*

in order to bring him into inward peace by obedience. He had discerned the stronger Christ as yet from afar, but henceforth his work as a preacher would be to enter into the mind of Christ, to reproduce His image, that life and character whose power had remade the world. Perhaps the later preaching, after he came to Boston, lacked something of the imaginative charm and the literary finish of the earlier period, but it gained in directness and in power. At any rate, there was a difference. He felt it, and showed that he was no longer in sympathy with the attitude of his Philadelphia ministry, when he refrained from publishing many of those exquisite sermons which as literary productions have the highest quality, but as sermons fell short of his later standard.

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